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The Theosophical Quarterly

VOLUME XVII

PUBLISHED BY
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

196021

The Theosophical Quarterly

Subscription price, $1.00 per annum; single copies, 25 cents

Published by The Theosophical Society at
159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
July; October; January; April

In Europe single copies may be obtained from, and subscriptions sent to,
Dr. Archibald Keightley, 46, Brook Street, London, W. 1, England

Entered July 17, 1905, at Brooklyn, N. Y., as second-class matter,
under Act of Congress of July 16, 1894

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JULY, 1919

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The Katha Upanishad and the Great Initiation

MANY Scriptures have been inspired by the Great Initiation; with these are to be counted the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus and the *Prometheus Unbound* of Shelley. In many is embodied the wisdom gained in the Great Initiation; were it not so, they would not be true Scriptures. There appears to be but one, known in the world to-day, which has taken the Great Initiation as its central theme: the *Katha Upanishad,* translated under the title *In the House of Death.*

The Hymns of the *Rig Veda,* which were simply rearranged to make up the *Sama Veda* and the *Yajur Veda,* belong pre-eminently to the Brahmans, the white race that entered India by the Hindu Kush passes, descending from Central Asia where they had dwelt for ages, in close contact with the ancestors of the Chinese and Babylonians. The Upanishads have their origin in quite another source: they were handed down among the red Rajputs, as an immemorial teaching, of which Krishna speaks thus in the *Bhagavad Gita:* "This imperishable teaching of union I declared to the Solar lord. The Solar lord imparted it to Manu, and Manu told it to Ikshvaku. Thus the Rajanya sages knew it, handed down from Master to disciple. This teaching of union has been lost in the world through long lapse of time, O consumer of the foe. This same immemorial teaching of union I have declared to thee to-day; for thou art my beloved, my companion; and this secret doctrine is the most excellent treasure."

The stock of the red Rajputs was not Asiatic but Egyptian. From Egypt, they came to Western India, bringing with them the holy knowledge of the occult schools which, as a Master of the Egyptian Lodge has said, "were the secret splendour of Egypt." This very truth is contained in the sentences quoted from the *Bhagavad Gita;* for the Solar lord is Ra, the Logos, the Sun God of Egypt. Manu is the genius of the older Egyptian race, the race which came from Atlantis, in the period of its submergence, and for this reason Manu is the central figure

of the Indian tradition of the Deluge. Ikshvaku is the leader and founder of the Rajanya race in India, through whom, as King Initiate, the occult wisdom was handed down.

In this way was founded the Lodge of Masters in India, which, therefore, drew its occult knowledge from Egypt. It is true that the White Brahmans, who entered India from the Central Asian tableland (whither they had fled from Atlantis ages earlier), were in possession of secret wisdom, embodied in the mantras which were afterwards collected in the ten Circles of the *Rig Veda*. But, while they had the casket, they had lost the key. This key was restored to them by the red Rajanya sages, who had brought it with them from the occult schools of Egypt.

The secret wisdom of Egypt, thus brought to India by the Rajanya or Rajput race, had two forms; or, perhaps, it would be truer to say that it had a living soul and an outer vesture. The living soul was the actual process of the Great Initiation, with the complete practical training leading up to it; the vesture was the ritual of Initiation, the form of that august ceremony, together with the body of teachings of the Lesser Mysteries. Both were perpetuated in the Indian Lodge, which the red race from Egypt then formed. And while the soul of this Indian occult school was withdrawn, after the lapse of millenniums, to the heart of the Himalaya mountains, the outer vesture remains in India to-day.

"The Upanishads contain all wisdom," a Master has said, as recorded in *The Secret Doctrine,* "they no longer reveal it." The Upanishads are, in fact, in their most vital part, the very ritual of Initiation brought from Egypt, and later translated into Sanskrit. They embody both the Greater and the Lesser Mysteries, and much of their substance is cast in the form of dialogues between Guru and Chela, between Master and disciple, or disciples. Such are, for example, *Prashna Upanishad* ("A Vedic Master"), the episode of *Chhandogya Upanishad* containing the teaching "That thou art," and the superb section of the *Brihad-Aranyaka Upanishad* which has been translated under the title *The Song of Life,* a title borrowed from that supremely occult book, *Light on the Path.* While the dialogues in the great Upanishads lead up to the Great Initiation, one only, *Katha Upanishad,* gives the actual substance of the Great Initiation. It is, therefore, in a sense, the highest of all occult scriptures; and one is struck, at the outset, with the likeness of its plan to that of another document of very different character, the Apostles' Creed.

"He descended into Hell and rose again the third day," may stand as a description of the progress of Nachiketas, the candidate for the Great Initiation in *Katha Upanishad,* the type of all Initiates. Nachiketas is the son of Uddalaka Aruni. His father has offered a sacrifice of cattle, an ineffectual sacrifice. He at last determines to sacrifice his son. Exactly the same idea is expressed by St. Paul, who speaks of

the sacrifices of the Temple, likewise sacrifices of cattle, as being superseded by the sacrifice of the Son, whom the Father sent into the world. The same thought is contained in the parables, where the King, after he has sent his servants, sends his son, who is put to death.

There are two meanings contained in this symbol; indeed, many meanings, among which two stand out. The first is the universal, macrocosmic: the creative Logos is the Father. The Logos, having sent the lesser creatures into incarnation, sees that this is an ineffectual offering. "Nature unaided fails." Then the Logos sends the divine soul, which is, in truth, the Logos himself. This is the incarnation of the Solar Pitris, the Manasa Putras, spiritual man. The soul descends into the House of Death: into incarnation; and dwells there "three nights." These are the "three times," past, present, future; the three facets of the great Illusion of Time. When this illusion is conquered, the soul rises again to the immortal world, and enters into the Great Beyond.

There is also the individual meaning, the personal history of the Candidate for Initiation. Here, the cattle first offered have their symbolic meaning. They are the senses, the bodily powers, which graze in the pastures of the natural world, the fields of sense activity. An austere ascetic may offer the sacrifice of the senses in the fire of self-control. But he may thereby merely strengthen his self-will, his wilfulness, as many ascetics have done. This is true of the class called in India Hatha Yogis, or Yogis of the market-place; and this is the reason why certain extreme forms of penance are forbidden by the *Bhagavad Gita.*

The disciple must sacrifice, not his senses, but himself. He must offer up the lower self in the fire of perfect self-denial, self-abnegation, to the Higher Self. In this sense, the Higher Self, as Father, sends the personal self, the son, into the world; and the son must willingly submit himself to crucifixion. He must enter of his own will, which has for this purpose become one with the will of his Father, into the House of Death. He must descend into hell, to rise again the third day.

There are preliminary trials. These are dramatically represented, in those dialogues of the Lesser Mysteries in the Upanishads, already described; the Initiator offers the candidate three wishes. These are exactly the same, both in substance and in purpose, as Christ's temptation in the wilderness. It seems certain that that great Initiate himself enumerated these temptations to his disciples; casting them, as is the invariable method in all records of the Mysteries, into the form of a dialogue between himself and the tempter.

In the *Katha Upanishad,* the tempter is one with the Initiator, the Master who tries and tests his disciple. The name given to the Initiator is Yama, Death, Son of the Sun. Yama, according to the tradition of India, was the divine King of the first human race which was fated to taste death; the earlier human races, the first and second and the earlier third, having had no death in our sense, since they lacked the dense

material vesture which is subject to the throes of dissolution. King Yama, therefore, when the time came for men to die, himself accepted the first ordeal, and first descended into the house of night, where he has ever since reigned as King.

He passed the trial first himself, as every Master does; in the most literal sense going through the whole experience in his own person, and thus, if the metaphor may be allowed, pre-digesting it for his disciples. This is true in general of the whole of the disciple's training. It is supremely true of his Initiation, which is the goal and climax of that training. Therefore Yama, who first offered himself and passed through the pains of death, is the forerunner and type of every subsequent Master, the Lodge as a whole passing in advance through all the experiences which are pre-ordained for humanity for ages to come, up to the culmination of Nirvana.

The order of certain parts of the *Katha Upanishad* appears to have been purposely confused. What are really the preliminary trials—sons and grandsons, long life, wealth, the gifts of beauty—now stand after the passages which record the ceremony of Initiation. That ceremony begins with the first wish of Nachiketas. He asks for reconciliation with his Father. This includes two things: first, the Father stands for the sum of his past Karma, an account which must be balanced and closed before the Great Initiation can be entered; second, the Father stands for the Higher Self; the son, the personal life, must be at-one with his Father, the Higher Self. This is the true etymological meaning of at-one-ment, or atonement.

The second wish concerns the heavenly world. The Initiator reveals the heavenly world to Nachiketas, in all its majesty and splendour. This is, in the deepest sense, the critical point in the Great Initiation, far more vital and decisive than the earlier trials. For that heavenly world is no less than Nirvana. The new Initiate has fairly won it, and is, in a sense, fully entitled to enter in, to dwell in immeasurable bliss for measureless time.

Yet if the new Initiate accepts that right and elects to enter into Nirvana, the Initiation has, in a certain high sense, failed; and he, the Nirvanee, has also failed. But he succeeds in the supreme spiritual sense, if he refuses all the splendours of Nirvana, and elects instead to return to earth, to take up of free will his part of the heavy burden of the world's bad Karma, which is the sum of mankind's wilful disobediences, with all the penalties that they entail. Then he joins the active ranks of the world's Saviours, who suffer that enduring pain of which Prometheus speaks.

The third wish of Nachiketas, to know "what is in the Great Beyond," is thereon granted. For the Great Beyond is the mysterious life, of terrible toil yet of great and ever increasing delight, which the Master enters when he has passed beyond Nirvana; when he has renounced and laid aside his right and title to that supreme and fully

earned reward. Little remains to be said concerning the *Katha Upanishad*. The whole heart of the theme is contained in these three wishes, with the symbolic narrative leading up to them. But much remains to be done. Those who would tread that path must read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the teaching. They will find there faithfully represented their own trials and temptations; the abnegation and sacrifice which are demanded of them; and some foreshadowing of the surpassing reward: the goal which those seek who offer sacrifice.

If a Bhikkhu [disciple] should desire, brethren, to exercise one by one each of the different Iddhis: being one to become multiform, being multiform to become one; to become visible, or to become invisible; to go without being stopped to the further side of a wall, or a fence, or a mountain, as if through air; to penetrate up and down through solid ground, as if through water: If a Bhikkhu should desire, brethren, to hear with clear and heavenly ear, surpassing that of men, sounds both human and celestial, whether far or near, let him then fulfill all righteousness, let him be devoted to that quietude of heart which springs from within, let him not drive back the ecstasy of contemplation, let him look through things, let him be much alone!—BUDDHIST SUTTAS.

FRAGMENTS

EVERY created thing, whether material, or of the mind, or of the feeling, is intended to carry us to God, as it comes from God. If we find that any one of these, in any department of life, has another tendency, the tendency toward self; if we use it merely for enjoyment, or discussion, or to fill time, or to deaden grief or ennui, or for occupation, or from habit, or from any motive not springing from the love of God, and not leading to Him, it can have no proper place in the life of a disciple, and must be surrendered until it can be so used. It is otherwise misuse of creatures, and prostitution of self; and seen in that light we must realize that it is devilish. Therefore all books of religious instruction insist on detachment from creatures; for only by seeing God in and through them can we ever truly see them on the one hand, or ever rightly use them on the other. When in all created things we find the expression, not only of His spirit, but of His mind and heart, we may freely give ourselves to them as steps to Him—to a better understanding of Him and love of Him.

This is true also of service. For if our service of others does not spring from love of God, it must inevitably spring from love of self (some subtle form perhaps), and all it accomplishes is to increase self-love. This nature and relation of service is little understood to-day, when service is worshipped for itself alone, and like all forms of idolatry is heathen and contains the seeds of death.

To understand the humanity of Christ is to understand the Incarnation, and to understand the Incarnation is to understand that Christ exists in all things, and to find Him there; but it must always be *Christ* that we worship. So we pray to be saved from the blindness, the sin of idolatry. "Thou shalt have none other gods but me."

The lower nature of man translates this into terms of negation, insisting on the hard wood of the Cross, and refusing to see its glory,—as one might consider the chemical atoms of a sunset sky, and ignore its colour and loveliness. But to find Christ throughout created life, is to find eternal beauty and eternal joy, as through Him we find the radiance of immortality in what were otherwise the blackness of death.

CAVÉ.

A STONE OF THE FOUNDATION

IN a little suburb of the city of Geneva, where the Alps descend to the open country stretching back from the lower end of the lake, there stand the buildings of a once famous school. In the long list of its former pupils one may read names that have made history in every quarter of the globe; sons of great English families and of the old order in France; Italians, Austrians and Americans; a Prince of Abyssinia, and a Khedive of Egypt. But among them all there was one only that I wished to find, or cared to linger on, as I turned the leaves of the roster backward through the years: the name of the friend who had taken me there on that brilliant summer day—the name of Clement Acton Griscom.

We stood together in the shade of a great plane tree, looking out over the play-ground and the orchard beyond, toward the city of Calvin and Servetus, of bitter theological controversies and burnings, and then back to the hills, climbing tier on tier to the far distant heights and the hidden snows of Mt. Blanc; and he told me of the months he spent there, in his childhood before I knew him, a very troubled, homesick little boy, left alone for the first time with strangers in a strange and very foreign place.

He was too proud to let his schoolmates guess his misery. Some of them called him "Fatty," and teased him for his insatiable appetite and American ways. But there was one kind and silent teacher whom he trusted, and whose room became his daily haven. Each evening, in the free hour before bed-time, the door of the master's study would open softly, and a fat little boy would slip through and steal silently over to a stool in the corner, behind the tall white porcelain stove. There, hidden in the shadow, he would give way to the tears and loneliness he had denied himself all day, and would cry his heart out, unbetrayed. The master never appeared to notice. Nothing was said—no word or touch of comfort either asked or given—but the boy knew his secret was safe. And when the bell rang, and the time for crying was past, his little knuckles would rub away the tears, and a brave will would silence his sniffles and command his quivering, childish lips to firmness, as he went out to face again boldly the big, foreign world of his school.

It was a very different world from that which he had known before; very different from the Friends' day-school, on Race Street in Philadelphia, where he had been sent when he was four, and where, whatever the tumultuous adventures of the daily journeys thither, there was always the period of silent worship, when the utter stillness of the senses brought stillness also to the heart. I suppose he thought as little of religion as do most healthy boys, but there was something, vaguely associated in his mind with religion and the Bible, that he knew he had had among

the Friends and which he missed and wanted, as he now wanted everything he had had at home. He tried to pray, in his corner behind the stove, but in the teacher's bent back and scratching pen there was no power to help him to the inner stillness the Friends' Meeting had brought; and, as the weeks and months passed, this need pressed upon him more and more strongly, till it took shape in his mind as the desire for a Bible—as the conviction that he *ought* to buy an English Bible.

Each boy of the school received a small allowance for pocket money, and at intervals they were permitted to go into Geneva to spend it. The greatest attraction was a pastry shop, close to the first of the bridges over the Rhone. All manner of goodies could be purchased there; and when some had been gulped down in the shop, to be absolutely sure of them, the rest could be slowly sucked, "to make them last longer," while hanging over the stone parapet of the bridge, watching the proud grace of the swans on the placid surface of the lake, or the swift rush of its waters as they poured into the channel of the Rhone. It is a very virulent case of homesickness whose pangs can endure while the mouth is full of sweets; and the pastry shop brought temporary surcease from more than one kind of hunger to our lonely little American. But to buy a Bible meant many weeks with no francs or sous for cake and candy; no time of comfortable fullness and forgetfulness in the shop or in the sunshine on the bridge. This he knew; for he had asked at a book stall and been shown "the very English book the little gentleman wanted," a large, sumptuous volume, bound in full brown levant. He thought it was what he wanted; for it was instinctive to the magnanimity of his nature to know that whatever ought to be done ought to be done handsomely. But the price was staggering.

He did not tell me the details of his struggles. We have no record of the inner dialogues—the beginning of those "Talks with my Brain" which readers of the QUARTERLY were later to know—such as Krishna had with the despondent Arjuna before he would consent to fight. But they form themselves, untold, in the imagination. Where was the need of a Bible, when one could have sweets? And what was the good of a Bible, if it meant no sweets; if it were to take away the only bright spots in the whole long week? It would have been easy enough could he have made his purchase when he felt the need for it, in the evening twilight of the master's study, with his heart aching for any touch of home. But to have a holiday and make it no holiday at all, to go into the city with his money in his pocket, hunger gnawing at his middle, and the very taste of buns and tarts rising from memory to his palate; to watch his fellows enter his palace of delights and to make an excuse not to follow them; to return later to press his round face against the window, and see the pink and white icing on the cakes; to have the odor of fresh baking in his nostrils, and to turn empty away; to hang, empty, on the parapet, or walk desolately on to the book stall, even there only

to be able to look at the unexplained, unintelligible object of his sacrifice, and to know that it must still be weeks before it could be his; to do all this, not once but time after time, telling no one, aided by no one, and for no other reason than that of blind obedience to the feeling that it *ought* to be done: only those who have never resisted temptation, never obeyed anything but their own will and whim, will say that this was easy.

The volume lies before me as I write, the memorial of his faithful, lonely sacrifice, the token of his enduring victory. His name is scrawled in childish script upon its fly leaf. The solid richness of its binding is unscarred by the lapse of years. But the letters that are stamped in gold upon it, tell of the working of hidden forces deeper than we can read. For it was no Bible at all, but a Church of England Prayer Book, which the high gods let that dishonest bookseller pass off upon the little Quaker, who could not find the silence that was all he knew of prayer. It was only long afterwards that he discovered he had been cheated, and that the Prayer Book and the Bible were not one and the same.

But as I touch this early keepsake, and let it take me back to those childish days of my friend's first search for the Path that would lead him home, to those brave pilgrimages to the book stall, his little hand holding fast to his money as he passed the pastry shop, I think of Titian's great painting of the Presentation of the Virgin, and of the immortal splendour wrapped in the pathos of that lonely little figure, in its gorgeous, jewelled robe, climbing alone the long, long flight of steps that rise to the waiting priests and the unknown temple door.

It was in the late autumn or early winter of 1884 that Mr. Griscom first heard of Theosophy. A big, blond College boy, playing center rush on the varsity football team, rowing on the college crew and winning prizes for putting the shot and throwing the hammer, he stood as high in his studies as in his sports, and at this time was saturated with Berkeley's Idealism and the political economy of John Stuart Mill. One evening the conversation turned upon standards of conduct, and two of his friends fell into a hot discussion as to the real aim of human life. At first young Griscom was silent, but grew more and more intent as the talk progressed, for a view of the meaning of life and of its possibilities was being presented such as he had never had opened to him before. And it was true! Before he knew its name or what it was, he knew its truth; and his whole soul leaped forth to meet it in instant recognition. Where it was challenged, he took the challenge up; and breaking into the discussion met each objection with an answer that was as new to his own thought as to the questioner's, yet which seemed to rise of itself, fully formed and familiar, in his mind.

When the talk was interrupted, as, somehow, such discussions always are, young Griscom fell again into silence; and there was an unusual

earnestness in his manner as he bade good-night to the friend whose views he had championed.

He was rewarded by receiving, soon after, a copy of Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism,* and sat up all night reading it in tense excitement. He bought every book and pamphlet on Theosophy that he could find, including, either then or shortly afterward, *The Occult World,* which had just been published, and Madame Blavatsky's two large volumes of *Isis Unveiled.* Going to his room immediately after dinner, he would read far into the morning hours, with that power of complete bodily stillness and entire oblivion to time and surroundings which characterized his mental concentration. His response was immediate and complete. What he read was true. And the truth was not matter for intellectual interest or assent, but was the goal of life, to be sought with all he was or could become. He sent in his application for membership in The Theosophical Society, and went to New York to see Mr. Judge.

I like to think of that first meeting between those two, which was to mean so much in the life of each. I see again the patient, burdened builder upon the rock of sacrifice, who for ten long years had given of his best; sometimes to empty benches; sometimes to those who only sneered at what they deemed his gullibility or self-deception; more often to queer, freakish men and women, understanding nothing of his real ideals and hopes, but seizing the opportunity the Society offered for the exploitation of their own wild dreams and theories; yet here and there, and one by one as diamonds from banks of clay, finding the souls he had been sent to find and who could know and take fire from his own. I like to think of the day Mr. Griscom came to that great, tired seeker of souls, and how, like sunshine, his youth and sanity and overflowing vitality and enthusiasm must have filled that dark and rather dingy office in Nassau Street where Mr. Judge practised the law and laboured at the work of the Society. I like to think of all it meant: to Mr. Judge, to Mr. Griscom, and to the many hundreds of others who, like me, have had their hearts lit for them by the light that passed between those two, thirty-four years ago.

At the Convention of The Theosophical Society a year ago, Mr. Griscom spoke of the first such gathering he had attended,—that held in Chicago in 1888, where Mr. Judge presided and to which Madame Blavatsky sent a long and interesting letter, of which Dr. Keightley was the bearer. Of all those who were present then very few, if any, beside himself and Dr. Keightley, were left; and he alluded to the great changes that had taken place in the world in the intervening period, and the "almost inconceivable differences in the Society." Yet he had been struck, he said, on rereading certain paragraphs which Mr. Judge had written, "as a sort of valedictory and a word of greeting to the future," by the fact that he himself could have read them to that later Convention as his own report and hope, so pertinent were they to present day conditions;

and he added: "The great lesson of Theosophy is that what is true, is true for all time and places. . . . This is what I particularly like about his [Mr. Judge's] message of thirty years ago, 'You want watchwords for the coming year, take *faith, courage, constancy.*' I cannot conceive of anything at the present time that could be better watchwords for us."

As we look back over the long road that the Society has travelled, over those grave hazards where death took toll of the steadfast and the unstable fell away, as we consider the "almost inconceivable differences" in the thought of the world and in every external condition of the Society's activity, we can understand something of how firm must have been the hold upon the spirit and principles of Theosophy that could maintain them as a living power, unaltered and unobscured, through all those thirty years of change and toil and stress. *"Faith, courage, constancy."* They were Mr. Griscom's watchwords, even as they had been Mr. Judge's before him; and, in larger part than could be known to any but the very few, it is to this—to the extent to which Mr. Griscom made his spirit one with the spirit of his first great leader and teacher—that we owe the continued existence of The Theosophical Society to-day.

It was because of this, also, that when Mr. Griscom moved to the vicinity of New York—and later into the city itself—his home became one of the most real and vital centres of the whole Theosophical movement. Mr. Judge came there as to a haven of rest; for there he was sure of such understanding and love as enabled him to be himself, without disguise or restraint. It became his habit to take Sunday supper there, and to spend the evening. But often he would stay for weeks at a time, going into the city with Mr. Griscom in the morning, but returning again in the afternoon. It was during such a visit as this that I first met Mr. Judge, and though I was then not a member of the Society, and so was seldom present when the work was discussed, memory holds many pictures of him in this home where he loved to be. I can see him with the children on his knees, drawing pictures for them on one of those little pads of which he always seemed to have an unlimited number in his pockets. It was on them he would write the brief, unexplained notes to the students whom he trusted; sometimes containing only a reference to a chapter or page of a book, but which, when looked up, would throw a flood of light upon the untold subject of their recent meditations or upon some theme they had been discussing in his absence. I can see him unpacking barrels of china and arranging the books, when Mr. Griscom moved into town; or, in one of his "wild Irish boy" moods, sitting on the floor and gravely trying to put his heel behind his head. But the picture that comes to my mind the most constantly is of his sitting with Mr. Griscom listening to the piano—in a silence so deep and still that it became part of the music—and to this day I cannot hear La Paloma, or certain of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words, without thinking of Mr. Judge in Mr. Griscom's home.

What that home must have meant to him of rest and cheer and renewed hope for the ultimate victory of his mission, can only be known by those who know how dark and threatening those years were, when, with Madame Blavatsky gone, the Brahmins had seized upon Mrs. Besant's weakness and turned her into their instrument for the destruction of the work. It is difficult for us to account for the black treachery with which Mr. Judge was surrounded—so that one of his closest associates searched his desk and papers in his absence, for "evidence" that could be used against him—because we can scarcely realize how bitter was the attack, and how constant and insidious the propaganda of innuendo and misrepresentation to which he was subjected. But it is only as we do realize this that we can understand the debt the whole movement owes to those whose loyalty could not be shaken, and whose unswerving fidelity to the truth, through all the cloud of lies, turned the tide in America and maintained the work unbroken even in England.

One will search in vain through the official reports of the Conventions, or in the early volumes of the periodicals, for any mention of Mr. Griscom's part in the affairs of the Society. His name does not appear. Being the same as his father's, it was a point of honour with him not to permit it to become publicly associated with Theosophy so long as his father lived. This prevented him from accepting any official position in the Society; but what he was, in and of himself, gave him a *de facto* position, at the heart of its work and councils, which was of far greater significance, and in which his courage and initiative, scarcely less than his rock-like fidelity and firm hold upon principles, proved of incalculable service. All through the winter of 1894-95 Mr. Griscom was in constant correspondence with members of the Society in the endeavour to counteract the attacks upon Mr. Judge; and it was at his house in New York that the preliminaries were arranged for the Boston Convention. Members had come on from all parts of this country and Canada, and not a few from Europe, including Dr. and Mrs. Keightley, who had passionately defended Mr. Judge both in public and private, and who brought all that was best from the English centre, of which they were to be the mainstay for decades to come. There was also a group of talented Irish members, who published the *Irish Theosophist,* but who, lacking stability, were later swept away on the psychic whirlwinds let loose by Mrs. Tingley. In the informal meetings at Mr. Griscom's home the way was prepared for the formal action of the Convention—the answer the American Section was to make to all who questioned Mr. Judge.

It was the last Convention of Mr. Judge's life. He died on March 21st of the following year, and in the ensuing weeks Mr. Griscom's home was again the centre of endless conferences upon all aspects of the work, preparatory to the great convention that packed the Garden Theatre, and where Mrs. Tingley first claimed the public prominence

that proved her undoing. In the "Crusade" which she inaugurated—the tour around the world for the purpose of lecturing and organizing branches, so that, in outer fact as well as in inner spirit, The Theosophical Society might be the meeting place of all beliefs and races of men—she took with her many of those upon whom the regular work of the Society had rested, and a double burden fell upon the remaining few. No small part of this, particularly as it concerned the Society's finances, devolved upon Mr. Griscom, in addition to the very heavy responsibilities that his business position entailed.

A break-down in health followed, and early in 1897 Mr. Griscom's physician ordered him away for a rest and recommended an ocean voyage. He went to Honolulu, meeting Mrs. Tingley's party there and returning with them to San Francisco, but then left them and returned to New York.

What he had seen and learned had confirmed fears for which there had been growing cause. Mrs. Tingley had assumed more and more the functions of leadership, and owing to the publicity she was receiving, was using her unusual gifts and marked abilities to build up a following that would be completely under her personal dominance. The situation became such that Mr. Griscom felt constrained to withdraw from active participation in the Society's councils.

Almost immediately he became the object of attack and innuendo. The workers at the Society's headquarters—who had been in the habit of spending the week-ends at his home—were now sending him warning messages of his "disloyalty," and were apparently forbidden to come near him lest the contagion spread also to them. It would have been laughable had it not been for the real affection which Mr. Griscom bore them, and which made their blind surrender of their principles an even deeper grief to him than their personal attacks upon himself—though these were carried to the extent of writing slanderous accusations against him to his family. He still hoped, however, that some miracle might right the situation; and motived by loyalty—the deep, fundamental loyalty to principles without which no loyalty to individuals is possible—he did not fear when called disloyal. Having done what he could, he waited in silence for the indication of the Masters' will.

Events moved quickly. A Convention of the Society was called at Chicago for February 18, 1898, at which Mrs. Tingley's followers, overriding all protests, proclaimed a change in the name and constitution of the Society, and gave unrestricted power over the new body into her hands. She thus removed herself from The Theosophical Society; but she took with her nearly everything that had given it external manifestation: the majority of its members, its organization, headquarters, lists, records, press, magazines, and practically everything it owned. She left only its reality and its name.

Immediately following the morning session at which this action was taken, a meeting was held of those delegates to the Convention who could

not be stampeded, and who had been denied any vote or hearing. In the words of the report of this meeting, resolutions were proposed and seconded to the effect that inasmuch as the action taken that morning "constituted a practical abandonment of the Theosophical Society in America, it became the duty of those who abided by the constitution of the Society to carry on the Convention in accordance with the constitution, and proceed to elect officers to serve until the Branches and members could be communicated with." This was done; so that on the very day of the final disruptive assault, the work of rebuilding was commenced.

The period of reconstruction was to prove long and onerous. Mr. Griscom and his associates had none of the administrative machinery which Mr. Judge had slowly created as the membership had increased. Lists, clerks and secretaries were alike lacking; and from that day to this the work of The Theosophical Society has been done wholly by volunteers as a labour of love. Neither was Mr. Griscom a man of leisure. His business affairs demanded his constant attention, kept him long hours at his office, and entailed very heavy and anxious responsibilities from which he was never free. It was his Sundays and his evenings only that he could give to the work of the Society, and these hours were all too short for what was now demanded. Every present or former member of the Society, who could possibly be reached, was entitled to a clear statement of the actual facts and issues—that they might not be left to follow in ignorance a guide who had betrayed their trust. Though this would, in any event, involve an enormous correspondence, it was obvious that it could not be done by correspondence alone; and Mr. Griscom was convinced that the first need of the Society was for a magazine that could serve also as its official organ and means of communication with its members.

Mr. Judge's old magazine, *The Path,* had been first rechristened *Theosophy* and then *Universal Brotherhood,* under which title it was being carried on by Mrs. Tingley. But *The Theosophical Forum,* a little sixteen page monthly started by Mr. Judge in 1889 as a medium for questions and answers, had been discontinued in August, 1897, and the only obstacle to reviving it was the labour and expense its publication and distribution would involve. These Mr. Griscom himself assumed.

He had had no experience as editor or author, but with the simple and bold directness that characterized all his decisions—and which found expression in his maxim, "The only way to do anything, from running steamships to stopping smoking, is to do it"—he set himself (and his friends, whether they would or no!) to the production of a magazine.

I hope I shall never lose from memory the pictures that are stored there of Mr. Griscom making up those early issues of the *Forum;* sitting in the centre of his living room before the folding card table, covered with red baize, on which were spread his pins and paste and shears, the ivory

foot-rule—with the burn from a cigarette at the end—the dictionary, and piles of copy. (It was before he learned to use the typewriter, as the work soon required him to do, so that it was not in evidence as in later years, when the dictionary could be dispensed with, and editorial routine was no longer an adventure.) To enter that room was like entering the magician's castle of some ancient fairy legend, for one would find a goodly company of companions—all, indeed, who had passed that way before one—sitting under an enchantment that was immediately to fall upon oneself. No sooner did one cross the threshold than a sheaf of manuscript would be extended, and a cheery voice would say, "Hello, James Henry Alexander, just count the words in that, like a good boy"; and before one knew it one would find oneself seated, mumbling numbers, like the others.

It seems a simple enough thing now, to get out sixteen pages a month, but it was not so simple then; and it meant almost the difference between life and death to the Society; for those pages were, for a time, almost its only corporate activity. And they contained much of great and lasting value. Mr. Johnston contributed the series of "Oriental Department Papers," in which many of his translations from the Upanishads were first published, and much of the first volume of Cavé's *Fragments* also first appeared in the *Forum*. The old "Question and Answer Department" was continued, as well as the outlines of topics for Branch discussion; but the scope of the magazine was broadened, and less technical articles were also included.

In addition to reviving *The Theosophical Forum*, Mr. Griscom was very desirous of providing for the continued publication and sale of theosophical books. Mr. Judge's personal copyrights, and interest in the publishing business he had built up, had become the property of individuals by his will, so that they had been saved from the general loot of the Society that had been accomplished at Chicago. The sale of books was, therefore, still possible, and was at first continued under an agreement with The W. Q. Judge Publishing Co. With the dissolution or reorganization of this company, however, it became necessary to make other provisions; and after a series of more or less unsatisfactory arrangements with different publishing concerns, Mr. Griscom decided that the only real solution of the problem lay in adding a book and publishing department to the magazine venture. As the Society had neither the funds nor the desire to embark upon so hazardous a financial enterprise, Mr. Griscom undertook it himself, putting up the initial capital, and using the proceeds of sales, as they accrued, for the publication of other works. As the business increased from year to year, it became necessary to give it more formal organization, and the result is The Quarterly Book Department of to-day.

In the summer of 1899, after the *Forum* was firmly established and when, by means of it and incessant personal correspondence, the scattered Branches and isolated members of the Society had been knit

together into some semblance of a working body, Mr. Griscom's health again broke down, and it was not until January of 1901 that he was able to resume continuous work. He was compelled to surrender the editorship of the *Forum* during his illness, and never again resumed it. Under his successor it had been increased from sixteen to twenty pages, but the "Question and Answer Department" as well as the "T. S. Activities" and "Subjects for Branch Discussion," had been dropped; and though the articles printed were very valuable and interesting, there was less to mark the magazine as an organ of The Theosophical Society, or to make the members feel that it was peculiarly their own. Mr. Griscom was convinced that the Society, and particularly the isolated members-at-large, needed the medium for discussion and exchange of views that the "Question and Answer Department" had afforded; that the members liked to know what other Branches and members were doing; that they should be helped and guided in their studies; and that elementary articles, written for those who were just beginning to be interested, and setting forth the primary principles of Theosophy, would be of real assistance to the whole movement.

Acting on this conviction, in July, 1903, he started the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, having obtained the consent of the Executive Committee to publish it, as by their "order," for the benefit of the members—himself assuming, as previously with the *Forum,* the financial responsibility for its expense beyond whatever sums the Society might feel justified in contributing to its support. As stated in the first issue, it was "not designed to compete with but to supplement *The Theosophical Forum,*" and was planned to comprise Notes and Comments, Reprints from valuable articles no longer easy of access, Elementary Articles, T. S. Activities, Questions and Answers, Reviews, and a Correspondence Class.

The first issue consisted of forty large pages—even larger than the present format, as the line of type was an inch longer,—and the magazine proved a great success from the start. With his Quaker gift of "speaking to the condition" of his hearers, Mr. Griscom addressed no imaginary audience, but wrote and conducted the magazine directly for the needs of the Society's members. As the circulation grew beyond the Society itself, he broadened the scope of its contents, keeping its purely theosophical character and departments, but making its appeal more varied and universal. At the Convention of 1905 the Society voted to discontinue the *Forum* as a separate publication, and to make the payment of the annual dues of membership cover the subscription to the QUARTERLY,—which had indeed always been sent free to all members, but up to that time there had been no formal arrangement whereby the Society should contribute to its expense. This action of the Convention put the magazine upon its present basis.

There should be little need to tell the readers of the QUARTERLY what the magazine has accomplished in the years of its existence, or

what it has meant in the history of the Theosophical Movement. Mr. Griscom loved and planned for it as a mother loves and plans for her child, and made the spirit of his own discipleship live and breathe through all its pages, a quickening contagion of the soul. Its sixteen large volumes are but one of the many monuments of his labour, yet are they truly "more lasting than bronze"; for though the print fade and the paper crumble into tatters, yet what they gave the world will remain, for in it is the immortality of the soul of man.

Nor is it possible in this sketch—where the biography of a great soul and the history of a great movement must be inextricably interwoven—to review the long list of articles from Mr. Griscom's own pen that the QUARTERLY contained. It is hoped that they may be collected and republished in book form. His "Elementary Articles" alone would make a volume of the highest value, serving both as a primer of the theosophical philosophy and as a practical introduction to the science of self-conquest and the religious life. Yet they constitute but a fraction of the total. He wrote under many pseudonyms, G. Hijo, John Blake, Menteknis, The Pilgrim, as well as using one or more of his initials, as in the reviews, or the last articles he wrote, "Vanity" and "Why should I want to be a Saint?" And his themes were even more varied: stories, the product of a very fertile and active imagination, such as "The Mark of Istaphan"; scenes of the inner world, as in "The Battle Royal" or "War Seen From Within"; essays on the principles of government and political economy, such as "The Magic Word Democracy"; studies in the lives of the saints or in the history of the movement in former centuries; and a long series of ascetical writings beginning with "Talks with my Brain" and ending with "Vanity," in the January issue—the last number he was himself to send to press.

He wrote very rapidly, rarely if ever at a loss for the word he wanted; indifferent to form, in his concentration upon the essence. And in consequence, his meaning is never lost or obscured in its expression. He used words and was not used by them—as one feels of so many writers whose thought appears dominated by the vehicle that should convey it. He leads his hearers at once to the heart of his theme, and draws the outline of its essential features with sure, bold strokes. His work is vibrant with his own personality—with the singleness of heart and purpose, the virility and direct simplicity of his own attitude toward life—and on every page one feels the sure touch that comes only from first-hand personal experience of the facts with which he deals. It is this which gives to his ascetical writings their quickening inspiration, and an appeal that is at once universal and immediately personal. He had the rare gift of wise and discerning spiritual direction, and in private correspondence, which grew to great proportions through the years, he helped members of many different countries and of many different creeds, to find and follow "the small old path that leads to the Eternal." His teaching must be judged by

its fruits; and time alone can reveal their full magnitude and worth. Yet they must depend not only on him, not only on the sower and the seed, but also on the ground where the seed was spread; so that the measure of his success still rests with us, and with those who come after us, the heirs of his inheritance. But in themselves and of their own kind, his writings constitute as practical a guide to the initial stages of discipleship, as penetrating an analysis into the workings of human nature and of the hidden forces and tendencies which the disciple must master, as has been given to the world in our generation. He wrote, not what he had been taught, but something of what, having been taught, he had himself lived.

Immediately following the Chicago Convention of 1898, and as a part of the work of salvage and reconstruction, the effort was made to continue public Branch meetings of the Society in New York. They were held in Mott Memorial Hall, which, with its rows of sombre medical works in glass cases, seemed painfully suggestive of the surgery through which the Society had just passed; and though the meetings were faithfully attended, until the coming of summer caused their suspension, it was evident that this surgery had been far too drastic to permit of active outer work until after a longer period of inner recuperation. The experiment was repeated several times in the following years with but little success, and it was not until the autumn of 1904 that the inner life of the movement had been so renewed and consolidated that the New York meetings became really vital. Even then, they were not public meetings. Mr. Griscom and his associates, together with such friends, not members of the Society, as were interested, met quite informally each fortnight in the rooms of one of their number, and spent the evening in the discussion of religious topics. There were no formal addresses, but someone would open the discussion, and the friendly and sympathetic atmosphere drew all to talk freely. It was a practical demonstration of the theosophic attitude and method, and proved a real success. Other groups were formed, in all of which Mr. Griscom participated, working on the same principles but with different people and with different subjects of study. One such group spent three years in the study and discussion of the Sermon on the Mount and the principles of discipleship that it implies.

As the years passed and duties multiplied, while the number of evenings in the week remained inexorably at seven, it became necessary to consolidate the meetings, and their size outgrew the capacity of an ordinary living-room. Mr. Griscom then secured the studio building in the rear of his house, and fitted it to serve as a permanent centre of the work and as a place of meeting for the New York Branch.

Some of these earlier meetings were instrumental in leading to far-reaching developments. Shortly after, the active outer work for

the Christian Church opened to the group of which Mr. Griscom was a member. They began in a little mission chapel, and from then on, Mr. Griscom and his fellows laboured to create in it a living centre of true religion.

One can understand nothing of this work, indeed one can understand nothing either of Mr. Griscom's life or of his accomplishment, if it be not realized that such work as his must always be group work, in which self is sunk in a fellowship and a cause that is infinitely greater than self. Behind it all was the Master's will and hand; and it was because "two or three" gathered together in His name, that what was done could be done.

But they had much to contend with:—materialism; the socialism that is the admixture of materialism and sentimentality; ignorance and unreasoning prejudice; and the smallness that cannot tolerate the presence of what is bigger than itself. But despite all, their centre has continued, a growing evidence of the power of the Living Christ and of aspiration to His discipleship—a discipleship whose meaning and whose possibility Mr. Griscom's life alike makes clear.

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL.

God asks not, "To which sect did he belong?"
But "Did he love the right and hate the wrong?"

—ANON.

CLEMENT ACTON GRISCOM

TO write a recollection of Clement Griscom is no light task, for there seems so much to say and so few words with which to express it. I believe we first met in 1891, for I do not recall him in Chicago in 1888 or 1889. We met occasionally in the T. S. Headquarters before Mr. Judge went to England after H. P. B.'s death, and it was only after Mr. Judge's death that we met more frequently—though not so frequently as I wished. Others can and will speak of the details of his work and life. At this distance these details were unfamiliar to me save occasionally. But in spite of this distance, the void made by his absence is enormous. It feels as if the front wall of the house had fallen out. Quietly and steadily, for over twenty years, Clement Griscom was the Atlas who had patiently upheld the globe of the external movement on his shoulders. Perhaps this sounds like exaggeration, and we know well there are many who have aided. But those who know the work of the T. S., know also the quiet, steady and steadfast persistence with which he worked day after day and year after year, till over thirty years have passed. Some know the difficulties he encountered and conquered: all can feel grateful to him for his work in the Society and on the QUARTERLY, which gave to others a foundation on which to stand and work. It was said by one of the wise ones a long time ago that the resuscitation of the Movement demanded unflinching will and determination on the part of those who held the position which Clement Griscom held. And he met the need, going on from duty to duty, and fulfilling them all till they became his pleasure. Thus living, he has gone to prepare for further duties in a new life; while we who are left for a time are rejoicing in his promotion to higher duties, though regretting for ourselves the passing of a noble soul. Instance after instance could be given of the essential reliability of the man, and of the kindly and wise help which was ever given when he was called upon. Some advice might not be "agreeable"; but essentially one knew that he never wished one to do what he was not prepared to do himself, and that his guide in all the advice he gave was the query, "What would the Master do?"

ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY.

It was in the year 1903 that I met Mr. C. A. Griscom in London and had the pleasure of associating with him for a few days. From this meeting up to the date of his early departure, we were intimate friends, though we never met again personally. How to explain that friendship after such a short acquaintance? I can only say that from the very first meeting I was drawn to him with the feeling of having met a real friend.

And so he was,—a friend to whom I am indebted for much advice and suggestion of a personal nature.

His deep insight in the art of living and in the needs of the soul, and his whole-hearted devotion to the cause of The Theosophical Society and the welfare of mankind, I need not mention. These things are well known to all who associated with him, or who read with some attention his articles in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY. But I wish to draw attention to a distinctive feature of his, viz. the warm sympathy that sprang from his loving heart and made one feel at home with him at once. He attracted me with a power not seen but strongly felt. And as sympathy of that kind will rouse the same feelings in another heart, and must be reciprocated, I had to be attached to him.

It was my sincere hope and wish to see him again personally, but it was not to be in this incarnation. Meanwhile, to me he is not lost. He was my friend, and he will continue to be so forever, though he has now passed away from this plane of existence. T. H. KNOFF.

The Chief is dead; no more may I look up into that warrior face, with its eyes of love and courage; eyes through which looked forth that gallant soul—warrior and sage, father and guide and confessor. The Chief is dead. I have lost him—the best of friends; a friend comprehending, understanding, tender, bravest of the brave; unsurpassed in honesty of thought and reason, word and deed—the peer of any in selflessness.

How much I owe him! Was it business counsel? From him, you knew, could wise guidance be obtained. Had one been confused in understanding? From him, as from a lighthouse, came the red warnings of danger and the white light which cleared one's way. Were one immersed in self, then, like a surgeon's cleansing knife, came his direct statement, protected against the septic dangers of reaction by the prophylaxis of his love,—a love I have never known to fail. Often I merited and received, criticism and correction, but never once were these tainted with unfairness of any kind. Mr. Griscom was more than truthful; he was just. Consequently, it was impossible to doubt his love. He made it impossible.

His faith was marvellous. He seemed incapable of despair. When it seemed to me as if all were lost in business, or in hope for a soul, or in other tests I have seen him undergo, Mr. Griscom never flinched, never doubted, never despaired.

The pain of his loss increases. But I remember how simply Mr. Griscom spoke of pain, on a rare occasion when I had him all to myself. It was sunset of a lovely day in autumn, and it seemed as if castles and chateaux stood out against the glowing west. He was not speaking of himself, he never did speak of the pain which he himself bore so serenely;

some of us had come to recognize his days of suffering by a singular beauty and gentleness that shone from him then. He said that there were two ways of meeting pain. One way was to refuse to be affected by it—to use the will to ignore it. This, he explained, was the opposite of Christian science which, in denying pain, affirms a lie; while this method of resistance says, in effect, "Yes, hurt if you want to, but what of it? I will go on, though you hurt as much as you please."

The second method was to enter into the pain, to go along with it, seeking to understand it, to give one's self up to it, and thus to learn its lesson. "For," Mr. Griscom said, "there is a loving lesson for us in each and every thing that happens, be it big or little, if only we have the courage to seek for the lesson and for the love within it. I think we find this spirit in some of the saints, leading them to seek all that lies within pain, including joy."

And now I try to seek for the lesson in this great event, yes, and for the joy, and all that comes is a rush of pain and longing and a thousand personal memories. What is the lesson? Surely the Theosophy which Mr. Griscom taught and lived must help me here! He taught me that I am here in the body to learn certain lessons, and that the Master is too wise and too loving to let me go forward leaving the lessons unlearned—the kind, good Law forbids that. If I remain lazy, self-indulgent and extravagant, and refuse to learn the lessons of obedience, how may I hope to continue unbroken that dear relationship with the Chief which was and is my joy?

Do we want to be with him again,—to serve under him in the Cause he loved, serving with and for those whom he loved, and whom he himself served? Then let us face the future, armed with what he taught us, doing what he wished, trusting in the Master who led the way. Mr. Griscom showed us the immortal footprints, and told us whose they are. Now he has followed on: shall we not justify his faith, his love, his efforts for us, and follow too?

But we know our faults. How dare we hope? Must not self-examination make inevitably for despair? A parable, if I may so call it, occurs to me. Let us place ourselves back in the days of the Maid of France. Suppose I were one of those who failed her; who in cowardice left her alone in the hands of the foe; left her to die her martyr's death alone—could I ever really have loved her as my leader had I still done nothing, save to steep myself in remorse and shame? In time would not her death and her love for France have united to create in me a desire, at the least, to die for her by fighting for France? And is it not possible that, in time, my sorrow and contrition, if rightly used, might have made me a better fighter and less of a coward than I had ever been? We know that the cowards who left the Maid to die, became the instruments of fulfilling her prophecies, driving the enemy out of France and doing it by fighting. It did not bring the Maid back. It did justify her life. It won her Cause. We cannot bring Mr.

Griscom back, but, surely, we can do our part to justify his life and his sacrifices, if it be only to fall fighting for his Cause.

Mourn him—yes—and perhaps with breaking hearts, but never with faltering hearts. And the more we enter into the pain, seeking to understand its lesson, the nearer we may perhaps draw to the Master, the living Master and teacher, whom Mr. Griscom so lovingly served. If we become "as little children," at least trying to be good children in that divine relationship, may we not trust Him to let us meet again that dear, faithful, tender, and trusting big brother of ours, a big brother so wise and big that he was "brother at once" and father. What if it means self-sacrifice, self-surrender, yes, and suffering: would that be too big a price to pay for seeing that big brother of ours smiling upon us once more?

With all his knightliness and imagination and romance, Mr. Griscom was, however, pre-eminently practical. How he could cut through a web of phantasy and sophistry, bringing out the need for will rather than for mere feeling; and how he could do it in one flashing, Quaker-clear sentence of common sense! Let us ask ourselves, therefore,—what is the practical thing we can do to make our sorrow dynamic, rather than self-indulgent and cowardly?

What do we think Mr. Griscom would consider left unfinished,—not merely in our own lives, for that might prove selfishly narrowing, but in the lives of others also? Are there not places where he will be missed? How may we serve? Was there not work he was interested in, where we may help? How about The Theosophical Society? If he gave us Theosophy from both head and heart are we to let it die or shall we strive to let others share the treasures he passed on to us? What was the Cause he served? Who was the Master he followed? May we not make them ours?

Can we not all but hear him ask us—smiling, yet not wholly unstern: "Well, you think you are feeling deeply, but just what are you going to do about it?" Are there not others whose death will harrow our souls and tear our hearts? What may we do for them to-day? Are there those whom he loved, whom we too may serve?

Have we never heard Mr. Griscom speak of his living Master and friend, and of the fact that the Passion continues unto this day, because of our sins and failures? Need we further add our share to the world's weight of sin and despair that makes the crucifixion permanent? May we not take our sorrow that the Chief is dead and use it to re-dedicate our lives to the Master whom he served, striving to make of ours what we know he made of his life, and thus, perhaps, giving Mr. Griscom the pleasure of smiling once more upon those who would run to meet him as his "children"?

I feel that he taught me all that I really need for this life. Hence, it must be that he has told me how to satisfy this great desire. What may I find in the treasure house of the memories of his teachings

that shall prove a key to the gate of my hope? How widely he taught me: I have ample material from him to build myself into a better father, son, and brother, a more faithful friend, a more earnest student, a better business man,—a maker of resolutions and a keeper of vows; yes, and above all, with him as exemplar, a fearless, fighting, Christian gentleman. In each of these aspects of a practical student of applied Theosophy and of a disciple of the Master Christ, he stood four-square and unafraid. Surely he who loved us so, has not left us to seek in blindness the path to reunion with him. What may we do to recognize him when next we meet?

There are many of us who are positive that we have been with him before, though there may be no definite brain memory of it in this life. It is perhaps more a matter of flavour. But more than that, has there not been some unity in devotion,—feeble on our part, and imitative, yet seed of the Seed which he had received?

There is The Theosophical Society, and all that it stands for and includes. Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge have told us of the part it is to play in the future. If we saturate ourselves with Theosophy; prove untiring in our service to and in the T. S., faithful as students of the Divine Wisdom so generously placed before us, and if we seek in all ways opportunities to live up to our obligations and privileges,—surely we shall "carry over" readiness to rejoin the Theosophical Movement in heart and brain and body. Can we doubt that Mr. Griscom will be part of it?

Then there is his devotion to his Master, and to His undying warfare against the Devil and all his works: may we not seek to share with him in this, until the flame shall burn out the transitory and unreal, leaving only the permanent and true, so that we may recognize our eternal kinship with him, and know and love our big brother anew?

In short, may we not build within our lives a vehicle that shall carry our love and us across the Bridge of Death to meet him? In his "Elementary Articles," in "Vanity," in a score and more of essays and addresses, Mr. Griscom has left us the material, and instructions for its use, to build such a vehicle—a "new man"—dying and living in Christ.

G. W.

EDMUND BURKE

The Statesman for the Present Crisis

"Of this I am certain, that in a democracy, the majority of the citizens is capable of exercising the most cruel oppressions upon the minority, whenever strong divisions prevail in that kind of polity, as they often must; and that oppression of the minority will extend to far greater numbers, and will be carried on with much greater fury, than can almost ever be apprehended from the dominion of a single sceptre. In such a popular persecution, individual sufferers are in a much more deplorable condition than in any other. Under a cruel prince they have the balmy compassion of mankind to assuage the smart of their wounds; they have the plaudits of the people to animate their generous constancy under their sufferings; but those who are subjected to wrong under multitudes, are deprived of all external consolation. They seem deserted by mankind, overpowered by a conspiracy of their whole species."

Reflections on the French Revolution.

"The share of infamy, that is likely to fall to the lot of each individual in public acts, is small indeed; the operation of opinion being in the inverse ratio to the number of those who abuse power. Their own approbation of their own acts has to them the appearance of a public judgment in their favour. A perfect democracy is therefore the most shameless thing in the world." *Ibid.*

THROUGH the course of history, as most of us studied it, in schools and since, attention was called to the steadily rising wave of "the People." Wat Tyler and Jack Cade, William Langland, the author of "Piers Plowman," Chaucer's Wyclifite Parson—these return to memory as Promethean martyrs, pioneers of the dumb who had not yet made the amazing discovery that their voice (their votes?) speaks the will of deity—"vox populi vox dei." The wave was in evidence in old Roman days too, as Menenius Agrippa's fable of the belly testifies—and various Consuls also, who endeavoured to allay its danger by pouring on the oil of agrarian and other reforms. The efforts of Huss and similar evangelizers added momentum to the wave, and it was impelled mightily forward by the Protestant Reformation. We see it engulfing Charles the First in England. That was a mere tentative essay of its force. Its triumph came later,—in France of the Revolution. Since 1789, "the People" have swept all in full tide. What kings and royalties remained, remained as a curious relic, preserved by "the People" to mark the contrast between former times and present. These effete monarchies were really monuments to "the People's" strength—tolerated because fangless.

Today, the Karma of our own disobedience, our misplaced and sentimental sympathy, our insubordination, overtakes us. We are fortunate if we can face it, recognize the past, and forever obliterate it, so far as we are concerned. Today, "the People" stand revealed

in natural colours. The euphemistic names they bore, quasi religious and philosophical,—with which we blinded and deluded ourselves,—were euphonious stage names for vulgar reality. They are Mob, and in too many cases,—Thieves and Murderers. They justify their crimes by the wholesale scale on which they are committed.

We must expect to form a very small minority, if we endeavour to right our past mistakes of judgment. There are few people today who regard the French Revolution other than as a great and commendable event. Professor Harper of Princeton University may be taken as an example of what would be called the intelligent, sober, common sense, average view. Professor Harper, writing on Wordsworth's connection with the Revolution in France, expresses this opinion: "The net result of the work of the Constituent Assembly was such as to win the approval of all French patriots and of nearly all progressive Englishmen, Burke being one of the few notable exceptions. What generous and emancipated spirit could fail to applaud its great achievements?" The majority of people would be astounded to hear that the French Revolution may not have been a beneficent event. Such people may frown upon the Russian Bolsheviki. They may regard the Bolsheviki as a hideous perversion of their ideal;—but they do not even surmise that the Bolshevist movement is a logical consequence of their ideal which, in fact, is a very material one. Proof of this is the defensive reservation with which officials and newspapers mention socialism. They have accepted socialism (such is the implication) as axiomatic; they denounce *corrupt* socialism, manifesting in I. W. W. riots, draft objections, etc. A reasoned-out attitude may gradually win some of these people of right intentions. They will discover how slightly their hearts have accepted the equalitarian theories of the head. And the uncompromising processes of the mob, that make academic Arcadias safe for the mob, and for the mob only, will complete the rectification of opinions.

The process of disillusionment will still be slow. The Catholic Church, with a certain hold upon fundamental truths, in spite of its intolerable scheming, will indicate the right direction to a few of its devout members, who, waking to the fallacy of chimerical republican panaceas, know that anarchy can offer them no refuge.[1] Others will move very slowly to realize naked facts. The spontaneous congratulations from most quarters, when the Russian republic was announced, are proof of the prejudices to which men are born. There was no inquiry as to how the revolution was accomplished, or what precautions had been taken for the future of the state. The feeling was only that the final stage of governmental blessedness had been worked out. There were a few to whom the news called up other pictures,—that of the

[1] Marcel Gaveyron, a young Savoyard who died in battle, wrote this in a letter from the front: "Il est effrayant de voir combien les idées ont été faussées et déviées du vrai et du bien, par la vulgarisation des principes chers aux philosophes de toute nuance qui se sont attaqués au catholicisme. Il est à craindre que les esprits, désabusés des chimères républicaines, ne versent dans le socialisme révolutionnaire, plutôt que d'aller abreuver aux vraies sources de la vie."

Princesse de Lamballe, for example. This lady was so loyal to her sovereign that, after a successful escape, she refused to enjoy freedom alone, and returned to share the captivity and fate of her monarch. In a public court room she refused to abjure her sovereigns. The mob rewarded her courageous loyalty by tearing her to pieces as she left the court-house, and by gloating over her naked members. Happy those who share her loyalty, and, if need be, her fate!

Edmund Burke is a teacher for those who feel that the present socialistic trend is wrong, but who have no reasoned out philosophy of government to put in place of what they condemn. As Professor Harper has noted, Burke was almost the solitary prominent man of his age not to be deceived by the Revolutionary glamour. At no stage of its career did he give to the Revolution applause, sympathy, or trust. He feared and hated it as embodying the forces that uncivilize. He had studied it to its root. He is able to help us of a later century, because the present social revolution is only another offshoot from the same evil root.

An estimate of Burke that is not unusual is this: As a young man he was a promising prophet of liberty; but with age, he grew morose and conservative, and reversed his early righteous judgments. Not only Americans, but even some Englishmen hold this view of him. As an American opinion, it would be quite understandable. Within the last thirty years American schools, public and private, have drilled into their pupils' heads the speech on *Conciliation*. Few of that army of students (the parents of to-day) have read anything else of Burke's. Few of them know anything about the speech itself, save that it is reputed a good piece of rhetoric, and that *it was in favour of America against England*. One can see how easily American prejudice would jump to a conclusion,—the conclusion, namely, that Burke was almost an American, in love of liberty and hatred of kings. To reasoners of this kind, Burke's position toward affairs in France would seem morose and insane as well as inconsistent.

In fact, it is rare to meet a workman in any field so consistent as this great political philosopher. During his life he was busied with large and small details of government, correcting abuses, pushing reforms, etc., etc. He gave himself generously and whole-heartedly to these large and small affairs. He worked over them with pains and fervour. It mattered little to him whether the consequence of the issues in which he engaged was fateful or negligible. They were important because they expressed in some degree a principle of government. The pettiest detail might thus take on an eternal significance,—for right or for wrong; it might be of vital importance that an evil principle should be thwarted and a right one vindicated, even in a trivial manifestation. But it was the principles that touched him, in heart and mind, and called forth his aspirations and efforts. In very early youth he discovered two opposing principles,—of government and of life. He put himself on the side of one, and opposed the other, consistently and vigorously until his

death. In 1756, when he was 27 years old, he published his first philosophical writing on society and government. It was in the form of a satire. One of the English "free thinkers," Bolingbroke, from whom the French "liberators" drank copious draughts, had just been published, posthumously. Bolingbroke's point of view was that man needs nothing more to achieve spiritual greatness than to follow the instincts of his nature. The name "natural" religion was given to this system. It was meant to do away with the restraints and regulations of Christian and other religions, that were placed, in opposition to it, as "revealed" religions. Bolingbroke's doctrines might be suitable for Kumaras and other spirits who have won the final victory over the lower nature. But for double-natured man such doctrine is poison. It would mean the easy triumph of the lower nature. Burke recognized this pernicious doctrine, and how grateful it would be to the lower nature. He wished to strike it a blow, not frontal, but in the rear, by applying Bolingbroke's method to government, where he thought its absurdities would be obvious. He would show that "natural" man is in a state of perfect innocence and complete happiness, and that all the miseries of humanity arise out of artificial political laws and arrangements which cramp pure motived man on one side, as the artificialities of revealed religion cramp him on the other. To this end Burke wrote his "Vindication of Natural Society," a satirical arraignment and condemnation of law and organized society. "How far mere nature would have carried us, we may judge by the example of those animals, who still follow her laws, and even of those to whom she has given dispositions more fierce, and arms more terrible, than ever she intended we should use. It is an incontestable truth, that there is more havoc made in one year by men of men, than has been made by all the lions, tigers, panthers, ounces, leopards, hyenas, rhinoceroses, elephants, bears, and wolves, upon their several species, since the beginning of the world; though these agree ill enough with each other, and have a much greater proportion of rage and fury in their composition than we have. But with respect to you, ye legislators, ye civilizers of mankind! ye Orpheuses, Moseses, Minoses, Solons, Theseuses, Lycurguses, Numas! with respect to you be it spoken, your regulations have done more mischief in cold blood, than all the rage of the fiercest animals in their greatest terrors, or furies, has ever done, or ever could do!" The satire is extravagantly obvious in this paragraph. In others, where it is stated with less burlesque, it escapes the attention of those whom one would like it to reach. It seems truth to them. It was complete absurdity to Burke's clear vision. But it is the spontaneous speech of revolutionists. And from soap boxes in New York, one can to-day hear arguments that are word for word like those Burke wrote, in mocking scorn, a century and a half ago. "If political society, in whatever form, has still made the many the property of the few; if it has introduced labours unnecessary, vices and diseases unknown, and pleasures incompatible with nature; if in all countries it abridges the

lives of millions, and renders those of millions more utterly abject and miserable; shall we still worship so destructive an idol, and daily sacrifice to it our health, our liberty, and our peace"?

The arguments of this satire are of very minor importance. But it is important as revealing Burke's clear recognition of two opposing forces, a spiritual and a material. He gave his allegiance as a young man to the spiritual forces of life, and he never swerved from that allegiance. "Man in the state of nature" was to Burke a creature just tolerated by the mercy of God. No arguments as to right and wrong could be based upon so wretched a creature. Burke sought truth at the other pole of the universe, in God. He found it there. He was constantly alert to the dangers of the "state of nature" point of view. And he combated them vigorously. He was convinced "that a mind, which has no restraint from a sense of its own weakness, of its subordinate rank in the creation, and of the extreme danger of letting the imagination loose upon some subjects, may very plausibly attack everything the most excellent and venerable; that it would not be difficult to criticize the creation itself; and that if we were to examine the divine fabric by our ideas of reason and fitness, and to use the same method of attack by which some men have assaulted revealed religion, we might with as good colour and with the same success, make the wisdom and power of God in his creation appear to many no better than foolishness."

The French Revolution broke out when Burke was sixty years old. It was not necessary for him to make any right-about-face of principles at that crisis. The Revolution was an open manifestation of the evil forces he had early discovered as working both on the outer and on the inner sphere of life. He applied his principles,—principles not of his own devising, "but moulded into the nature and essence of things"—to this riot of insubordination; he applied them with energy, with his utmost force, because he felt that civilization and the cause of righteousness were at stake. He pointed out the causes and conduct of the Revolution and the motives of the Revolutionists, as causes and motives have rarely been pointed out.

Since Burke's attitude in the dispute between the colonies and England furnishes occasion for the charge of inconsistency that is often brought against him, it will be well, before taking up his later work, to understand just what his attitude and sympathy were,—what reservations should be made upon the assertion that his feeling as expressed in the speeches on Taxation and Conciliation, is an all-American feeling.

He saw human society as a whole, and the individual nations that make up that whole, as living things, organisms, animated by the life principle, just as an individual man is.

"Society is indeed a contract. Subordinate contracts for objects of mere occasional interest may be dissolved at pleasure—but the state ought not to be considered as nothing better than a partnership agreement in a trade of pepper and coffee, calico or tobacco, or some other such low concern, to be taken up

for a little temporary interest, and to be dissolved by the fancy of the parties. It is to be looked on with other reverence; because it is not a partnership in things subservient only to the gross animal existence of a temporary and perishable nature. It is a partnership in all science; a partnership in all art; a partnership in every virtue, and in all perfection. As the ends of such a partnership cannot be obtained in many generations, it becomes a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born. Each contract of each particular state is but a clause in the great primæval contract of eternal society, linking the lower with the higher natures, connecting the visible and invisible world, according to a fixed compact sanctioned by the inviolable oath which holds all physical and all moral natures, each in their appointed place. This law is not subject to the will of those, who by an obligation above them, and infinitely superior, are bound to submit their will to that law. The municipal corporations of that universal kingdom are not morally at liberty at their pleasure, and on their speculations of a contingent improvement, wholly to separate and tear asunder the bands of their subordinate community, and to dissolve it into an unsocial, uncivil, unconnected chaos of elementary principles. It is the first and supreme necessity only, a necessity that is not chosen, but chooses, a necessity paramount to deliberation, that admits no discussion, and demands no evidence, which alone can justify a resort to anarchy. This necessity is no exception to the rule; because this necessity itself is a part too of that moral and physical disposition of things, to which man must be obedient by consent or force: but if that which is only submission to necessity should be made the object of choice, the law is broken, nature is disobeyed, and the rebellious are outlawed, cast forth, and exiled, from this world of reason, and order, and peace, and virtue, and fruitful penitence, into the antagonist world of madness, discord, vice, confusion, and unavailing sorrow."

The hidden principle of life manifests itself in states as growth, development—growth from a beginning toward an ideal preconceived for each state. The conventions, customs, traditions, laws, and religions of a country are, in the main, those which it has found by experience to be convenient and suitable in its growth. The difficulties and crises which Burke had to consider concerned states that had a background of history,—England, France, India, etc. They were not new countries. Hence conservatism was his manner of action,—to follow the example and analogy of the past,—to be very wary of radical changes. "A disposition to preserve, and an ability to improve," he wrote in one place, "would be my standard of a statesman." His toleration in matters religious is one example of this conservatism. He not only disapproved the jealousies of rival sects in Christian countries, but he advocated a very liberal toleration: "I would give a full civil protection, in which I include an immunity from all disturbance of their public religious worship, and a power of teaching in schools as well as temples, to Jews, Mahometans and even Pagans, especially if they are already possessed of those advantages by long and prescriptive usage."*

In this conservative frame of mind Burke studied the internal and colonial and foreign relations of his country. George III became King in 1760. In 1770, Burke wrote his pamphlet entitled *Thoughts on the*

* Correspondence.

Cause of the Present Discontents. The conclusion of his study was: England is disturbed because the King has disregarded national tradition which makes the House of Commons depend upon the people at large. Four years later the question of colonial taxation came up. What is Burke's summary of the position? Is it not frankly that George III's policy is contrary to tradition? And may it not be true that Burke's position was taken as much from *imperial* sympathy as from American? The colonies seemed to him part of the Empire's natural growth. A distemper at the heart of the Empire (the monarch's disregard of traditional financial policy) was manifesting itself in a susceptible part,—the colonies. Burke wished to check the spread of the disease and to save the affected member of the body politic. He did not wish the Empire to lose either its moral or material greatness. Is not this the animating spirit of his American speeches, rather than a Jeffersonian theory as to the "rights of man"? He was deeply sympathetic with the grievances of the colonists. He said they would not be Englishmen, if they tolerated the King's scheme. He deplored the efforts of the Crown to stir up the Indian tribes against the colonists. But, plainly as he expressed these feelings, he expressed also just as plainly, the doubt, whether a venture in a new form of government would, in the long run, prove successful. "Untried forms of government may, to unstable minds, recommend themselves even by their novelty. But you will do well to remember that England has been great and happy under the present limited monarchy (subsisting in more or less vigour and purity) for several hundred years. None but England can communicate to you the benefits of such a constitution. We apprehend you are not now, nor for ages are likely to be, capable of that form of constitution in an independent state. Besides, let us suggest to you our apprehensions that your present union (in which we rejoice, and which we wish long to subsist) cannot always subsist without the authority and weight of this great and long-respected body, to equipoise, and to preserve you amongst yourselves in a just and fair equality. It may not even be impossible that a long course of war with the administration of this country may be but a prelude to a series of wars and contentions among yourselves, to end, at length, (as such scenes have too often ended,) in a species of humiliating repose, which nothing but the preceding calamities would reconcile to the dispirited few who survived them."

Burke's position in the American crisis under George III is to be described, then, as imperial rather than as revolutionary or American. He respected in the colonists a traditional English spirit toward a trespassing monarch. The "rights of man," and non-monarchical or anti-monarchical ideas were not even discussed. Indeed the frame of mind of the colonists in 1776 ought to be called English. When their conflict was over, and the infant states had won their point, it seemed almost a matter of chance whether a monarchy would be established or not, so unpronounced at that time was the feeling against it. The more

recent American attitude of jealousy and suspicion toward England and toward monarchy, formed later on, as the anarchic revolution proceeded in France, and as there arose in America an erroneous desire to give itself a glorious past, independent of English history, by magnifying a small domestic dissension to the extravagant proportions of a world conflict.

The troubles that started in France in 1789 were altogether different in kind from the American dispute over taxation. The American Revolution was wholly a family misunderstanding. It was a question of domestic policy. It troubled Burke as a grave disturbance, a disorder to be set right. But it could not be regarded as more than a *national* question. The utmost principle at stake was a national tradition concerning taxation. In the pages of universal history that domestic altercation could fill but small space. But the principles at stake in the French Revolution are of universal and cosmical significance—they are the same principles of obedience against insubordination for which Michael and his angels fought Lucifer. Another phase of the same age-long conflict, embodied this time in the cause of the Allies against Germany, seemed about to issue in victory for the White Lodge when the evil Armistice intervened, with anarchy in its train, to wrest for the Black Lodge, if possible, the victory that could not be obtained by force of arms.

Edmund Burke's thorough analysis of the situation in 1789 may illumine those who are honestly seeking a guide through the chaos and anarchy that are the fruit of the Armistice. If they are honest seekers, he will help them discover the unsuspected Bolshevism that lurks in the governmental theories they have hitherto regarded as eminently respectable, Christian, and progressive.

Burke's political philosophy will help only those who are seeking. To quote it or preach it to those who are content with their sugar-coated Bolshevism, acknowledged or latent, will only infuriate or mystify. Because Burke's philosophy and practice proceed from a spiritual view of life, the recognition of a God as supreme, and of man as a creature dependent upon God. But with what dignity, actual and potential, does that Creator endow his dependent, giving him as goal, Divine perfection, and entrusting to him much of the effort to win that goal! Burke saw government as one of the aids compassionately granted by God to man in the struggle toward perfection.[2] "Every sort of moral, every sort of civil, every sort of politic institution, aiding the rational and natural ties that connect the human understanding and affections to the divine, are not more than necessary, in order to build up that wonderful structure, Man; whose prerogative it is, to be in a great degree a creature of his own making; and who, when made as he ought to be made is destined to hold no trivial place in the creation." Government thus

[2] "They [English men of thought] conceive that He who gave our nature to be perfected by our virtue, willed also the necessary means of its perfection. He willed therefore the state." —*Reflections on the French Revolution.*

becomes a "right" of the higher nature which Burke was almost alone in championing, against the "rights" of the lower nature, otherwise called the "rights of man."[3]

One finds little speculative discussion in Burke upon the forms of government. For though he was a great philosopher and metaphysician, his metaphysics were the solid substructure of consistent and symmetrical practice. He might be called a great practitioner. His principles were ever present in thought as the guide and criterion by which to judge the events taking place around him. He was so confident of the eternal truth and immutability of his principles, grounded, as he felt them to be, in life itself, that he did not draw them out constantly to the light for revision and reformation. He gave himself to the righting of endless details of state, so that the state might more truly manifest the eternal principles of government. Theorizing was distasteful to him. Hence there is practically no reasoning as to what in the abstract is the best form of government. That, he would say, is altogether a relative question, to be decided only by knowledge of the people and their country. He was familiar with the past history of the world and judged it, as he judged present events, with reference to his principles. He drew helpful conclusions from past history, but did not derive from it his principles.[4] He might have found in language an analogy with government. Language, too, would seem to be a divine gift to man; but languages arise each one from the genius of its people.

Burke had, unconsciously, enough of the Theosophical attitude, to understand that this is true also of Religion and religions. "The body of all true religion," he wrote, "consists, to be sure, in obedience to the will of the sovereign of the world; in a confidence in his declarations; and in imitation of his perfections. The rest is our own. It may be prejudicial to the great end; it may be auxiliary. Wise men, who as such are not *admirers* (not admirers at least of the Munera Terrae) are not violently attached to these things, nor do they violently hate them. Wisdom is not the most severe corrector of folly. They are the rival follies, which mutually wage so unrelenting a war; and which make so cruel a use of their advantages, as they can happen to engage the immoderate vulgar, on the one side, or the other, in their quarrels." As with the forms of

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[3] "The restraints on men, as well as their liberties, are to be reckoned among their rights." —*Reflections on the French Revolution.*

"Men are qualified for civil liberty in exact proportion to their disposition to put moral chains upon their own appetites; in proportion as their love to justice is above their rapacity . . . Society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere, and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without. It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things, that men of intemperate minds cannot be free. Their passions forge their fetters."—*Letter to Member of National Assembly.*

[4] In a private letter to a friend, he wrote: "My principles enable me to form my judgment upon men and actions in history, just as they do in common life, and are not formed out of events and characters, either past or present. History is a preceptor of prudence, not of principles. The principles of true politics are those of morality enlarged. . . . The principles that guide us in public and private, as they are not of our devising, but moulded into the nature and essence of things will endure with the sun and moon,—long, very long after Whig and Tory, Stuart and Brunswick, and all such miserable bubbles and playthings of the hour, are vanished from existence and from memory.

religion, so the forms of government, likewise originate from the genius of peoples. While Burke was too liberal in his culture to wish to impose any special form of government upon nations in general, and too practical to wish to make the world in general safe for oligarchy (or any other system) he had a natural reverence for the British plan of a monarchy, a nobility and a represented populace.[5]

One point must be made entirely clear. When Burke said that forms of government originate with peoples, he was not making of "the People" the divinity that is worshipped to-day. He was speaking of the nation at large. For he recognized grades of life in nature and classes of men in society. He saw "the People" as the weakest and most unwise of the community, incapable of right judgment and action save under controlling leadership. In a private letter, that mentions the indifference of the populace at a certain crisis he wrote: "The people are not answerable for their present supine acquiescence; indeed they are not. God and nature never made them to think or to act without guidance and direction."[6] He held that "the People" could be recognized as a member of the body politic only when they were organized under leaders who are their superiors. "To enable men to act with the weight and character of a people, and to answer the ends for which they are incorporated into that capacity, we must suppose them (by means immediate or consequential) to be in that state of habitual social discipline, in which the wise, the more expert, and the more opulent conduct, and by conducting enlighten and protect, the weaker, the less knowing, and the less provided with the goods of fortune." Burke leaves no opportunity open for misunderstanding; he uses the hated and obsolete word, "aristocracy," to describe those who are the people's guides. He says not only that aristocracy is a fact of nature, but that it is the soul to the body, and without it a nation cannot exist; that, when the masses are separated from their natural leaders they become an adverse army of vagabonds, terrible as wild beasts, to be fought and subdued before any security can exist. "A true natural aristocracy is not a separate interest in the state, or separable from it. It is an essential integrant part of any large body rightly constituted. It is formed out of a class of legitimate presumptions which, taken as

[5] It was the delicate balance of the English system that pleased Burke. In *Present Discontents* he wrote: "Our constitution stands on a nice equipoise, with steep precipices and deep waters upon all sides of it. In removing it from a dangerous leaning toward one side, there may be a risk of oversetting it on the other. Every project of a material change in a government so complicated as ours, combined at the same time with external circumstances still more complicated, is a matter full of difficulties." Elsewhere he writes: "To make a government requires no great prudence. Settle the seat of power; teach obedience; and the work is done. To give freedom is still more easy. It is not necessary to guide; it only requires to let go the rein. But to form a *free government*, that is, to temper together these opposite elements of liberty and restraint in one consistent work, requires much thought, deep reflection, a sagacious, powerful and combining mind."

[6] "Let me wish my young friend . . . to draw a useful lesson from the unprincipled behaviour of a corrupt and licentious people:—that is never to sacrifice his principles to the hope of obtaining their affections; to regard and wish them well, as a part of his fellow creatures, whom his best instincts and his highest duties lead him to love and serve, but to put as little trust in them as in princes."—*Letter to John Burke*, 1776.

generalities, must be admitted for actual truths. To be bred in a place of estimation; to see nothing low and sordid from one's infancy; to be taught to respect one's self; to be habituated to the censorial inspection of the public eye; to look early to public opinion; to stand upon such elevated ground as to be enabled to take a large view of the widespread and infinitely diversified combinations of men and affairs in a large society; to have leisure to read, to reflect, to converse; to be enabled to draw the court and attention of the wise and learned wherever they are to be found;—to be habituated in armies to command and to obey; to be taught to despise danger in the pursuit of honour and duty; to be formed to the greatest degree of vigilance, foresight, and circumspection, in a state of things in which no fault is committed with impunity, and the slightest mistakes draw on the most ruinous consequences—to be led to a guarded and regulated conduct, from a sense that you are considered as an instructor of your fellow-citizens in their highest concerns, and that you act as a reconciler between God and man—to be employed as an administrator of law and justice, and to be thereby amongst the first benefactors to mankind—to be a professor of high science, or of liberal and ingenuous art—to be amongst rich traders, who from their success are presumed to have sharp and vigorous understandings and to possess the virtues of diligence, order, constancy, and regularity, and to have cultivated an habitual regard to commutative justice:—these are the circumstances of men that form what I should call a *natural* aristocracy."[1]

The existence of these two natural divisions in a state, a small aristocracy of leaders, and a large body of the inexperienced, invalidates the popular notion of equality of representation and a decision by majority ballot. In a form of government that includes representative bodies, the leaders must be given a consideration that quite outweighs the arithmetical predominance of the mass of people. This attitude of Burke toward the ballot is spiritual in that it regards men as centres of moral forces, not as mere physical bodies. The French agitators had declared that twenty-four millions ought to prevail over two hundred thousand. "True," Burke answered, "if the constitution of a kingdom be a problem of arithmetic." It is so much more than a problem of arithmetic. It is a problem of the eternal welfare of a nation, of a multitude of souls. The will and the interest of that multitude would often be at variance, just as in the case of an individual. The result of evil willing might be spiritual catastrophe. Therefore the multitude should be carefully protected in the offices of its governors.

[1] Burke writes elsewhere: "Nobility is a graceful ornament to the civil order. It is the Corinthian capital of polished society. *Omnes boni nobilitati semper favemus*, was the saying of a wise and good man. It is indeed one sign of a liberal and benevolent mind to incline to it with some sort of partial propensity. He feels no ennobling principle in his own heart, who wishes to level all the artificial institutions which have been adopted for giving a body to opinion, and permanence to fugitive esteem. It is a sour, malignant, envious disposition, without taste for the reality, or for any image or representation of virtue, that sees with joy the unmerited fall of what had long flourished in splendour and in honor."

No matter what the form of government, king, nobles, and popular representatives, all exist for the sake of the people—to lead the people toward its Divine goal.[8] This subservience of the monarch and the leaders should not, however, be distorted for the evil purposes of the lower nature; the king is the "servant" of the people in that he serves the aims of their soul; he is not the servant of their will. And he holds his high position not through their choice, but in most cases through the law of inheritance. Again Burke does not speculate or theorise about this law or the original rights of some family to a throne. He finds the law in operation. He gives his mind to discovering the wisdom underlying it. He finds it easily,—the law of inheritance guarantees to a man the fruit of his labour. In a state, an inherited crown guarantees to the populace the inheritance of their privileges and gains. One of his most eloquent paragraphs points out the correspondence of this law with the general course of nature: "This policy appears to me to be the result of profound reflection; or rather the happy effect of following nature, which is wisdom without reflection, and above it. A spirit of innovation is generally the result of a selfish temper and confined views. People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors. Besides, the people of England well know, that the idea of inheritance furnishes a sure principle of conservation, and a sure principle of transmission; without at all excluding a principle of improvement. It leaves acquisition free; but it secures what it acquires. Whatever advantages are obtained by a state proceeding on these maxims, are locked fast as in a sort of family settlement; grasped as in a kind of mortmain forever. By a constitutional policy, working after the pattern of nature, we receive, we hold, we transmit our government and our privileges, in the same manner in which we enjoy and transmit our property and our lives. The institutions of policy, the goods of fortune, the gifts of providence, are handed down to us, and from us, in the same course and order. Our political system is placed in a just correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world, and with the mode of existence decreed to a permanent body composed of transitory parts; wherein, by the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, moulding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole, at one time, is never old, or middle-aged, or young, but, in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression. Thus, by preserving the method of nature in the conduct of the state, in what we improve, we are never wholly new; in what we retain, we are never wholly obsolete. By adhering in this manner and on those principles to our forefathers, we are guided not by the superstition of antiquarians, but by the spirit of philosophic analogy. In this choice of inheritance we have given to our frame of

[8] "It is not the derivation of the power of that House (of Commons) from the people, which makes it in a distinct sense their representative. The King is the representative of the people; so are the lords; so are the judges. They are all trustees for the people."

polity the image of a relation in blood; binding up the constitution of our country with our dearest domestic ties; adopting our fundamental laws into the bosom of our family affections; keeping inseparable, and cherishing with the warmth of all their combined and mutually reflected charities, our state, our hearths, our sepulchres, and our altars."

Some of Burke's fundamental principles (or, as he called them, "immutable and eternal") have now been shown. One may easily retort that they are antiquated and obsolete, a mere prolongation of the ideals of chivalry. But suppose these ideals be judged by their fruits. They make for order. They teach high and low to seek and to recognize the happiness that is to be found by virtue in all conditions. Without confounding ranks, they hand down this true moral equality through all the gradations of social life. They teach the unfortunate to find consolation in the final proportions of eternal justice. Opposed to this ideal and practice, there is the monstrous fiction of liberty and equality, by whatever name the governmental system may be called. A fiction, because those who attempt to level, never equalize. Men are by nature unequal. In every society some men must be uppermost. The following of Burke's plan would place the worthiest in places of authority. The popular ballot usually makes Barabbas uppermost. Those whose false idealism would make the world safe for liberty, so-called, end by inspiring false ideas and vain expectations in men destined to travel in the obscure walk of life; thus they aggravate and embitter that real inequality which they never can remove. They "change and pervert the natural order of things; they load the edifice of society, by setting up in the air what the solidity of the structure requires to be on the ground." The net result is anarchy, with murder, theft, and rapine unrebuked.

C. C. CLARK.

Listen to God, and follow His inward voice of grace; that is all. But to listen one must be silent; and to follow one must yield.—FÉNÉLON.

RUNOTAR

IN the land where the long Northern twilight, with its sadness and its secret longing, lingers over the stillness of the summer-night, the land where the Rune-rods, carved deep into the granite sides of the hills, whisper mysteries of bygone traditions, way up in Finland, close to the mighty river Suomi, was living Runotar, the old Witch, who was guardian of the Northern Song. Low and lonely was her cabin. Lonesome and forsaken was her life within.

The rumour of her song was spreading out over the country. It went from the forest into the cabins, reached the villages and entered the great cities. In among the rattling machinery and the haste and fever of industry and shipping, in among the merchants selling and buying, on it went, this silent messenger of the Witch, of Runotar, hidden somewhere in the heart of Nature.

People heard it, some laughing and mocking; some others respectfully kept silence, not knowing what to think. A few there were, more in earnest, who heard the rumour and went into the forest to find the Witch, and learn the secret of her song, but they all came back laughing. There was no Witch. It was the roar of the great river Suomi, ringing through the forest, and nothing else.

One day a young man, tired of life and gaiety, went deep into Nature to find loneliness and to find rest. On he went. The rumour of Runotar brought him farther and farther. He would find the Witch and he would learn her secrets. Close to the river Suomi he found her cabin. Low and moss-clad it stood, hidden under the tall pine trees. Footprints were there leading to and from this lonely dwelling. Light and easy those which led to the cabin, heavy and burdened those returning. With fear in his heart he stepped closer. With fear he entered the cabin, saw the Witch, saw Runotar, the guardian of the Northern Song.

Long and earnestly did she look upon him, and he in fear returned her look.

Was she an old withered woman or was she a fair, splendid beauty? He could not tell. He did not know.

He stammered his message. He wanted from her the secret of her Song. Long and far he had been looking for her, in the throng and rush of the big cities, in the depth of the wine cups, in the dance and flutter of the gay life, in the fire of a woman's eyes, but nowhere was Runotar, the guardian of true song; until one day he found the narrow trail, close to the heart of Nature, which brought him to her cabin.

Runotar, the old Witch, saw his fear and saw his earnest purpose, and she smiled upon him.

"Well, you can stay with me in my cabin," she replied, "and for one thousand years you can remain, and I will teach you all my songs, from

the first one to the last one, but still you shall not have the gift of Music or the Secret of my Song. Will you learn the Secret? Will you see the land where Music dwells? Go alone into the forest and hide a sorrow in your bosom and from your own heart shall song be born.

Gone was the cabin, gone was Runotar, and the majestic forest alone was closing in upon him. With wonder he looked round. In fear he was calling out, but only echo answered, but in the echo was a whisper that went straight to his soul. The forest round him took up the whisper. The secret he was yearning for was there and deep within was Runotar.

Was she an old withered woman, from whom he shrank in horror, or was she a splendid beauty of Eternal Youth? He could not tell. He did not know, but low and lonely was her cabin. Lonesome and forsaken was her life within.

BIRGER ELWING.

That thou mayst not be moved by every blast of wind
Collect thyself like a mountain;
For man is but a handful of dust,
And life is a violent storm.

—AMIR KHUSRAM.

A NEW FORM OF MATTER

As Known to Science and in the Secret Doctrine

HARPER'S MONTHLY, for May, contains an article by J. D. Beresford which gives a very interesting introduction to a new form of matter, describing the oozing out of astral substance more completely than has previously been done. Much of the detail is of course familiar to theosophical students. One interesting point is that this matter, which oozed out of the mouth and from the two sides, the neck and the shoulders of the medium, could be collected in a box, and it was proposed to subject it to analysis. When the box was opened, there were only two or three drops of moisture, and this liquid was shown to consist of cell detritus, highly bacterial, with vestiges of other organic compounds. Care was taken to show that there was clear evidence of an organic basis, and though the cell detritus had an analogy to the vegetable kingdom, there was again a suggestion rather of the fungoid tissue than that of animal structure. This ethereal effluence could be moulded, at the will of the medium, into substances of distinctly animal structure, such as hair. And this hair, when subjected to the action of acids, decomposed in somewhat similar fashion to the hair of ordinary persons present.

But the main point of interest, to readers of the Theosophical Quarterly, would be found by referring to the *Secret Doctrine,* pages 262 and 263 of the earlier editions, which makes special reference to the highly bacterial content of the liquid found on the breaking down of the substances proposed to be submitted for analysis. If this extruded material is allied to the astral, the passage cited shows that the linking-up of the astral mould to the physical cells would assuredly be of a highly bacterial nature. Students who are interested in such phenomena as are recorded in the Beresford article, would surely find points of very great interest in the inferences to be drawn from the *Secret Doctrine* teaching; the passage that is of most immediate value being given below.—A. K.

From *The Secret Doctrine*

"Science teaches us that the living as well as the dead organisms of both man and animal are swarming with bacteria of a hundred various kinds; that from without we are threatened with the invasion of microbes with every breath we draw, and from within by leucomaines, ærobes, anærobes, and what not. But Science has never yet gone so far as to assert with the Occult doctrine, that our bodies, as well as those of animals, plants, and stones, are themselves altogether built up of such beings; which, with the exception of the larger species,

no microscope can detect. So far as regards the purely animal and material portion of man, Science is on its way to discoveries that will go far towards corroborating this theory. Chemistry and Physiology are the two great magicians of the future, which are destined to open the eyes of mankind to great physical truths. With every day, the identity between the animal and physical man, between the plant and man, and even between the reptile and its nest, the rock, and man—is more and more clearly shown. The physical and chemical constituents of all being found to be identical, Chemical Science may well say that there is no difference between the matter which composes the ox, and that which forms man. But the Occult doctrine is far more explicit. It says: Not only the chemical compounds are the same, but the same infinitesimal *invisible* Lives compose the atoms of the bodies of the mountain and the daisy, of man and the ant, of the elephant and of the tree which shelters it from the sun. Each particle—whether you call it organic or inorganic—*is a* Life. Every atom and molecule in the Universe is both *life-giving* and *death-giving* to such forms, inasmuch as it builds by aggregation universes, and the ephemeral vehicles ready to receive the transmigrating soul, and as eternally destroys and changes the *forms,* and expels the souls from their temporary abodes. It creates and kills; it is self-generating and self-destroying; it brings into being, and annihilates, that mystery of mysteries, the *living body* of man, animal, or plant, every second in time and space; and it generates equally life and death, beauty and ugliness, good and bad, and even the agreeable and disagreeable, the beneficent and maleficent sensations. It is that mysterious LIFE, represented collectively by countless myriads of Lives, that follows in its own sporadic way the hitherto incomprehensible law of Atavism; that copies family resemblances, as well as those it finds impressed in the Aura of the generators of every future human being; a mystery, in short, that will receive fuller attention elsewhere. For the present, one instance may be cited in illustration. Modern Science is beginning to find out that ptomaine, the alkaloid poison generated by decaying corpses and matter —a Life also, extracted with the help of volatile ether, yields a smell as strong as that of the freshest orange-blossoms; but that free from oxygen, such alkaloids yield either a most sickening, disgusting smell, or a most agreeable aroma, which recalls that of the most delicately scented flowers; and it is suspected that such blossoms owe their agreeable smell to the poisonous ptomaine. The venomous essence of certain fungi, also, is nearly identical with the venom of the cobra of India, the most deadly of serpents. The French savants Arnaud, Gautier, and Villiers, have found in the saliva of living men the same venomous alkaloid as in that of the toad, the salamander, the cobra, and the trigonocephalus of Portugal. It is proven that venom of the deadliest kind, whether called ptomaine, or leucomaine, or alkaloid, is generated by living men, animals and plants. . . . And though it is not yet

fully determined whether poisons can be generated by the animal systems of living beings, without the participation and interference of microbes, it is ascertained that the animal does produce venomous substances in its physiological or living state.

"Thus, having discovered the effects, Science has to find their *primary* causes; and this it can never do without the help of the old sciences, of Alchemy, Occult Botany and Physics. We are taught that every physiological change, in addition to pathological phenomena, diseases—nay, life itself, or rather the objective phenomena of life, produced by certain conditions and changes in the tissues of the body, which allow and force life to act in that body—that all this is due to those unseen "Creators" and "Destroyers," which are called, in such a loose and general way, microbes. It might be supposed that these Fiery Lives and the microbes of Science are identical. This is not true. The Fiery Lives are the seventh and highest sub-division of the plane of matter, and correspond in the individual with the One Life of the Universe, though only on that plane of matter. The microbes of Science are the first and lowest sub-division on the second plane—that of material Prâna, or Life. The physical body of man undergoes a complete change of structure every seven years, and its destruction and preservation are due to the alternate functions of the Fiery Lives, as Destroyers and Builders. They are Builders by sacrificing themselves, in the form of vitality, to restrain the destructive influence of the microbes, and, by supplying the microbes with what is necessary, they compel them under that restraint to build up the material body and its cells. They are Destroyers also, when that restraint is removed, and the microbes, unsupplied with vital constructive energy, are left to run riot as destructive agents. Thus, during the first half of a man's life, the first *five* periods of seven years each, the Fiery Lives are indirectly engaged in the process of building up man's material body; Life is on the ascending scale, and the force is used in construction and increase. After this period is passed, the age of retrogression commences, and, the work of the Fiery Lives exhausting their strength, the work of destruction and decrease also commences."

ALSACE AND LORRAINE

PART III

SECTION II (*Concluded*)

IN preceding sections the essential character of the German peoples has been traced from earliest days to the sixteenth century. German beastliness and brutishness have been discovered as not merely the faults of character of an otherwise noble people, but as the actual character of that people itself. In other words, the faults which Germany has redisplayed in this War are herself. It is virtues which are deflections of the German *Wesen,* not vices. In this the Germans are truly a singular people; the antithesis of most we call civilized to-day.

The author does not intend to subject readers of the QUARTERLY to further details of Germany's enduring depravity,—beyond what is actually necessary. It has been the duty, and will continue to be the painful duty, of the student of history to read German history as it is. Only so can the absurdity and falsity of German claims be recognized, and be exposed, for the colossal imposture they are. But enough has been shown already of the early setting, out of which more modern German history has evolved, to prove that at least most of it was not propitious for the production either of refinement, of nobility, or of culture, and that it was not the glorious thing it has been made out to be.

The Germany of Luther's time, of the Peasants' Revolt, or later, of the Thirty Years' War (1618-1648) with its atrocious cruelties, its sack of Magdebourg, its plagues, its devil-possession manias, and its open debauch and irreligion—these things were certainly no evidence of a high preceding civilization, or the fruit of a noble past, of superior culture. The period is too well known to need elaboration or analysis. This Thirty Years' War was perhaps a cyclic climax, when the complicated forces of evil which had accumulated through the centuries in Germany, turned finally upon each other in a cataclysm of destruction. One or two quotations, from German sources, will suffice to give a résumé; and it might be well to remember, by way of contrast, that in France it was the time of Richelieu, and the founding of the French Academy, the Sorbonne, and the Jardin des Plantes; of Mazarin, of Corneille, of Descartes, of the chaste Louis XIII, and of St. Vincent de Paul; while in England it was the time of James I and our Bible, of Charles I, of Bacon, and Beaumont and Fletcher, of Milton, Crashaw, Sir Thomas Browne, and Jeremy Taylor.

In 1879 Karl Hillebrand delivered six lectures before the Royal Institute of Great Britain, published under the title *German Thought from the Seven Years' War to Goethe's Death.* Summarizing frankly

the history of his own country, he says: "Germany came out of the Thirty Years' War almost expiring. It was as if a deadly illness had wiped out the memory of the nation in its cruel delirium. All the national forces, material as well as intellectual and moral, were destroyed when peace was concluded in 1648. There are fertile wars and sterile wars; civil and religious wars belong mostly to the latter class. Still the religious wars in France, and the Great Rebellion in England, were light spring storms compared with that terrible Thirty Years' War which left Germany a desert . . . Hundreds of flourishing cities were reduced to ashes; there were towns of eighteen thousand inhabitants which counted but three hundred and twenty-four at the peace; ground which had been tilled and ploughed for ten centuries had become a wilderness; thousands of villages had disappeared. Trees grew in the abandoned houses. At Wiesbaden the market had grown into a brushwood full of deer. The whole Palatinate had but two hundred freeholders; Würtemberg had but forty-eight thousand inhabitants at the end of the war instead of the four hundred thousand which it had mustered at the beginning. We are told that a messenger going from Dresden to Berlin, through a once flourishing country, walked thirty miles without finding a house to rest in. The war had devoured, on an average, three quarters of the population, two thirds of the houses, nine tenths of the cattle of all sorts; nearly three quarters of the soil had turned into heath. Commerce and industry were as utterly destroyed as agriculture; the mighty Hanseatic League was dissolved; the savings of the nation were entirely spent . . .

"The social and moral state corresponded with the material. Many schools and churches stood abandoned, for public instruction and public worship had nearly perished. The highly cultivated language of Luther was utterly forgotten, together with the whole literature of his time. The most vulgar vices had taken root in people who had been reared from their infancy in the horrors of war. Every higher aim and interest had been lost sight of; *not a vestige of a national tradition remained.* There was no middle class nor gentry left; the higher noblemen had become despotic princes, with no hand over them, since the Emperor was but a name; the lower went to their court to do lackey's service. A whole generation had grown up during the war, and considered its savage barbarism as a normal state of society . . . Suicides became so frequent after the war, that an Imperial law ordered self-murderers to be buried under the gallows. From houses and churches the old artistic furniture had disappeared, and was replaced by coarse and cheap utensils. The peasants' dwellings differed little from those of their animals . . . An unprecedented coarseness of manners had invaded not only courts and cities, but also the universities and the clergy. There was servility everywhere . . . Cowardice had become the common vice of the lower people and of what remained of the middle class, in a time when the free citizens were weaned from the use of arms through

the numerous mercenary troops, which had become gangs of highwaymen. The prodigality, vanity, and luxury of the higher classes infected the lower; the contagion was general. Everybody wanted a title—for it was then that the great title-mania set in, of which Germany is not yet entirely cured. Theology in its most rigid form, superstition of the rudest character, had replaced religion; pedantry had taken the place of erudition. The study of the Greek language had almost disappeared from the universities and colleges, where the professors vied with the students in vulgar vices. Drinking became a profession; there were travelling drinkers; at the highest Court of the Empire at Wetzlar, an examination in drinking was exacted from the newly-appointed assessors by their colleagues. Every baron had his mistresses, as well as an Augustus of Saxony, or a George of Hanover. 'At the court of Dresden,' says a contemporary, 'there are numbers of people who, not being able to live from their own resources, sacrifice their wives to maintain themselves in favour.' Gambling had become a general habit . . . Venality and nepotism prevailed among the numerous officials; pauperism and mendacity among the lower people; ignorance and immorality everywhere . . . Foreign manners and foreign languages were adopted everywhere . . . National unity scarcely existed even in words and forms. The Empire was organized anarchy . . . Germany had really and truly become a geographical expression . . . The small states, which the court-theologians called complacently 'true gardens of God, cultivated by princely hands,' had in reality become hot-beds of debauch and tyranny. Never had despotism reigned so supreme and unchecked . . . Religion itself, which had been the pretext of the war, had well-nigh vanished . . . There was no theatre, and no art; for art did not survive the war. What remained of it was of the worst taste, more *bric-à-brac* than art . . . The whole literature of the time is a servile imitation of the Neo-Latin literatures . . . in material and intellectual, as well as in moral and social, respects, the German of the seventeenth century was thrown back into utter barbarism by the Thirty Years' War."[1]

That the causes for this general destruction lay in the disintegrating forces at play in the German character, is incontestable. France, England, Holland, Spain, had their civil and religious wars, their Fronde rebellions, their brutal, pillaging campaigns. But they never experienced anything like the utter evil and desolation of Germany.

It was the quality of Germany's badness that made the difference. The foregoing summary speaks of its results in general and sweeping terms; perhaps one more quotation on Germany's methods of warfare and of the character of her fighting-men will explain the why of these results. Professor F. Philippson, who wrote volumes seven to nine in the *Allgemeine Weltgeschichte* series of Theodore Flathe, says of this Thirty Years' War: "The soldiery raged everywhere, pillaging, burning,

[1] *German Thought* by Karl Hillebrand, 1880, pp. 40 to 49 *passim*, and p. 77.

torturing and assassinating at will; friends or enemies, it mattered little . . . All resistance was punished with death; children and young persons, even old people were not spared. And their favourite sport consisted in impaling infants on the point of their lances, and striking them dead against a wall, or burning them alive . . . These are not legends," adds this German professor, "hundreds of eyewitnesses have reported these statements. Smallpox and other contagious plagues were not long in making their appearance amongst the populations rendered anæmic by famine; these decimated what the sword had spared."[2]

No wonder that from 1336 to 1400 there were about thirty-two years of plague in Germany, from 1400 to 1500 at least forty-two years, and from 1500 to 1600 probably more than thirty years. The seventeenth century was nearly as bad.

There will probably be a tendency on the part of some readers of the foregoing pages, to discount the real significance of Germany's evil-doings on the ground that in barbarian days and in the Middle Ages, everything was crude, chaotic, brutal, inhuman—if you insist on looking at that side of life. Above all, other countries, such as England and France, were, during those centuries, just as brutal and inhuman as was Germany.

This point of view, fostered by Germans, results from reading the smoothed-over, popular histories, which are the only ones known to the average lay-reader. But it is not a true view. And the War has proved it. There has never been a break between the Germany of the Thirty Years' War, and the Germany of 1914. It was avowedly the Prussian military state, together with Protestantism, which "allowed Germany to raise herself out of the state of intellectual and moral misery in which the Thirty Years' War had left her."[3] The success of the iniquitous Seven Years' War (1756-1763) that "roused the national spirit to new life after centuries of slumber"[4] was fought in truly German style. Frederick the Great is not famed in history for either honour, piety, or kindliness; and such culture as he affected was borrowed avowedly from France. The eighteenth century shows no real advance over the

[2] Vol. iv, cap. 7, pp. 251-253 *passim*. *Europa um die Mitte des Siebzehnten Jahrhunderts.* One look at the pictures and portraits by Moscherosch von Wilstatt in this volume explains much. Cf. Dr. G. Droysen, *Das Zeitalter des Dreissigjährigen Krieges* in Wilhelm Oncken's *Allgemeine Geschichte.* Also Schafer, *Der Siebenjährige Krieg.* Those interested to pursue this field of study further will find source-material all too abundant, referred to in every standard history. The Austrian histories are not without interest, as being a statement by kindred spirits, yet somewhat detached. Cf. Dr. Vehse, *Geschichte des Oesterreichischen Hofes;* Rieger, *Materialien sür Böhmischen Statistick;* also Baron Hormayr, *Taschenbuch für die Vaterlandische Geschichte,* esp. p. 300 for German peasants eating cooked human flesh, and also his other volumes; Cox's *House of Austria,* a standard; and Alfred Michiels' *Secret History of the Austrian Government,* not always to be trusted. For an intimate revelation of Germans of that time nothing could be better than Cardinal Caraffa's *Germania sacra res Restaurata,* with more than eight hundred pages of documents, letters, decrees, etc. He was Apostolic nuncio during the reign of Ferdinand II—"the greatest murderer in Europe." Michelet's pictures of the Fronde rebellion in France cannot approach these ferocious times in Germany. Ranke, as usual, omits or minimizes as far as possible the "unpleasant" facts in his *Reformation.* For an English source-study, see Gardiner's *The Thirty Years' War.*

[3] Hillebrand, op. cit., p. 59.

[4] Op. cit., p. 75

seventeenth or the sixteenth; time, and imitation of others, had laid on a new coat of veneer, never thick enough even to hide effectively or completely the real character within. Flagrant immorality in Germany was rapidly reaching the literally unspeakable condition which openly existed before the War. The courts were all corrupt to an almost unbelievable extent. Karl Eugen von Würtemberg, 1744 to 1793—the contemporary of our own George Washington remember—wrote four volumes at twenty-one, "An exact account of all the virtues and all the vices."[5] His court, one amongst literally hundreds, was famed for its luxury, and was known as the "metropolis of the most exquisite freedom of sensual pleasure."[6] He had over two hundred mistresses, the names of many listed in the encyclopedias. Well might Richards say: "While single cases of corruption in high places had occurred before, we may repeat that from 1333, when Henry of Lower Bavaria accepted his bribe from the French king, to 1815, the history of the German princes is a continuous account of disgraceful, treacherous venality."[7]

Whatever may be said for the intellectual revival of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, embodied in Lessing, Herder, Goethe, Kant, and others, the seeds of evil still existed, else the Germany of 1914 *could not have been.* The best in Herder, in Goethe, in Schiller, in Kant, was veneer, was the coat of bright paint, real enough in itself, but which only whited the sepulchre within. And the worst element, the evil, in these men, was of the same corrupt stream which has always characterized the German. Did not Kant's categorical imperative pave the way for the self-expression of Treitschke, of Bernhardi, and of the Pan-Germanists? Did not Goethe and Schiller, following Herder's lead, "overthrow all conventionalism, all authority, even all law and rule, in order to put in their stead the absolute self-government of genius, freed from all tutorship,"—and were they not praised for it? And what did Goethe maintain in his maturity, if not that "to be completely free man must fly into the ideal sphere of Art, Science, or formless Religion"—in other words, into an artificial world of *self*-created unrealities?

Self-expression in Goethe was passably sane and moral; but in the German peasant there was (and is) more of hell to express than of heaven. While Goethe wrote and Kant philosophized and Schiller dreamed, Hessian and Bavarian troops around New York City and in New Jersey were expressing themselves, true to German form. Carlo Botta, an able Italian historian, speaks out clearly a disinterested opinion on the subject, which is chosen from among the many because by a disinterested author. *The New International Encyclopædia* says of him, "He brought new standards of accuracy and elegance into historical writing in his *History of the American War of Independence* (1809), which has remained a classic in the subject." Botta testifies of the

[5] Pub. in Stuttgart, the 21st September, 1740.

[6] "Metropole der raffinirtesten Freiheit des Sinnengenusses." Cf. *Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie,* vol. XV, pp. 376 ff. The quotation is on p. 383.

[7] Op. cit., p. 286.

Germans that "An universal cry was raised in America against the cruelties, the massacres, the rapes, and the ravages, perpetrated by their soldiers; and even supposing that their crimes were exaggerated, still it must be confessed that the greatest part of them are true. The Hessians, naturally ferocious, knew nothing of humanity or inhumanity, and seemed to know no other mode of warfare but that of carrying devastation into the midst of all the property, whether public or private, of their adversaries. . . . It was also stated, that this rapacious soldiery had so loaded themselves down with booty, as to accomplish badly their military service. . . . It was a terrible and cruel sight to see these fertile fields covered with ashes, and devastated of all their goods. Friends or enemies, Republicans or Royalists, all were victims alike of this fury. Wives and daughters suffered violence in the houses, and even before the eyes of their husbands and fathers. Many fled into the forests. But they could find no refuge even there from the bestial lust of these perverse barbarians, who pursued them with diligence. The houses were either burnt or demolished, the cattle were either driven off or killed; everything was destroyed. The Hessian General Heister made no efforts to check the enormities of his soldiers; the English General wished, but was powerless, to control them. . . . Their example became infectious with the British troops, and they were soon found to vie with the German troops in outrage, rapine, violations, arson, and plunder."[8] Hackensack was completely destroyed, and a royalist populace was turned pro-Washington by these enormities.

If the eighteenth century seems too long ago to affect the atrocities of 1914, there is the Copenhagen campaign of the Danish wars in 1807. Sir Herbert Maxwell writes in his *Life of Wellington,* "The Germans, however, made up for their slowness in action by atrocious cruelty in pursuit and their activity in plunder. Unarmed country people were mercilessly butchered; Captain Napier declared that 'every British soldier shuddered at the cruelty.' Writing to his mother he said—

'I can assure you that, from the General of the Germans down to the smallest drumboy in the legion, the earth never groaned with such a set of infamous murdering villains.' "[9]

The Franco-Prussian War of 1870 was exactly the same thing. The testimony of so able and well-known an eyewitness as Mr. Frederick Harrison should convince people who might refuse to credit the official French *Récits militaires* (e. g. vol. II, p. 56) of General Ambert, and writers, such as Desjardins, *Tableau de la guerre des Allemands* etc., 1873, or M. Paul Lacombe, *La guerre et L'homme.* Mr. Harrison says, "I was abroad during August, September, and October, 1870, and I saw much of the war from the German side, having twice crossed the whole area of Western Germany, near enough to have talked to the prisoners of

[8] *Storia Della Guerra Dell' Independenza Degli Stati Uniti D'America,* Tom. II, Lib. VII, pp. 505-6, and 507-8.

[9] Vol. I, pp. 87-88.

Sedan, and to have seen the bombardment of Strasbourg. . . . So far as robbery, burning homes, and terrorism of civilians could go, the practice of 1870 was really the same as that of 1914, though it was on a much smaller scale"[10] . . . In the *Fortnightly Review* for December 1870, and February 1871, he gives an actual, first-hand, contemporary description of German behaviour then, quotation from which we shall spare the reader, as it would be but repetition.

The Germans, as usual, are the best witnesses against themselves. Dr. Moritz Busch is typically German in being proud to narrate of Bismarck in 1870,—"He then told us that Favre had complained to him that we fired upon the sick and the blind in the Blind Institute. 'I do not know what you find hard in that,' said I. 'You do far worse; you shoot at our men who are in sound and vigorous health.' ' "What a Barbarian!" he no doubt thought to himself.' "[11] "The conversation turned on the attitude of the French peasantry, and Putbus said that a Bavarian officer had burned down the whole of a fine village and ordered the wine in the cellars to be run into the streets, because the peasants there had behaved treacherously. Somebody else remarked that the soldiers, somewhere or other, had frightfully beaten a curate, who had been apprehended for alleged treachery. The Minister again praised the energy of the Bavarians, but as to the second case, he added, 'We must either treat the country people with as much consideration as possible, or altogether deprive them of the power to harm us, one thing or the other.' "[12]

To sum up, the Germans simply are *not* the most cultured people in the world from earliest days until now. As Europeans go, they are, and always have been, the least cultured. German genius has, in the nature of things, taught her neighbours much, but chief of all her lessons has been, in the words of a French officer, the necessity for hating evil.

The Germans are not French, even though France gave Germany the best that she has in the way of veneer. The Germans are not Alsatian, because in his likeness to the French, the Alsatian is immeasurably above the German.

There is something of the beast, of the brute barbarian, in most men,—in the Frenchman, in the Englishman, in the Alsatian and Lorrainer. But the beast in the last is not a German beast. What German people would—could—have undergone the persecutions suffered by Alsace-Lorrainers during the past forty-eight years, and still have kept their spirit, their manhood, their loyalty to their own ideals of right and wrong? No German people have ever given a like exhibition. The loss of all sense of national unity, of national integrity, has been the hall-mark of German history, the specialty about them, which most often

[10] *The German Peril*, 1915, p. 30, chap. II.
[11] *Bismarck and the Franco-Prussian War*, Authorized translation, vol. II, p. 243.
[12] Vol. II, p. 21.

receives comment at the hands of foreign historians, and most often is excused or blandly denied by the German. Alsatians are a race of soldiers; they also love peace, and the hearth-fires of home. Because they are soldiers, says the German, therefore they must be German; and similarly because they are home-loving, they must be German. But when soldiers, have they fought as Germans fight? Is their history one long career of butchery, torture, infamy and villainy? It is not: and history demonstrates that time and again they resisted German invasion, and either sought their own independence, or joined and fought with the French. Was Marshal Ney a typical German general? Do we think of him in the same terms as of Frederick the Great, Von Moltke, or Hindenburg? We do not; nor do we think of the forty thousand Alsatians who deserted Germany to fight with France in this War as German soldiers, either in the manner of their fighting, or in the motives and principles which actuated their taking sides with the French. It is those qualities that for centuries have made the Alsatians turn to France which are the best proof that they are unlike the German.

Perhaps the ready comment of common sense in answer to such questions carries more weight than all the arguments of scientific research and psychological analysis. Nevertheless, though the total unlikeness of the Alsatian and the Lorrainer to the German, and particularly to the German "brute-beast," is an argument, and a powerful argument, against their being German heart and soul, as the Germans claim, yet it is at best a negative argument. The true and complete picture must take into consideration all that France has been to these two border provinces, and above all, what that magnificent and powerful sentiment is which has bound all the diverse peoples of France into one dynamic national consciousness, the sentiment which blazed forth in Alsace-Lorraine when French armies reappeared along the Rhine in 1918, that passionate, religious cry of love for *La Patrie*. A. G.

(*To be continued.*)

Worldliness is a more decisive test of a man's spiritual state than even sin, for sin may be sudden.—FREDERICK ROBERTSON OF BRIGHTON.

MAP MAKERS

NOT long ago I lunched with a friend who had just finished an article on his great hobby, "Dutch Cartographers of the Sixteenth Century," which he gave me to read. My interest in the Dutch is of the slightest, and I did not know what a "cartographer" was until I began the article; hence I expected to be bored. I was not. The light of imagination touched the opening paragraphs and made a dull subject vivid and real. Under its influence one saw the battered ships of the explorers of the New World rounding the headland of their home port and dropping safe anchors at last after their long danger. One saw the eager welcome and the intense interest with which every move their captains had made was followed on the few maps available. One felt how each hearer must have longed to have been with them, to have shared in the thrill of the discovery and to have seen the wonders for himself. What were the hardships and dangers compared to such a prize. Perhaps then and there some Magellan resolved that he too would make the great adventure, and sought a crew from those who heard the call with him. Who could hold back from so glorious a chance, and how they must have studied the maps, until every line was indelibly impressed on their minds.

What glorious days to have lived in! Hardships, yes and dangers, but who could think of hardships or of what he left behind, when such a romance opened before him. It would be sluggish blood indeed that would not stir at the chance to sail with Magellan or Drake—nay, to be a Magellan or a Drake, to find a new continent, perhaps, and add it to the realm of one's king; for in those days men still loved and served their kings with whole-hearted loyalty.

I asked how they came to grasp the principles of longitude and latitude so soon after first learning that the world was not flat, and was told in reply that there had been maps, from the days of Ptolemy, showing the world as round. Ptolemy himself had even measured its size with remarkable accuracy. So the information had been there for ages, waiting for men to arouse themselves and use it. It required no new, piercing intellect to make the discovery. All that was needed was the strength of mind to break with the habit of thought of the age, to throw over dogmatic "authority," and to examine known facts with an open mind. And then the courage to act on one's conviction.

What a golden opportunity! I suppose it was not easy to brave the ridicule, the unknown dangers, to leave everything behind and set sail on an unknown sea, bound for what all the world said was a phantom goal. Yet who would not jump at the chance for such a glorious adventure? How small the dangers look, and how petty the hardships and sacrifices,

compared to the rewards. The worlds are all discovered now, even to the poles. The kings men served are dead, and the colour is faded from life. The clock struck. Time to go back to work and leave dreams of neglected maps, and worlds waiting to be discovered.

Neglected maps; worlds waiting to be discovered! "The spiritual world is at hand." And suddenly these age-old verses came back to my mind:

"The small old path that stretches far away has been found and followed by me. By it go the Seers who know the Eternal, rising up from this world to the heavenly world.

"It is adorned with white and blue, orange and gold and red. This is the path of the Eternal, the path of the saints, the sages, the seers in their radiance."

"When all desires that were hid in the heart are let go, the mortal becomes immortal, and reaches the Eternal."

Fifty centuries have passed since the Seer of the Upanishads recorded his discovery of the "Small old path that stretches far away," and, from that day to this, "Saints, Sages, Seers in their radiance," have found and followed it, and have left charts showing every rock and reef on the way to the spiritual world, the world of the Eternal. What was the world that Columbus discovered compared to that world, or his adventure compared to the adventure that lies open to each one of us, who will listen to the call of his own soul? The Royal Sages of Ancient India, the Gospels, the great Saints, the Theosophical writers of the present day, all in their own terms, bring the same great message. The soul is real, is the great reality of the universe. Sure knowledge of it and of its immortality exists, and is obtainable by those who seek. The spiritual world, and the great beings who dwell there, are realities, and that world may be entered and those great beings seen, face to face, by living men.

Back through all the ages, to the earliest dawn of time, stretches the long line of those who have made the great adventure, who have attained to knowledge of the marvellous powers of their own souls, and have left their record for those who care to seek the way they trod. Widely separated in time, in place, and nation, their evidence is the same, the very similes they use are often identical. The marvel is that so little attention is given to it. We hear the words, and we do not believe. Perhaps we think it beautiful allegory. More probably we do not think at all, but put the whole matter out of our minds and go about our daily grubbing. "Vineland" was discovered by the Vikings long before Columbus, and the discovery recorded in the Sagas. I wonder whether those few who knew the records thought them fiction or allegory, or, like ourselves, did not think at all.

One of the characteristics of lack of development is stupidity. A savage of the South Pacific when told of the marvels of modern machinery, of wireless telephones that enabled men to talk half way round the world, of aeroplanes and railroads and telescopes, would probably not

be much impressed unless he actually saw them with his physical eyes. He would almost certainly make no effort to go to see them for himself. It would be most difficult to find terms, sufficiently within his experience, to enable him to understand anything of what was being described, and the little he did understand he would probably either disbelieve or regard as a miracle having no relation to the natural laws he lived under. The human mind has truly travelled far, in the evolution of its powers, from savage to cultured scientist, and yet those who have attained say that the growth of the human mind is as nothing compared to the growth of the powers of the human soul, from man, as we know him, to man as he may make himself.

For we are not, as we so complacently assume, in the forefront of evolution. It is true, as Huxley suggested, that there are beings in the universe as far in advance of man as man is in advance of the black beetle. These beings are not hypothetical. They are real and have been seen and talked with, may now be seen and talked with, say the seers of all ages, by those who seek them with undivided devotion and purity of heart. To be found, they must be sought where they dwell, in the spiritual world. As a baby becomes conscious of the physical world around him by the development of his physical senses, as we enter the mental world by the development of our minds, so man enters the world of the spirit by spiritual development, by setting the powers of his soul free from their slavery to material and selfish ends.

The Seer of the Upanishads says that each night, during sleep, the souls of men are freed to return for a time to their own world, and that if this were not so, all men would go mad; yet that man brings back no memory of what he has seen there, for "the spirit of man is free and nought adheres to the spirit of man."

"As a great fish swims along one bank of the river, and then along the other bank, first the eastern bank and then the western, so the Spirit of man moves through both worlds, the waking world and the dream world.

"Then, as a falcon or an eagle, flying to and fro in the open sky and growing weary, folds his wings and sinks to rest, so of a truth the Spirit of man hastens to that world where, finding rest, he desires no desire and dreams no dream.

"And whatever he has dreamed, as that he was slain or oppressed, crushed by an elephant or fallen into an abyss, or whatever fear he beheld in the waking world, he knows now that it was from unwisdom. Like a god, like a king, he knows he is the All. This is his highest world.

"This is his highest joy. He has passed beyond all evil. This is his fearless form. . . . All beings live on the fragments of this bliss."

Was he only dreaming a beautiful dream, that Seer of so many thousand years ago, or did he know whereof he wrote, and has the world lost the knowledge it once possessed? Knowledge has been won and lost again more than once in the history of the world. Why should we assume

that we know all that has ever been known? It is "when all the desires that were hid in the heart are let go," that "the mortal becomes immortal and reaches the Eternal." Let those who can fulfil the condition answer that ancient Seer. Who today has the right to say that the pure in heart do not see God?

I wonder what those old Dutch cartographers thought of the marvels they heard described and which they tried to portray. Some of them must have lived all their lives on the flats of Holland, never seeing a hill bigger than a sand dune or a dike. What did they think when they heard of the Andes, of sheer walls of rock ten thousand feet high or of cataracts like Niagara? It is hard to believe things that are so far beyond one's own experience, and no doubt many of them lived out their lives on the shore of the sea that leads to the new world, shaking their heads with solemn incredulity; even as you and I, on the shore of another sea that leads to another world.

It is a marvellous world, that world of the soul and the consciousness of man,—as much richer than the world of the mind, as the world of the mind is richer than the physical world. A world of beauty and joy, of gladness and sunshine, of the peace of eternal snows, and summits of attainment, rising, peak after peak, higher and farther than the most daring traveller has ever reached. "For the soul of man is immortal and eternal, and its future is the future of a thing to whose growth and splendour there is no limit." That world is at hand, and it may be entered by becoming conscious of it. As one born blind enters the world around him by regaining the power of sight, normally his own and which he had in a former life, so the seers say that the soul of man enters his own world by the development of the soul's own latent powers. He becomes conscious of that which has been there all along, but to which he had been blind. At first he may, indeed, see "men as trees walking," and the world that is still blind, knowing that trees do not walk, is lead to easy ridicule and to denial of the very power of sight itself. So babes reach for the moon; but the power of sight remains.

The soul of man is in essence divine, is one with the Divine, and hence, say "the Seers in their radiance," there is no power of the Divine, no power in the universe, to which he may not attain, no power to which, ere the end of time, he will not attain. Said one who had attained: "There are all the powers of nature before you. Take what you can." As the destiny of man through the long ages of evolution yet to be, is to share Divine power, so, by little and little, will he share in the consciousness of the Divine. "And anything that is in consciousness anywhere may become known to the consciousness of man." As Emerson said, there is no wall between God and man. Back through all the past to the earliest dawn of history, we find the records, disbelieved and neglected but still preserved, of those who have developed the consciousness of the soul and its powers, who have found the world of the real and have talked, face to face, with the great beings who dwell there.

"Seek out the way" echoes through all the centuries. Think of the romance of it! To all who have had but a glimpse of it, it is the one thing in the world worth while. One touch of the joy of the spirit makes all other joys fade into the palest of reflections, as indeed they are. "When this path is beheld, then thirst and hunger are forgotten; day and night are undistinguished in this road. How shall I easily describe this? Thou thyself shall experience it."

To experience something of that bliss, on whose fragments all beings live, is within the power of us all. Fortunately we do not have to do it all at once. Columbus discovered the new world by discovering a little island in the West Indies. He knew naught of the Andes, the Great Lakes, the Mississippi, naught of the continent itself, but he had discovered the new world. So with us. We do not have to gain with St. Teresa that union with the Divine of which she writes, with all its illumination of the understanding and its pure delight and bliss, almost too great to bear. We do not have to gain with the seer of India that power of sight when:

"Uncontainable within the clasp of the eyelids, the sight expanding seeks to go outward; it is the same indeed as before but it is now capable of embracing the heavens.

"Then he beholds the things beyond the sea, he hears the language of paradise, he perceives what is passing in the mind of the ant."

So wrote the Seer in ancient India. So wrote St. Paul:

"And I knew a man (whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth) how that he was caught up into paradise and heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter."

And Columba five centuries later in Ireland:

"Some there are, though very few, to whom Divine Grace has granted this: that they can clearly and most distinctly see, at one and the same moment, as though under one ray of the sun, even the entire circuit of the whole world with its surroundings of ocean and sky, the inmost part of their mind being most marvellously enlarged."

Some day, perhaps, all mankind will gain that power of sight capable of embracing the heavens and of perceiving what is passing in the mind of the ant. Some day too, we will win the memory of our own past and recall the days when we sailed with the Vikings of the North, rode with the Crusaders to Jerusalem, died, sword in hand, with Roland at Roncevalles, or prayed in the old Egyptian temples on the Nile. "Many are my past births, and thine also, Arjuna; I know them all, but thou knowest them not." How the thought of it lights up history! Did I fight for Rome or Carthage? Where was I in the day of Egypt's glory? Did I perhaps charge with the Prince of Amor and his desert horsemen against the Hittites at Kadesh? What would I not give to remember that scene: to see great Rameses, his army surprised and in wild rout, turning alone in his chariot and single-handed charging back and forth through the Hittite host, until his horses were killed and he himself surrounded, yet victor in the end.

Memory of the past, the vision of the soul, the illumination of the understanding, these are gifts of the High Gods, to be given or withheld. It was not every voyager to America that saw the mountain peaks. But first hand experience of the Divine, and knowledge of the soul and of man's immortality, are within the reach of all who will seek them. Seek and ye shall find, has been true from the beginning of time. Like Columbus, we do not have to discover the whole continent. The discovery of the smallest island in that new world of the spirit will be glory and bliss enough.

It is to this discovery that Theosophy leads; for this that Theosophy exists: to proclaim the existence of that world, to point the way there, and to help those who would tread the path to it. The Seers and Saints who have found it, have left their records, each in his own language, and with the colouring of his own faith and his own time. It is by the Rosetta stone of Theosophy that we can perceive that they are describing the same experiences in different terms, and pointing to the same roads by different names. An artist and a geologist will describe the same mountain in very different ways, yet the mountain remains the same mountain. So it matters little whether we speak of union with the Eternal, with the Desireless Supreme, with the One Self of all Beings, with God, or with the Oversoul; whether we speak of the Path of Renunciation, of Acceptance, of Sacrifice, of Faith, of Wisdom, or of Holiness; whether we say that we attain by the development of the latent spiritual powers of man's own soul, or that we attain by the grace of God. Each is necessary for the other. There is one goal and one path, with many aspects. Before the foundation of The Theosophical Society men expected to find only error in faiths other than their own. They did not seek in other religions the truths that theirs needed to supplement its gaps. The discoverer who would set sail for the new world could use only the charts made by those of his own country. Now he has the experience of the whole world to guide him, if he will but use it.

So little faith is needed, for each step brings more. It is as if a fourteenth century mariner, with a taste for adventure and antiquarian lore, had discovered in the ruins of Troy, the record of some old Phoenician galley that had ventured forth past the Straits of Gibraltar, cruised north beyond the Bay of Biscay to England, thence to Iceland, to Greenland, and so to the great new world. He would read it with wonder, with interest, and no doubt with incredulity. If then, passing on to the ruins of Carthage, he were to find the log of a Carthaginian trader who had made the same cruise, and described the same lands under different names, there would be more of interest and less of incredulity. If, finally, he resolved to make the great adventure himself, and see whether those ancient voyagers had told the truth, his faith would grow more sure with each point at which he found corroboration, until at last he would set sail from Iceland with the sure hope of finding the new world.

Some faith is needed, or the mariner would not have set out to

make the test for himself. If the man born blind believes neither in the beauty of the world, nor in the possibility of being cured of his blindness, he will not stir, though all that be asked of him is to go and wash, that he may be clean and see.

"The great Beyond gleams not for the child, led away by the delusion of possession. 'This is the world, there is no other', he thinks, and so falls again and again.

"The unknowing, who has no faith, who is full of doubt, falls; neither this world, nor the world beyond, nor happiness are for him who is full of doubt."

The only way to find out is to try. There is nothing gained in the world of men or the world of the spirit without paying the price, and it usually has to be paid in advance. The merchant who sought the pearl of great price had to sell all that he had to buy it. When Columbus sought the new world he had to leave all behind him, and sail many weary weeks on a desolate, empty sea. I wonder if in his day, too, there were those who heard the call, deep in their hearts, and longed to follow it, but who could not bring themselves to leave the solid land they knew, or to face the easy ridicule of those who said there was nothing in the great Beyond but the grey expanse of sea they saw before them. Perhaps they went to the farthest point of shore, or made timid voyages as far as one may go and be sure of return, straining eyes toward the horizon in the vain hope that they might catch a glimpse of that wonderful new world, then turning toward their homes to be sure that they had not gone too far. The kingdom of heaven is taken by violence, not by caution.

There have been times when men leaped to answer the call to high adventure. When Bernard of Clairvaux preached the crusade, the thousands who heard him cried with one voice: "Crosses, crosses, give us crosses," and thronged around him to be given the little red cross that was the sign of their willingness to fare forth and leave all. The war has shown that this spirit is not dead in the world, and that nations can still answer to the call of honour, the call of their own souls. Hundreds of thousands of men have proved that the faintest glimpse of the heavenly vision, the dimmest realization of the grandeur of the cause for which they fought, was all that they needed to make them lay down their lives with a smile. Cannot we, who have the vision, claim a kindred spirit?

"Souls honoured by the world as its heroes, just and perfect spirits of the past, look down and envy us our opportunity."

J. F. B. MITCHELL.

LODGE DIALOGUES

II

LITTLE SAMJI was sitting under one of the big trees in the garden. The day was very warm, and little Samji was fat, besides which he had been working hard tying up the creepers which seemed to grow by magic in the starlit nights.

There were times, especially in the hot days, when the world looked very black to him, and the blackest thing in all the black world then, were his sins. He was wonderfully gentle and good, and, to some of us, this strangely disproportionate sense of his iniquity was the only sin we had ever found in him. Once, one of the Brothers, replying to his director, had uttered this paradox: "Samji may not be able to go far, having so little to overcome, but such simplicity of nature cannot possibly have far to go to reach the kingdom of heaven."

When I saw him under the big tree, I knew that the blackness was upon him, though he scrambled cheerfully to his feet and made his salaam most respectfully, for his manners never failed. We seated ourselves together, and as he waited for me to speak, I pointed to the distant line of the mountains above the quivering noon-day heat. "The world is very beautiful, Samji." I said it solemnly. He looked at me with his full dark eyes. "Mechu Chan, when the heart is black the world is black also." "And yet the divine benediction rests upon it, and blooms in the flowers, and sings in the birds, and is immovable in the mountains, who send the purity of their snows to cool the waters; and it filters through, even into the darkness of our hearts, and sunshine comes by the ways it has made." Samji did not lift his head. I suspected welling tears. "When the evening has come," I went on, "and the coolness breathes through the garden, before the stars come out to laugh at you, open your heart and give it welcome. Then it will flood over and over your heart, and the blackness will go and the sins will go;—for the divine benediction cannot rest where these are dwelling. But your heart it loves and seeks, as the bee seeks the heart of the flower. You cannot drive them away, Samji; it alone has the power. Only, you must open,—open the doors and the windows. Why sit at home locked up with such very bad company?" "When the Master looks at the heart, he must find it clean utterly," said Samji. "True; but I am telling you how to cleanse it. If you sit there alone in the

dark, you may polish and polish; you never will clean it,—nor ever get rid of your company."

When I rose to go, he salaamed again and thanked me for my "instruction," and when I returned a little later, the poor, tired child was asleep. Haru was standing near, a finger on his lips, warning silence. "When he wakes and finds he has not returned to work," I whispered, "that will be another 'sin.'" "That is why I am waiting," said that stern disciplinarian, who knows so well when and how to be gentle.

At sunset I found little Samji standing, his arms outstretched, breathing deep, where the garden begins to slope down and the breeze draws up from the valley. His fat little person expressed such prayer, such devotion. When he overtook me on the path back, he said, "O Mechu Chan, the stars shall not laugh at me to-night."

M.

Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thought—proof against all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb. nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us,—houses built without hands, for our souls to live in.—JOHN RUSKIN.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Historian had been reading the morning paper. We had told him, solemnly, that awful things would happen if he did, and that headlines, at present, are as much as any balanced constitution should be called upon to stand. He had waived us aside. So we had sat and watched the landscape, and had sharpened pencils, meditatively, waiting for him to explode. As he read, he groaned, and then he grunted (though he will deny this), and then, very deliberately, he folded his paper and consigned it into the waste-basket. After that, looking at us sternly, as if we were responsible for newspapers and all that they record, the Historian spoke and we wrote.

"The burglar and assassin," he said, "caught red-handed, and turned over to a judge for trial and sentence, who is thereupon permitted to discuss with his judge, by formal exchange of notes, just what punishment he will accept, and to present claims against the police who captured him, for damage done to his property and person while he resisted capture,—is suggestive of Gilbert and Sullivan, or, as some one said during the T. S. Convention, of the weird dreams of a man coming out of ether. Yet that is the actual situation at Versailles, as Germany 'talks back' at the Allies, and as the Allies gravely assume that their prisoner's signature on his sentence will oblige him to abide by its terms."

There had been a note of challenge in his voice, but no one chose to accept it. Instead, the Student picked up the same thread.

"I wonder what the outcome would have been if Clemenceau had not held things down to earth, so far as it lay in his power to do so! They get their planes so hopelessly mixed,—these gentlemen who see an American University as the archetype of civilized existence. They dream. In fact I doubt if there is anything quite so psychic, quite so astral, this side the dark side of the moon, as their published mental processes,—except (always excepting) the representatives of Point Loma."

"What is their latest?" asked the Engineer, who had been away on business.

"Nothing much," replied the Student. "They arrived in New York, and hired a public hall, and talked about the war and about Germany, and announced to all who would listen that 'we should close the door of the past,' and that the time had come to clasp hands with the enemy."

"Nothing new about that," commented the Engineer, creaking disgust as he spoke. "I thought they were always doing that. Anyway, there are thousands of others who are, not only in America, but in England, and even in France, among the Socialists. So, as a revelation, it lacked originality. An echo, I would call it."

"That is what I was saying," laughed the Student. "But I doubt if

they do any harm. Even their use of the word Theosophy contains its own antidote,—for those who really seek Theosophy."

"But about the so-called peace," said the Historian, tired of the digression, and with his mind full of Versailles and the morning paper,—"when it comes to action for or against the terms which the people over there are undoubtedly going to agree to, it seems to me that we shall be forced to choose between evils. The ideal is not on the map. And the outcome will not be as bad as it might have been, thanks to some level heads among the dreamers. You either vote for the thing, or you vote against it, and if you vote against it, you vote for the friends of Germany and the frenzied enemies of England, not to mention the Bolsheviki."

"We of course do not yet know what the terms of peace are to be," the Philosopher remarked at this point. "But I do not agree in the least with your premises. There is no such thing as an obligatory choice between evils. Assuming that you are confronted by two paths, and that you can neither stand still nor turn back (though in most cases you can stand still if you want to), it follows that one of the two paths is right, relatively to the other, which in that case, relatively, is the wrong path. I have no desire to quarrel with you about terms, but I believe sincerely that a great deal of harm is done by speaking of choice as you did."

"I agree with you," replied the Historian. "I was wrong. But I would like to know if you agreed with my opening statement about the burglar, because I cannot see that terms have anything to do with that. The situation strikes me as elementary in its simplicity."

"I am in complete accord with you," the Philosopher answered. "Germany, so far as her government is concerned, stands before the world as an unrepentant criminal, caught red-handed, as you said. Everything which her representatives have done at the so-called Peace Conference, has proved that the warnings which the QUARTERLY has published, not only since the armistice but for long before it, were absolutely sound and true. Germany has not repented in the least. If she had the power, she would repeat every one of her crimes to-morrow,—that is, if she thought she could escape punishment for them.

"Individual Germans may have repented, for themselves, or for their nation, or for both. But if they have, it is for them to say so, and not to take it for granted that others will know and understand. That is not the attitude of a penitent. A real penitent is not only anxious to make amends, and literally to go on his knees to those he has injured, but is anxious also to confess his sins, that his own heart may be relieved to that extent of its burden."

"All of you agreed, months ago," interrupted the Gael, who had joined us on the verandah while the Philosopher had been answering the Historian, "that the armistice had reduced the war from a conflict of principle to a conflict of expediencies, and that we have another hundred years or so of work to do, hammering the meaning of principle into

tough heads, before enough people will understand to make a conclusive war possible. The Student went so far as to promise to meet me on the ruins of Berlin in 1985,—or some other date, I forget what. He denies it! Never mind: his denial will not affect the outcome . . . The point is, I propose we begin, and that we begin on ourselves. I have here two letters, addressed to a religious community, dealing with the principle and practice of obedience. They were written, I am told, last year, with an interval of some months between them. If there is any fighting to be done 'next time,' now is the hour to prepare for it. The right kind of discipline, which means the opposite of German discipline, will be essential to success . . . Suppose I read these letters to you?"

We asked him to do so.

"My friends," he said, his tone changing, "many years ago, in London, when H. P. B. was there, some fools at Avenue Road were anxious to leave her and go to India and beyond it, to the Lodge. She told them that they could make their own India, right there, where they were. At least,—thus have I heard. Why should not we place ourselves, right now, in the Lodge, and study and think as in the presence of the disciples who are there? This is the first letter:

" 'I know that you will be considering the problem of obedience, and that you must already have had some experience of the difficulties involved. I should like to be able to help you solve those problems, though that can only be done effectively by yourselves, as the result of many failures and of constructive self-examination. There are, however, one or two elementary rules which ought to be kept in mind and which I shall be grateful if you will let me bring to your attention.

" 'First and foremost, obedience should never be rendered to an individual as such. If you, by your own attitude, choose to confer authority upon some individual, it should be done because he represents something very much greater than he or any other individual is or can be in themselves. This is something which a great many people to-day find it difficult to understand. They are not brought up to respect an office in and for itself. If they happen to despise the individual who fills the office of President of the nation, they do not find it easy to distinguish between him and the position which their own self-respect requires them to honour. In the army, it is the uniform that is respected, quite regardless of the man inside of it. The soldier salutes his superior officer, without any thought of his superior's personal identity; and he does this because his superior officer represents, not only the flag, but the dignity of national service. In order to be in the true sense of the word a soldier, he *owes it to himself* to obey and to respect his superior.

" 'This bases obedience on self-respect, which is a good foundation, and an essential part of any adequate foundation for obedience. At the same time, for discipleship, it is insufficient. The attitude of a true Religious is that his superior represents the Master. If he happens to

like that superior personally, and finds personal pleasure in carrying out his orders, he regards this as a disadvantage, supposing that he is really striving for perfection. What would help him most would be the conquest of self involved in a ceaseless struggle to remember that, in spite of personal unattractiveness, his superior should be obeyed because his office makes him the representative of the Master whose will, through that office, can so easily be known and followed. Even when his superior makes mistakes, or seems to do so, the novice knows that prompt and glad and ungrudging obedience will be accepted by the Master with perhaps greater pleasure than in cases which make it evident, even to the subordinate, that the orders of the superior are wise.

" 'This does not mean that conscience should ever be violated, or that in any circumstances whatsoever a subordinate should do something which he believes wrong, no matter what orders he has received. Remember that German soldiers cannot be excused for the atrocities they committed, by pleading that they were merely carrying out orders. English, French or American soldiers would have refused to obey such orders, and would have been exonerated if court-martialed for disobedience.

" 'This illustration should make the principle clear, so far as the supremacy of conscience is concerned. The other point remains, namely, that it is absolutely fatal in the spiritual life to regard the person as the reality. You would do well to keep in mind that the word "person" is derived from the Latin word meaning a mask. Every order or every expression of a wish should be accepted, if at all, as that of the Master. To obey anyone less than the Master, would be a grave mistake and would in time stultify the nature.

" 'If you will imagine the attitude of a devout Catholic who believes in transubstantiation, and who may realize perfectly that the officiating priest is entirely mortal, with human weaknesses like the rest of us, you will, I think, find an analogy which, taken in connection with the military analogy, should throw light on the whole problem.

" 'At the same time, if you care to consider and perhaps to discuss what I have written, I shall be very glad to do my best to explain further my own understanding of this immensely important question.'

"This is the second letter:

" 'This is really a much later instalment on the subject of obedience, but I submit it to you now because it does not follow that intervening "chapters" will ever be written, and because it is wise to keep before us our vision of mountain tops as well as our clear perception of the next step leading to them.

" 'What I take to be your next step collectively, I tried to explain in my last letter. It was a step in *understanding*. My present letter has the same intention, because no one can give himself completely to

obedience or to anything else until he has gained a good understanding of the purpose his efforts should accomplish.

" 'In addition to the many other purposes of obedience, including the all-important help it provides in the conquest of self-will,—must be counted practice in *the art of divination*.

" 'It is the aim of the disciple to express the Master's will in all that he does,—in his silence as in his speech, in his mind and heart as in his outer movements. But he does not expect a special revelation of that will, whenever he desires it or in regard to each duty as he encounters it. He does not expect detailed instructions, even when given an order to work for certain specified ends. As between Master and disciple, it is a bad and not a good sign when much guidance and many orders need to be given.

" 'The disciple has learned *to divine* the Master's will. Intuitively, by sympathy and by thorough grasp of the principles upon which the Master's conduct is based, the disciple acts as the Master wishes him to act, with greater or less success depending upon the degree of his inner attainment.

" 'The daily life of mankind is a graduated infant class in discipleship. The ordinary relations of employer and employee provide constant opportunity, springing from urgent need for divination. Self-interest compels effort. The employee, to be successful, to make himself "indispensable," must learn to divine the wishes of his employer. On the one hand, he must not nag him for instructions. On the other hand, he must not assume a responsibility and an authority which are not his, and the assumption of which would lay him open to the question, "Why on earth did you not ask me?" He must become self-reliant without being self-assertive. He must not push himself forward, but also he must not be negative and self-deprecatory. Timidity, supineness, over-conscientiousness (scrupulosity) are hindrances even more serious, perhaps, than arrogant self-confidence, effrontery, and an obviously reckless ambition.

" 'The discipline which is forced upon the employee, who in most cases is unconscious that he is being taught and who learns very, very slowly, is inculcated as an essential feature of military training. This was brought out admirably in a recent QUARTERLY review of Marshal Foch's *Principles of War*. But it is only on the path of discipleship that the ultimate purpose of such discipline is made clear. In religion—as stated in my previous letter—the aspirant consciously seeks the will of the Master through the will of his immediate Superior. He has begun to realize that his involuntary self-seeking, and, in general, the veil which his personality and lower nature interpose between himself and the Master, make it almost impossible for him to recognize the Master's will where his own desires are involved. Unable, therefore, in the very nature of things, to jump to direct obedience to the Master, except in directions which are free from the attachments of self,—the

aspirant voluntarily submits his own will and judgment to an authority which he accepts as indicative of the Master's, later, as his understanding increases, adopting this indication or sign-post as an expression in itself of what the Master desires him to accept as His direct message.

" 'As he advances, passing, we will suppose, from the exoteric to an association truly spiritual, the aspirant finds the need for divination more and more urgent. He has learned long since, we must assume, to obey the letter of the law. He has learned to obey gladly and promptly instead of grudgingly or resentfully. He has learned to make it easy for his Superior to give him orders, instead of making it a most unpleasant, thankless task which his Superior, in obedience to *his* Superior, must perform. But then, just because he has advanced and has come into touch at last with spiritual realities, he finds himself confronted with a world of paradox. He must learn that to obey truly he may have to disobey. He must learn that silence may be more expressive than speech and may convey commands far more imperative. He must learn to obey in the solitude of his own room as readily as in the presence of his associates. He must learn that though his Superior be on the other side of the globe, he can and must discover the Master's will through uninterrupted obedience to that Superior. All that the employee and soldier have learned, he must know by instinct. Divination, for him, has become the art of arts because he sees it as perpetual discovery of the Master, and because, as final paradox, the further he advances toward obedience, the further obedience will recede from him. That which he has known as rule or as explicit statement, he must now recognize as elusive spirit and must translate for himself into concrete act, making manifest in the outer world the divine order of the Master's Kingdom.' "

T.

No man doth safely rule, but he that is glad to be ruled. No man doth safely rule, but he that hath gladly learned to obey.—THOMAS A KEMPIS.

LETTERS TO STUDENTS

November 6th, 1916

DEAR .....

. . . It will be a great satisfaction and happiness to me to do what I can to help you, and I hope that you will feel perfectly free to ask anything you choose, either verbally or by letter, about your Theosophic studies and your inner life in connection therewith.

I must tell you frankly that my ability to help you will be in large measure dependent upon the freedom and frankness of our relationship. That is in your hands absolutely. You can consult me as much or as little as you choose, tell me as much or as little as you feel inclined. You are as free as air, and under no obligation so far as I am concerned. I simply am here to give you such assistance as I can when you desire it. . . .

I am at your service and you have my sincerest good wishes.

Yours faithfully,

C. A. GRISCOM.

November 23rd, 1916

DEAR .....

I much appreciate your letter and the kind things you have said.

Your Rules are admirable. If I wanted to comment on them, I should say that some of them leaned to the side of being too general: for instance, "Appreciate proportion, seeing things in their true value, their relations and inter-relations." There is no doubt that we must learn to see things in their proper perspective; but how? If you consider that the seeing of the events of life in proper perspective is something you particularly need, as very well may be the case, I suggest that you go a step further than making this ideal a rule. How can one see things at their true value?

The Master alone sees everything as it is. All we can hope to do is to learn gradually to relate everything to Him, take everything to Him, refer everything to Him, measure everything by Him, estimate everything through Him, enjoy everything with Him, do everything for Him. So far as we succeed, so far will all events, circumstances and people find naturally their true place in the scheme of things, and we shall see their true value. I know of no other way.

Again you write: "Make use of the good forces surrounding you." Surely. But what are these forces? Name them. Then select one or two, and think out how best to use those. Try to perfect yourself in that for a few weeks, and when you feel that you are doing fairly well, select another force or two and try those.

In other words, holiness consists in doing little things perfectly, not in doing perfect things a little; or, to put it differently, saintliness consists in perfection of *detail*. We must get down to the minutiae of life and work at them. It does not seem very romantic,—until we try it!

I hope you will not consider this criticism; it is not so meant. Please let me know whether you agree with me and whether you find this type of suggestion helpful. I must learn to be helpful, you see, and you must help me learn.

With best wishes, I am, Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

April 11th, 1917

DEAR .....

Downtown the employee I value most highly is that one who comes to me with the fewest troubles, for it means that he is competent and is doing his job. It is even more true in occultism. We get attention where we are doing badly, and need to be set straight. This reflection, which is obvious enough, arose from a re-reading of your letter of March 15th. I do not find anything to say to you, not because your letter was inadequate, but because it was so satisfactory.

Your own ideas are excellent, and what I would suggest is your faithful adherence to them and to your rules. Perhaps a word about results will not be amiss. It is a problem I have to meet constantly in my work downtown. My work there is to get results—to accomplish things—to make dollars grow where they did not grow before. How reconcile that very plain duty with the philosophical axiom that we must not seek for results? I think the attitude is beautifully described by Martineau who said, "The hardness of our task lies here: that we have to strive against the grievous things of life, while hope remains, as if they were evil; and then, when the stroke has fallen, to accept them from the hand of God, and doubt not they are good." He goes on to say that to the loving, trusting heart, this instant change from strained will to complete surrender, is realized without convulsion. You see that goes a step deeper into the mysteries of life than the bald statement that we must not seek for results, or that we should leave results to Him. But let us strive with all our power to gather a beautiful nosegay of flowers to give Him, and if we can find only withered leaves and faded blossoms, let us give it with cheerful hearts, conscious that we have done our best. He is made happy by the love which prompted the gift rather than by the scent and sight of the flowers.

With kind regards,

I am, Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

April 7th, 1918

DEAR .....

First let me thank you for the Easter card, which I had hoped to have a chance to speak of. It was very pretty and I am very grateful. You are one of the very few who send me a card "all for me alone."

Needless to say I am glad you are back. The hard time you have had will not hurt. Indeed, as we look back over our life we see more and more clearly as we grow old, that it was during the hard times that we made progress. We are so set in our ways and habits; so "confirmed in wickedness," that it takes more than our ordinary environment to shake us out of what is often really a spiritual lethargy. So long as life treats us fairly well, we are apt to be content with a mediocre performance. . . .

With best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

September 8th, 1918

DEAR .....

By all means write to me whenever you have any question or problem which you think I might be able to answer or help. It will be a great pleasure to me to be of any possible service.

I was glad to receive your letter and your account of your recent progress. It asks no questions, and I have nothing in mind to suggest to you. We must digest our knowledge, by living it. Nothing else counts. And we shall get more knowledge as we do digest that already ours.

Do not allow yourself to get into a rut. There are thousands of religious who stay very good and acceptable religious, but who never become saints. We must all become saints, so we must never be content with ourselves, or with things as they are; inner things, of course.

With best wishes, I am,

Faithfully yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

November 10th, 1918

DEAR .....

There are so many questions in your letter that I am returning it so as to avoid having to repeat all the questions, which I have numbered.

* * * * * * * * * *

6. I suggest that you get and read Father Faber's "Growth in Holiness," also "The Ascent of Mount Carmel," by St. John of the Cross, and St. Teresa's "Autobiography." You can probably get all three books from the ——— library at ———, and later on, buy, so as to own, those you specially like.

7. What you say is quite true, but there is much more in that statement "The mind is the great slayer of the Real." Think a moment. We believe in a spiritual world: we believe that it is possible to communicate with that world, to live in and be of it, although in incarnation in this world. What is it that acts as a barrier and that makes such conscious communication so rare? With most people it is just plain sensuality and coarseness, but above this category, take the large number of really good people, occupants of convents and monasteries, clergymen, etc. Surely you see that it is their minds, their pre-conceptions, their self-imposed limitations, which, in large measure, act as the barrier.

It will probably be so with you. You actually will be able to "see and hear" long before you will believe you can; and until you believe you can, you won't. That is the mind. The mind is essentially evil, so long as it is dominated by lower nature, just as it is essentially good when used as an instrument by the soul. At present it uses us —we do not use it—much.

You cannot write to me too often so long as you have real questions to ask: as you had in this last letter.

With best wishes, I am,

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

And how does a brother become thoughtful?

He acts, O mendicants, in full presence of mind whatever he may do, in going out and coming in, in looking and watching, in bending in his arm or stretching it forth, in wearing his robes or carrying his bowl, in eating and drinking, in consuming or tasting, in walking or standing or sitting, in sleeping or waking, in talking or in being silent.—BUDDHIST SUTTAS.



Life, Science, and Art, translated from the French of Ernest Hello, by E. M. Walker, and published by Washbourne (Benziger Brothers, New York), cloth 50c., leather $1.00, is a book that every student of Theosophy would enjoy. It is brilliant. It is profound. Hello was a Roman Catholic, but he was also a Frenchman, and this is likely to mean, as it meant in his case, that his Catholicism was universal and that he considered Rome, if at all, as incidental.

"I have tried to show how Life, Science, and Art are three mirrors, each of which reflects the same face,"—namely, the face of God, is the way in which Hello describes his life's effort. This little book is made up of chapters from his larger works, all of which were written before the war. The following quotation from the chapter entitled "Some Considerations on Charity" will show that he anticipated at least one of the vital misunderstandings of religion which are prevalent today. He says:

"Now, we use the word *charity* as a weapon against Light, every time when instead of crushing error we parley with it, under pretext of consideration for the feelings of others. We employ the word *charity* as a weapon against Light, every time we make it serve as an excuse for relaxing our execration of evil. As a general rule, men love to relax their efforts. There is something in the very act of faltering which is pleasing to human nature; and besides, the absence of any horror of error, evil, sin, and the devil, becomes a plausible excuse for the evil there is in us. To feel less detestation of evil in general is only perhaps a way of excusing ourselves for the particular evil we cherish in our own soul."

Writing on the subject of "Indifference", he says:

". . . what plunges me in a stupefaction absolutely beyond expression is neutrality. It is a question of the future of the human race, and of the eternal future of everything in the universe possessing intelligence and freedom. It is certainly and of necessity a question of you yourself, as, indeed, of every person and every thing. Then, unless you are not interested in yourself, nor in anybody nor anything, it is certainly and of necessity a question of an interest most sacred to you. If you are alive at all, rouse up the life in you. Take your soul, and rush into the thick of the fight. Take your wishes, your thoughts, your prayers, your love. Catch up any weapon which you can possibly wield, and throw yourself body and soul into the struggle where everything is at stake. Placed on the battlefield between the fire of those who love and the fire of those who hate, you must lend your aid to one or the other. Make no mistake about it. The appeal is not to men in general, it is to you in particular; for all the moral, mental, physical, and material gifts at your disposal are so many weapons which God has placed in your hands, with liberty to use them for or against Him. You *must* fight; you are forced to fight. You can only choose on which side." T.

The Mystery of Gabriel, by Michael Wood, published by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. The QUARTERLY has reviewed the three preceding volumes of this charming authoress—for we still insist that a woman, and a woman alone, could write these books. The last is not so well written as either *The House of Peace*

or *The Penitent of Brent.* It is a series of pictures in the life of a waif picked up and mothered by an impersonal, selfless, vaguely religious girl, whose own parents die in the first two chapters. The mystery is Gabriel's enigmatic character, the result of his own self-contained and repressed nature working on the inevitable suspicions of outsiders as to his heredity. As he matures, an evil force or diabolic influence makes itself more and more manifest in him, poisoning his relations with schoolmates, friends, and companions.

Finally Gabriel goes to Brent—the religious centre directed by Father Standish. At Brent, Gabriel meets our old acquaintances of the former volumes—and the re-acquaintance is a pleasure unspoiled by changes. One of these, Jesse Cameron, inspires Gabriel's trust and confidence, and when the final struggle between the latent devils of his lower nature, and his real Self takes place, it is the influence of Jesse—supplemented by the intercessory prayer of an entire stranger—that prevents his murdering Father Standish while sleeping.

The plot is negligible; and even the thread of the story is broken by leaps in time that follow one another with startling rapidity. The actual construction of the book is barely passable,—it lacks workmanship.

Yet, withal, there is the same simple reliance on the spiritual world as the mainspring of action in this world,—which is always refreshing. How many novels even attempt to take their stand in the real world? It is this point of view which marks Michael Wood's books; and however extravagant the story, there is a compensating air of reality about them which is hard to shake off. Father Standish, as usual, gives some eminently sound spiritual advice, and the book incidentally contains many quotable maxims of spiritual common sense.

There are only occasional bits of lyrical writing; too few, judging by what the authoress has done in earlier volumes. We should like to see Michael Wood turn her gifts to some war experiences, viewed, as said, from the inner causal world of prayer and Divine companionship. A. G.

Letters to Louise, by Jean Delaire, published by The Dharma Press. The trouble with most books aiming to treat of occultism in the form of fiction is that they spoil two recognized genres and fail to create a third. It is the trouble with this book. It embodies a fair enough résumé of occult religious philosophy, such as may easily be found in pamphlet form by students of Theosophy, and would much better be taken in that form, rather than mixed up with a wild welter of hysteria, megalomania and experimental love affairs. In the January number of the QUARTERLY Mr. Griscom spoke of Du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson" as one of the most interesting of the occult novels; and as usual he was right. "Peter Ibbetson" has what most of them lack, what this one lacks,—distinction, charm, humor, and above all, the narrator's gift, a thing so desirable in those who will to narrate. It is furthermore a real love story, with occult implications, instead of a treatise with Family Herald trimmings.

By a law of compensation it is generally possible to extract some delight from an absolutely humorless book. The writer of this review would hesitate to declare that things can or cannot be, but some of them are certainly hard to believe, and one is the mysterious speed and certainty with which people in occult novels make their occult recognitions. With no previous training in these mysteries, someone (usually the heroine), with instant and unerring precision, recognizes someone (usually the most important person in sight) as inalienably her own by right of some claim established thousands of years ago in Babylon, or Memphis, or Ninevah, or wherever. If this personage stands to the lady in any position of guide or teacher, if she can call him her "Guru" (she will anyhow), his fate is sealed. Taking for her motto,

"If I can wheedle a knife or a needle,
Why not a silver churn?"

she drops her lawful husband and, turning to the hero with "I think we have met before," springs the Babylonian theory on him. Let us hasten to add that this particular book ends decorously. The hero in this case had learned a few things in Babylon,—among them that the duty of another is full of danger. The lady returns to domesticity and that solace of the strayed theosophist—a tepid socialism. S.

The Gate of Remembrance, by F. B. Bond, an architect of prominence; published by Blackwell in Oxford, and by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. The subtitle reads "The story of the psychological experiment which resulted in the discovery of the Edgar Chapel at Glastonbury"—which sufficiently outlines the book. It is a record of excavations made among the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey on the precise information received through the automatic writings of the co-worker of Mr. Bond, Mr. John Alleyne. Both men were friends of Mr. Everard Fielding, Secretary of the Society for Psychical Research, of which Mr. Bond was also a member. Mr. Alleyne sought through his automatism to obtain information from the spirit world about the "lost" Edgar Chapel, vague and conflicting records of which existed in various sixteenth to nineteenth century accounts. The reliability and validity of the writings as reproduced in the book, together with the dates when received, are attested to the satisfaction of the Secretary of the S. P. R., while a note by Sir William Barrett, F. R. S., further testifies "to the genuineness of the whole narrative."

The book, therefore, has two decided interests,—the first, as an experiment in spiritualistic mediumship through automatic writing; and the second, as to the actual increase of our knowledge about Glastonbury Abbey. For the latter, suffice it to say that the actual remains of the Edgar Chapel have been recovered, with evidence sufficient to prove its size, shape, and fairly complete architectural details of interior construction. A certain light has also been thrown on the "obscure problem of the Loretto Chapel," foundations for some such structure being found in an entirely different place than that usually assigned to it. In each case, the psychic information obtained as to the exact location, size, and structure of the Chapels was at variance with the best guesses of architects attempting to reconstruct the old buildings from the scanty descriptions handed down, and from the still more scanty visible remains. The material assistance of Mr. Alleyne's automatism, therefore, cannot be gainsaid. The Edgar Chapel has been laid bare, and its proportions and architectural detail, as far as may be known, even to the colour of the glass—"Et vitrea azurea,"—and window-glass of azure,—many fragments of which were found. A difficult, and hitherto unsolved archeological problem has been solved by this means; without question primarily due to the precise directions received through automatic writing.

The success of Mr. Bond and Mr. Alleyne seems, therefore, to be established. As to the actual light thrown on psychical phenomena and the *raison d'être* of automatic writing, and as to whether there is any likelihood of further similar experiments being successfully performed,—these are other questions.

Certain facts stand out. Neither Mr. Bond nor Mr. Alleyne "favoured the ordinary spiritualistic hypothesis which would see in these phenomena *the action of discarnate intelligences from the outside upon the physical or nervous organisation of the sitters.*" They believe, with sufficient vagueness to be sure, that "the embodied consciousness of every individual is but a part, and a fragmentary part, of a transcendent whole, and that within the mind of each there is a door through which Reality may enter as Idea—Idea presupposing a greater, even a cosmic Memory, conscious or unconscious, active or latent, and embracing not only all individual experience and revivifying forgotten pages of life, but also Idea involving yet wider fields, transcending the ordinary limits of time, space, and personality."

In other words, Mr. Bond has a vision of man's finite mind reaching out and up to the spiritual unity of an infinite spiritual universe. And this vision is all very well. But such exalted ideas and words seem to have little to do with the actual experiment in hand, which was a very definite, limited, personal affair. Instead of reaching up to the spiritual world of Buddhi-Manas, as his theories would suggest, he quite clearly reached no higher than the reflection of that world—Kama Manas—the astral. The communications he received have several quite individualistic touches, and in themselves purport to be the efforts of certain clearly defined personalities to convey the desired information. Names and dates are specifically given. "Johannes De Glaston," "Reginaldus qui obiit 1214," "Beere, *Abbas*"—the last the name of him who built the Edgar Chapel—"Robert. Anno 1334. Glaston" are some of the signatures to characteristic scripts. And these scripts are one and all typical products of the astral light, queer mixtures of the definite and precise with vague, meaningless generalities. The language is a very curious and apparently senseless mixture of vulgar Latin, ecclesiastical Latin, old English of differing periods, and quite modern English. One of the "spirits"—or Kamalokic spooks as it may be suspected they were—understands quite clearly what he himself is. He writes: "Why cling I to that which is not? It is I, and it is not I, butt parte of me which dwelleth in the past and is bound to that whych my carnal soul loved and called 'home' these many years. Yet I, Johannes, amm of many partes, and ye better parte doeth other things—Laus, Laus Deo!—only that part which remembreth clingeth like memory to what it seeth yet." In other words, the soul of this cheery, companionable old monk has gone on—Laus Deo!—and his carnal parts cling "like memory" to the scenes of his incarnate life, willing and eager to talk of himself and his loved Abbey to any interested medium. To call such an expression a part of one's own consciousness rather than that of some "discarnate intelligence," and to think that one is in touch within oneself with a "cosmic Memory . . . transcending the ordinary limits of time, space, and personality" is to theorize without regard to the facts in hand. We might ask why the medium did not get into *rapport* with the "better parte" of Johannes, instead of merely his memory, inhabiting Kama-loka.

Moreover, we shall do well to remember that however verified in detail these communications may have been, spiritual knowledge, intuition "with certainty," accurate memory of the past, do not come through ouija-boards, automatism, and practically involuntary mediumship. We would not wish to be, and we are not, dependent upon such methods for sure and certain, nay, absolutely scientific knowledge about the past. There is an absolute spiritual world of Truth and Fact, which includes what our limited minds describe as memory. And there are also the reflections of this world; the crudest and most material being our physical world, and next above that, more mobile and lucent, the astral or psychic world,—more mobile and penetrable as water is to earth, but still limited. Sight and entrance into certain reaches of this psychic world are not given to many men in our generation. And to those to whom this is possible, the greatest care is necessary to distinguish between the water itself and what *it* contains, the reflection of the sky above, and the added reflection of him who gazes. All three things are seen inter-penetrating in the one field of vision; and may become a source of confusion and error.

Mr. Bond has tested certain of the messages by actual digging in the earth, and in so far he proved that the psychic reflections he and Mr. Alleyne obtained were valid and undistorted. But it should not be overlooked that many sittings contained no relevant matter whatsoever, and even manifested a pernicious and dangerous tendency to concern themselves with the defence of Germany and the Germans—a tendency of which there have been many instances in recent psychic communications in England and America. This fact should serve as a reminder

that the psychic world is not *per se* good and wise simply because it is less limited than our every-day world, but that it is after all our world disencumbered of a certain dead weight of matter, and must be considered as such.

Mr. Bond's is an exceedingly interesting and practically tested attempt to reconstruct Glastonbury, as was Donnelly's attempt to reconstruct Atlantis. But in this instance, it would be a mistake, we feel, to think that the automatic writings here recorded come from "a more contemplative element in the mind." They are too much "the mere brain-record, the husk, the mechanism" of the memories of past personalities—"scattered as the chaff, shaken off as a discarded coat," and picked up by Mr. Alleyne. Glastonbury has more to give than stone walls and human memories. A. G.

So long as the brethren shall exercise themselves in this sevenfold higher wisdom, that is to say, in mental activity, search after truth, energy, joy, peace, earnest contemplation, and equanimity of mind, so long may the brethren be expected not to decline, but to prosper.—BUDDHIST SUTTAS.

And in the same way, Vasettha, there are these five hindrances, in the Discipline of the Noble One, which are called "veils" and are called "hindrances," and are called "obstacles," and are called "entanglements."

Which are the five?
The hindrance of lustful desire:
The hindrance of malice:
The hindrance of sloth and idleness:
The hindrance of pride and self-righteousness:
The hindrance of doubt.

—BUDDHIST SUTTAS.



[In view of the widespread misunderstandings of Brotherhood and its relation to Socialism and of the present importance of the subject, the following question and answer is reprinted from the QUARTERLY of January, 1909.]

QUESTION.—*I am unable to understand why the* THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY *takes the attitude it does toward Socialism. I am not a Socialist, though I am acquainted with many who so call themselves; but Socialism is a Brotherhood, and works specifically for the helping and uplifting of Humanity. Why then is not Theosophy, which has the same fundamental objects, in sympathy with it? Surely it cannot be because of different views regarding economic adjustments, as such details would hardly seem to come within the general scope of Theosophic teaching and practice. I would be glad of some definite points.*

P. K. S.

ANSWER.—The Editor of the QUARTERLY has sent this question to me for reply, knowing that I am in so sense a Socialist, but that I have been for many years a close student of it from various points of view. It is a large and complicated subject—an incoherent subject in its present stage of indefinite ideals and diverse conclusions and opinions—and therefore one hardly to be dealt with in the contracted space of the "Questions and Answers." I should think, furthermore, that so far as essential points are concerned, the querent might have found many of these in the various articles on the subject which have appeared in this journal from time to time, and to which reference is made. I may, however, offer certain suggestions which to my mind are pertinent, and afford no escape from the conclusion that the two view-points—Theosophy and Socialism—are, and always must be, diametrically opposed.

First, on this matter of Brotherhood. Here Socialism builds a fence and says all who are within it are Brothers; all without, unless or until they can be brought within its limits, are enemies or at least outsiders. (Of course I do not speak of the bitter or aggressive forms of Socialism, as these could hardly enter into our discussion.) This is an immediate recognition of sect or caste or creed; call it what you will, the idea is the same. Theosophy says all men *are* Brothers, regardless of race or sect or creed, or color, or any other distinction; regardless of their goodness or evil; regardless of their recognition of the fact or their opposition to it; regardless of whether they are friends of society, or enemies of it. For this Brotherhood is not an organization, nor can it consist in organization, no matter how widespread or broad, but is in itself a fundamental fact in Nature, the oneness or identity of all souls with the Oversoul. This oneness of soul may and does co-exist with the utmost divergence of mind and emotion. Therefore Theosophy says that for the realization of this Brotherhood, man must become a more spiritual being, must grow into closer contact with the soul where this condition perpetually obtains, and that all which makes man more spiritual makes of necessity for Brotherhood, and all which tends to make him more material, makes against it. So much for theory—the briefest possible indication, but careful study will demonstrate more and more the fundamental cleavage in the two conceptions. Then as to practice. Theosophy holds that

Socialism makes not for but *against* Brotherhood in that it makes for material, not for spiritual aims. Theosophy holds that man makes environment, not environment the man, since the soul under propulsion of wisely directed Divine Law, is pushing forever and ceaselessly upward and outward. Theosophy holds that it is our inestimable privilege to aid this process; first by recognition of it; second by rigid self-purification ("take first the beam from thine own eye, then shalt thou see clearly to take the mote from thy brother's eye"), and third by removing as far as possible all which impedes the full action of this Divine Law in the Universe. In many a detail it could here join hands with Socialism in special acts of reform, but it sees, and sees clearly, that Socialism's *material attitude towards reform* is a far greater bar to genuine progress than the matters it seeks to redress; and, therefore, as turning men's minds towards the body and away from the soul, Socialism constitutes a barrier *in itself* to advance, as largely representative of the ignorance and blindness of the mind absorbed in matter, to its true and enduring interest.

The ethics of Socialism preclude belief in the immortality of the soul. I know that this has been and will be vehemently denied; nevertheless those to whom the immortality of the soul is not an accepted theory but a *living fact,* can read my meaning. "According to your faith be it done unto you," said the Master. We need then above all things to widen and deepen our faith. In these days faith is being wonderfully *broadened,* but with a tendency to become *shallower;* the amount often being no greater, but merely distributed differently. Theosophy rests upon the soul and the soul alone. In its teaching the body is a shadow that comes and goes according as the Light is placed. That which causes the shadow therefore is its concern—the Light and that which stands before it.

D. R. T.

QUESTION No. 232.—*Will you please express in other terms these words from "Light on the Path": "The oscillation in which he lives is for an instant stilled; and he has to survive the shock of facing what seems to him at first sight as the abyss of nothingness. Not till he has learned to dwell in this abyss and has found its peace, is it possible for his eyes to become incapable of tears."*

ANSWER.—The oscillations are the changing phases of the brain mind, and its appreciations of sensations, physical, psychic and mental. It means the activities of the personal self. When the man has silenced and stilled these, there is the shock of facing what appears to be the negation of all that has been his life and purpose in life. Much of this is expressed better than I can translate it in *Through the Gates of Gold.* When the personal self is stilled a higher life opens out, for man can live in the eternal in place of in the personal, the evanescent, and the perishable; and when the personal motives of that self are stilled, the eyes are incapable of tears of regret and self-pity.

A. K.

ANSWER.—*Light on the Path* says: "These rules are written for all disciples: Attend you to them." Therefore we may learn from this little book and its rules, what disciples and discipleship are like, what they mean; and how, if we "attend," give our attention to them—not merely sliding over them with the surface apprehension of the mind—we may in time become ourselves disciples. For discipleship is a way, a path: hence we can only learn to know it and to become familiar with it by treading it. We must study the rules, but only can we get the heart of them by experimenting with them, by living by them. A road may be described to us many times, we may even see photographs of it, yet every one who has had the experience—a very common one indeed—has discovered how much the reality, when we travel it, varies from our understanding based on picture and word. This initial explanation and warning is requisite that we may not have too fixed notions as the result of intellectual considerations

merely, as these, until checked or modified by experience, are always distorted and inaccurate.

What then, first, do we mean by the word disciple, when we say these rules are for him? Among the great Brothers of the Lodge, that man is counted a disciple in full fact, when the inner consciousness and the outer consciousness have become one,—when, in other terms, the man is conscious of his discipleship, not merely wondering about it, or longing for it; when his sense of belonging to a Master, and the loving determination to follow and serve that Master, to the death if need be, has become the one all-absorbing desire and intention of his life. He may not know even who that Master is: he may only feel him there in the inner world: but that feeling is so intense and awakens such devotion and longing, that every other interest pales into insignificance beside it.

You can see from this that the actual knowledge may be slight, but the *feeling* cannot be slight for the man to be counted a disciple in this technical sense. Recognition there may not be, understanding there may not be, but an intensity of feeling, a desire that will not, that cannot be denied, must exist,—a hunger and a thirst that give no rest day or night, based on an unalterable conviction that the object of desire is there, to be found, to be attained, and that no price is too high to pay for it. When the man *in his personality* feels in this manner, then that man is reckoned a disciple, whatever his limitations may be, at whatever point in evolution he may stand in regard to the acquirement of "powers," to whatever grade or class of discipleship he might have to be assigned.

Approaching the study of *Light on the Path* in such a condition, we see easily the intensity of his application to its rules, and can guess somewhat of the light which the white heat of his desire would shed upon them. Let us try, so far as intellectually we are able, to see by this light. "Before the eyes can see they must be incapable of tears";—before the man, as man, as personality, as an individual engaged in the common affairs of life, as a man looking out intelligently upon the city street or the country lanes or into the faces of his acquaintances, can at the same time look into the inner world, not in a vision or an ecstasy, but quite simply and directly, as easily as he turns his head and looks out of the window,—before the man can do this, his ordinary eyes (perceptive powers), must be incapable of weeping over the illusions of outer events. This does not mean that he will never have tears in the eyes of his soul,—Ah! no: hot, bitter tears there often. But what is the difference? Well, something like this. If he meet with pain or misfortune or grief, he will not see much to distress him in that, so be the cause is exterior. If a brother disciple be in trouble, there is much to distress him. But if the Master be in trouble, if his work be endangered, then there is deepest distress—a distress that turns his will to steel, that solidifies every determination, that fills him with strength and courage,—an heroic ardour to dare all and give all and suffer all. If through his own fault the trouble has arisen, if the traitors in his own breast have betrayed him, or momentary inattention has missed a coveted opportunity of service, perhaps thrown added work upon his Master, are there not tears then in the eyes of his soul? But such tears are these as men shed in the sternness of a great resolve or the exultation of a great sacrifice. And so on through all those initial rules. They could be elaborated endlessly, since every phase of human experience that has ever been or shall ever be, in the eternal passing from this plane of consciousness to that other, is contained in them. That of course which pushes the man forward is the intensity of his desire—the ceaseless gnawing of his hunger, his fixed determination to reach his Master, known or unknown. And because of that, he goes on only half conscious of what he is doing, so fixed is his intent upon his goal. But there are two factors to be considered here, closely interblended. One is that the man must be conscious of what he is doing. The Law cannot allow him to commit himself in the dark. He must face the

situation and make his decision with realization of what he is doing. He is not to make his supreme sacrifice, to lay down once and for ever his ordinary life and consciousness, under the influence of narcotics or of stimulants. His sacrifice is to be made calmly, deliberately, with fullest sense that it is a sacrifice.

And so for "an instant" every process that has been going on in him is stilled. His enthusiasm is gone, his vision is gone, his courage goes with them, and his faith. And all sense of his Master goes also, for with that he would have everything. His Master demands this—here we have the second factor. It is the divine jealousy of spiritual love that will have all or nothing. Each Master represents the great Lodge, the Law. He is custodian of these for his Ray; and it is a necessity of his very being that he shall be immaculately true to his trust. So the whole heart and nature must be given, nothing held back anywhere, by the disciple. This utter loss and desolation is well named the "abyss of nothingness," for to the disciple's consciousness there is nothing that remains, no hope, no life, no heaven. If he has lived and worked intelligently up to this point, however, one thing he has,—the sense of his own existence, which his very pain proves to him. And holding on to that, he can steady his will, on which at this supreme moment his salvation depends. If in past days his love has tempered his will to that of his Master, he will now be able to *hold on*,—all that is necessary. For as he holds on, doggedly determined in his anguish not to relinquish his grip, a peace comes over him, and in that peace he falls asleep. When he wakes it is to a new heaven and a new earth, to the comprehension of a fuller life, and a love which obliterates all doubt and fear. This experience may be of brief duration, or it may take a long period of time. Love is the cause of it, love determines its length and intensity, love is its complete and all sufficient reward.

CAVÉ.

QUESTION No. 233.—*It has been said that the Masters are ever ready to undertake the liberation of the individual. Have the Huns reached the point where there is no liberation possible? Is there such a point?*

ANSWER.—If a man were to pursue his own will and pleasure, in defiance of the laws of right, he would become an ogre of crime and bestiality, as the Hun has become. He arrives finally in the gutter. When he has had his fill of that, and of the suffering which the gutter inflicts upon him, he may turn in desperation and disgust, away from his own will to whatever will he recognizes as wiser and better than his own. In any case, he is given an opportunity to repent, to turn, to be "converted." In many cases the opportunity is thrown away, and the man dies in the hell which he has made for himself. It may be that the Hun will continue to reject his opportunity, as he is now doing. However that may be, there is an exact correspondence between the individual and the nation.

H.

ANSWER.—The liberation of the individual is the essence of the matter. I think with the suffering comes the opportunity of gaining knowledge and liberation, as well as the acquisition of qualities which may keep the individual free. The individual German would have the chance of getting free from the collective Karma of his nation provided he follows a higher ideal. But the Hun as a whole has been so purposely debased as regards all kinds of ideals that it is difficult to see where liberation is possible for the nation. Still, the Masters know all the details, and can see a way where ordinary eyes are blind. And if the various units of the peoples of Germany can rise to the ideal, and forget themselves and the degraded self-interest which they have been taught as an ideal, we can be very sure that no way to liberation will be closed to them. The allied nations may not be all that is ideal, but what would the Hun have become, and what

would the world have become under Hunnish direction? One might surely argue that there must be some good in the Hun from the very fact that he has been given a chance. A. K.

QUESTION No. 234.—*Does the disciple's attitude toward nature, differ from that of the ordinary man?*

ANSWER.—Yes, radically. The ordinary man approaches nature for the purpose of obtaining self-satisfaction from his contact with it. The disciple realizes that absolutely everything which God has created, or, in other words, everything which has evolved, is intended to serve man as a door, opening directly into the spiritual world. A flower, for instance, should be regarded as one of these innumerable doors. If we enter through that door, we shall find our Master standing on the other side. This does not necessarily mean that we shall see him bodily. It does mean, however, that we should find at least as much of him as we find after reading some poem, the work of God through man, which has deeply moved our hearts and stirred our wills, lifting us to clearer recognition of the Master's qualities and causing us to worship those qualities more ardently and truly.

Man, having "sought out many inventions," has done his utmost to convert each door to the spiritual world, into a doorway leading directly into hell. For the most part he has succeeded. But there still are many doorways which man's perversity has overlooked. He has not been able to degrade the sky, or the earth, or the flowers of the field, or the wilder animals. It is primarily his own faculties and functions which he has misused for the satisfaction of his lusts and appetites. The more divine the faculty or function, the more horrible the perversion. There is no field of creative art which he has not prostituted. None the less, God still intends that natural things shall be brought back to their original purposes, and we can help this process of re-conversion by habitual recognition of what those purposes were and are. Thus, in the case of a poem, we should seek always for "the fruit of our meditation," of our reading. We should begin to read it with the hope that it may prove itself to be a door into the spiritual world. We should look at a picture or listen to music in exactly the same way. If, in spite of our best efforts, we find that poem or painting or music, opens the other way, we should reject it instantly as being of the devil. It must always be remembered, however, that while man has done more to pervert beauty than either truth or goodness,—beauty remains in itself as pure a channel to divinity as the other two. The fact is that man tries to separate that Platonic trinity, while God insists that forever they shall remain inseparable. E. T. H.

QUESTION No. 235.—*In the* QUARTERLY *please tell me the meaning of the word Namastae, with which Letter IV in the first volume of the "Letters That Have Helped Me," ends.*

ANSWER.—"Namas te" is Sanskrit for "Obeisance to thee." Namas, from the root nam, to bend, is akin to Latin *numen*, divinity, from *nuo*, "nod," from the nod of Zeus. So Namastae is "bowing to thee," a fitting ending for a note. C. J.

QUESTION No. 236.—*"Light on the Path says: "Seek the way by retreating within." The Bible says: "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." How can one learn to know this with one's heart and live in that Kingdom?*

If the Kingdom is within, then the King must be there too. Is one to pray to that King? And in trying constantly to identify oneself with the Higher Self is there not danger of confusing the two, or is it true that the King and the Higher Self are one?

ANSWER.—Surely for us the King and the Higher Self are one. In the title of "The Christ" the idea is conveyed: as it also is in that of "The Buddha" or in that of "Jivanmukti"; and when we are told to "Seek out the Way," we are also told, "Seek it not by any one road." To answer the first part of the question would be to reprint all the books on Devotion that have been written. Take Patanjali's *Yoga Aphorisms,* the *Bhagavad Gita,* the *Voice of the Silence,* the *Sermon on the Mount*—do what you are told, and discipline your external life in accordance, so living the exterior life that you extract the spiritual essence of it. Then surely you will be living in the Kingdom, and will know it in your heart. We have it all on record that he may read who runs, and the method may be found in the little book on *Meditation.* "If then ye know these things, happy are ye *if ye do* them." The aspirant is directed to "try": and is told, "Seek and ye shall find": but the search must be with your whole heart. A. K.

ANSWER.—The answer is in the question: "Seek." "Seek and ye shall find." The King, the Warrior is indeed within the Kingdom, and should be sought in all ways; prayer, praise, thanksgiving, devotion, and obedience; all expressions of love. C. J.

ANSWER.—A very homely illustration has been used to make clearer what "within" means;—it is the paper design on the tin container of Royal Baking Powder. We see a series of containers, developing inwardly. In a similar way, we can think of halls of consciousness, opening, one within the other, not until they stop thus opening, but until the eye and mind can no longer follow. Both questions seem to imply the same error, namely, that the student and the Master are the only two concerned in this process of learning. The hierarchical principle would lead one to postulate many grades between a student and a Master,—perhaps there might be Representatives living on the same plane with the student; their suggestions, comments, instructions would be very indicative.

A few years ago I read in a newspaper an account of an enquirer's visit to some Swami. The Swami sat in familiar ease, discoursing without stint.

"I am the All!" he said, "I am the limitless Ocean of Consciousness!" After these and similar statements, the Swami, according to the account, fell into a towering rage with a servant who had irritated him, and then explained that the rage was the rage of the "limitless Ocean." We can see two things clearly from this narrative. First, the Swami had an intuition of the Divine Life. That is commendable. The Swami was not a materialist. But, the Swami identified that Divine Life with his own lower nature. That is a fatal mistake. An average spiritual director could have pointed out the Swami's error. Can we think of our Higher Self as an ideal for us formed by the Master? If we make that ideal our aspiration, we shall be centered in something of His, not in something of our own. S. M.

ANSWER.—As one reads this question there springs up a longing to have the address of the questioner, in order to send off by special delivery one's copy of *Fragments,* Volume I, with a note saying: "Please turn to page 75, beginning with 'One question asked of me repeatedly is: How shall I find the Masters?' for there you will find your question analyzed and answered." S.

ANSWER.—Said one of the Wise to a questioner: "How do you pray—for unless you pray to that which you see as within you, you pray in vain." Said the stupid one: "But how can the Master be within me—sinner that I be?" Said the one who is wise: "If the Master were not within you, you were indeed lost. Has He not said that we are His children and does not even modern science admit that the primal cell from which we are builded is part of our whole ancestral line? Is this the less true of our spiritual nature? Strengthen the Master within you that He may rule you indeed and as you keep His Commandments, has He not promised that both He and His Father will abide with you?" SMITH.



REPORT OF THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

Responding to the call of the Executive Committee, the Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society was held at 21 Macdougal Alley, New York, on Saturday, April 26th, 1919. Before the hour stated for the opening of the Convention, there were assembled delegates from all the Branches represented, members at large, and members of the New York Branch and other nearby Branches.

MORNING SESSION

At 10.30 a. m. the Convention was called to order by Mr. E. T. Hargrove, the ranking member of the Executive Committee, who explained that in the absence of the Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. Charles Johnston, on war duty in Washington, it was his duty to ask the wish of the Convention in regard to its temporary organization. Professor H. B. Mitchell nominated Mr. Hargrove as Temporary Chairman, and Miss Julia Chickering as Temporary Secretary. Mr. George Woodbridge seconded the nomination, and they were unanimously elected. Mr. Hargrove, taking the Chair, asked for a motion as to the first step necessary toward organization,—the selection of a Committee on Credentials. It was moved by Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, and seconded by the Reverend Acton Griscom, that the Chair appoint this Committee. The Temporary Chairman named as the Committee on Credentials, Professor Mitchell, Miss I. E. Perkins, and Miss M. E. Youngs. After some opening remarks by the Temporary Chairman and by Mr. Woodbridge, the report of the Committee on Credentials was presented by Professor Mitchell, Chairman of the Committee, who stated that the credentials received showed that twenty Branches were represented by delegates and proxies, entitled to cast one hundred and eight votes. [In addition to the Branches so represented, credentials were later received for the Branches marked with an asterisk in the following list. These were recorded when received, but they were too late to be represented in the list of Branches voting.]

Blavatsky, Seattle, Wash.
Blavatsky, Washington, D. C.
Cincinnati, Cincinnati, O.
Hope, Providence, R. I.
Indianapolis, Indianapolis, Ind.
Middletown, Middletown, O.
New York, New York
Pacific, Los Angeles, Cal.
Providence, Providence, R. I.
Stockton, Stockton, Cal.
Toronto, Toronto, Canada
Virya, Denver, Colo.
Altagracia de Orituco, Altagracia de Orituco, Venezuela

Arvika, Arvika, Sweden*
Aurvanga, Kristiania, Norway
Jehoshua, San Fernando de Apure, Venezuela
Karma, Kristiania, Norway*
Krishna, South Shields, England
London, London, England
Newcastle-on-Tyne, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England
Norfolk, England
Venezuela, Caracas, Venezuela

It was moved and seconded that the Report of the Committee on Credentials be accepted with thanks; so voted. The Temporary Chairman stated that the next business before the Convention was permanent organization.

Permanent Chairman

On motion made and seconded, Professor Mitchell was elected Permanent Chairman, and took the Chair.

Permanent Chairman: I do not need to renew the welcome that has just been extended to the Convention in the name of the New York Branch, as whose representative you have again made me your Chairman. We all know that, with whatever grace of humour it was presented, it was very sincere and heartfelt, so that I have but to add to it my own grateful thanks for the high honour you have conferred upon me, and my deep sense of the responsibility that honour involves.

We meet together here to-day, delegates and members of The Theosophical Society, as humanity's trustees for a heritage so great that it can be limited only by our own capacity to receive and to transmit. It is a heritage of truth; not of the knowledge of temporal things, which change and pass from form to form, and whose truth therefore, too, must forever change and forever be recast; but a heritage of eternal truth, because the truth of eternal things. It is a heritage of life; of life that is immortal, because it is the life laid down, freed and surrendered, not claimed or held for self. It is the heritage of Theosophy, of *theou sophia,* the Wisdom of God.

It comes to us from every age and clime, from every quarter of the globe; from the snows of the Himalayas and the plains of India; from Krishna and Arjuna, and Buddha, the Compassionate; from Isis and Osiris, and the temples by the Nile; from the groves of Athens and the sands of Arabia; from the Cross on Calvary; from the prisons of Palestine and the arena at Rome; from the cloisters of the middle ages, and the flaming fagots in the market place in Rouen; from the battlefields of Europe, and from the hearts of unnumbered myriads of unknown men and women who have faced and conquered self in simple obedience to their vision of the right. It has been won and builded for us by that long line of seers and saints and martyrs, the pure in heart and warrior souled, that we may trace from the earliest dawn of history down to our own time and hour—down to those whom we meet day by day in the path of our discipleship, whom we have known and loved as comrades, whom we have called our friends. Age after age, century after century, they have come forth from the great Lodge they serve, to live and labour and die; to pour out their treasure to the last mite, their life to its last breath, to give to us and to the world the heritage that is ours. It is their truth, their life, we hold in our hands to-day; their footsteps that mark the path we have travelled to the untrod future at whose gates we stand, their power which strengthens us to fulfill their trust. And as we look back over the forty-four years since The Theosophical Society was founded—the years in which these age-long labours brought their fruits within our reach—we know the passion of gratitude that rises in our

hearts; the love and gratitude we bear to those who died, that the world—that we—might learn to live. We can say something of what we feel for some of our great companions of the past.

The great outstanding event of the past year is the death of Mr. Griscom. But his loss is too recent and too irreparable, it has left too deep a wound in all our hearts, for it to be possible to speak now of our love for him, or of what we owe to those thirty three years of unswerving devotion in which he gave his whole great heart and soul to us. It is impossible for me to speak. It would be impossible for you to listen.

It is, I know, customary in ordinary organizations, in our universities and churches and business firms, when death has taken from them a leader or loved colleague, to prepare a minute, setting forth his life and services and their sorrow in his loss, and to ask that this minute be adopted by a rising vote. But The Theosophical Society is not an ordinary organization, nor is our loss an ordinary one. Our feeling is not such as can be framed in words, or shown by any form or ceremony. It is part of the very life of our hearts and souls, an integral, living part of the life and soul of the Theosophical Movement. And because all words and forms would be inadequate and futile, I ask that all should be omitted; that what we feel for him, that what tells of what he was and is to us, may remain as the voice of the silence, speaking through our life and acts in enduring, quickening power, rather than in words that die upon the air. As in life he led us forward, so now his spirit leads. And his smile awaits, not our testimonies of sorrow and the past, but the seizing of our present opportunity; the pressing forward with renewed hope and cheer and courage to the vastness of the work that lies ahead; to the work that is now, and forever must be, his and ours together, because it is the Masters'.

It is in this spirit of new courage, of new hope and cheer, that we take up our great heritage from the past and turn to the high privilege and duty of the present, which is ours as the world's trustees and as members and delegates of this Convention.

Permanent Organization

Dr. Clark moved the nomination of Miss Perkins and Miss Chickering, who served last year, as Secretary and Assistant Secretary to the Convention; this motion was duly seconded and carried.

It was moved by Captain C. Russell Auchincloss, duly seconded and carried, that the Chair appoint the usual three standing Committees. The following Committees were then appointed:

Committee on Nominations
Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, *Chairman*
Mr. George Woodbridge
Miss F. Friedlein

Committee on Resolutions
Mr. E. T. Hargrove, *Chairman*
Mr. Gardiner H. Miller
Mr. Arthur L. Grant

Committee on Letters of Greeting
Mr. K. D. Perkins, *Chairman*
Dr. C. C. Clark
Miss Margaret Hohnstedt

The Chairman next called for the reports of officers, asking Mr. Hargrove to report for the Executive Committee, in the necessary absence of the Chairman of that Committee.

Report of the Executive Committee

Mr. Hargrove: The first thing we have to report is that Dr. Keightley is present. Mr. Johnston usually reports for the Committee, and often its other

members first hear in his report, the full details of what has been done by the Committee during the year, for the very simple reason that the Society more or less works itself; which means that the spirit of the Society is one. It means that the mind of the Society has been unanimous. And just as in the case of the individual, when the individual is unanimous inside of himself instead of being a house divided against itself, so, in the case of The Theosophical Society, its existence, in one sense, is uneventful, although full of activity. I suppose that is only another way of saying that the Executive Committee has nothing to report. It is a very long time since we have heard from the members in Germany. I do not know just what will happen when we do hear from them. That remains to be seen. We shall have to take that fence when we get to it.

You have heard, from the Chairman's reference, what was really the event of the past year. But without referring to that again, we can think of another event—so far as this Convention is concerned—and that is the presence in our midst of Dr. Archibald Keightley. Now, of course, that also can be treated humorously or otherwise, because he goes back to the beginning of time. He doesn't look half so ancient as he is (*laughter*). But there would be another way of putting it. As a member, he goes back to 1883, and he is one of those who, for all those years, through good report and ill, so far as the Movement is concerned, in fair weather or foul, without any wavering at any moment, stood loyally by the Movement and by the Masters. Now that in itself is a wonderful record,—an extraordinary record. I do not know of anybody else who goes back further, or who has stood more loyally. If only for that reason, it would be an immense pleasure for all of us to welcome him to-day, in our midst, as an individual member, as one of the old guard, one of the old stand-bys, one who was the friend of H. P. B.,—not merely the follower but the friend.

The trouble is that I could talk for so long about him and what he has done for the work, that it is difficult to know where to begin or where to stop. One's mind goes back, of course, in my case, to old days in London, a few months after the death of H. P. B. The headquarters in those days was full of people who had known her, had worked with her. It did not take me long to discover that of all those who had been with her at that time, as one of her pupils, he was the one who knew her best, and whom she had trusted most. Assuming for one moment that she had the foresight that we attribute to her, her judgment would have been correct, because of all her personal pupils, he was the only one who stood by her spirit as well as her body, and who survives in the spiritual sense to this day. As Mr. Johnston has written: "Of the group of students whom Madame Blavatsky began to gather around her in England in 1887 and 1888, only one, Archibald Keightley, is still on the firing line." The fact of the matter is that I find these things extraordinarily difficult to talk about, so I think I will just drop it and come down to what you might call the fundamentals of my report.

Of course, thinking of the past makes one think of the future. The future is going to be the outcome of that past, and although I am very, very juvenile in comparison with such a particular antique as Dr. Keightley, yet my mind does go back reasonably far, and I do not believe that anyone who has not been a member for a great many years can really appreciate what the Society stands for; what it means in the world. As we see one after another removed by death from our ranks, it necessarily makes some of us feel that our time may come before so very long, and it necessarily makes us feel a deep anxiety as to the future of the Movement.

You will say that is foolish, perhaps,—just as if the Movement depended upon the life of an individual or half a dozen individuals. That is a commonplace even in a business house. There were some people foolish enough, after the death of the Editor of the QUARTERLY, to ask whether the QUARTERLY would

be continued. *Of course!* Things don't stop when they are real. And yet it is only natural that some of us should be anxious that those who are younger and newer in the work shall take hold, shall take hold so firmly, so deeply, with their whole being, that this Movement will be carried forward to the end of this century without a break. What does that mean? There is an old Chinese saying to the effect that one difference between a sage and an idiot is that the sage breathes from the soles of his feet. Perhaps it is used figuratively to some extent, but not altogether. The essence of it for us is this: that what some of the older members want is to see an increasing group of younger members who will take hold body and soul, with all that they are and have, without any reservation whatsoever, anywhere in their make-up. That is what we want, and that is what we have got to have, and what you have got to give.

After all, race, blood, tell in many ways; and we must face the fact that it is the exception and not the rule for any one of our race and blood to be able to give himself completely to anything. You may not like the idea, but it is true. And yet there are exceptions, and the history of The Theosophical Society has proved it. Ceaselessly we are looking for those exceptions, ardently longing that we may meet with them, that they will turn up, as it were, among the ranks of our membership. Why is it that we are so desperately anxious to see the work carried forward? It is for the same reason that Dr. Keightley, for instance, has stood, and stood, and stood. It is for the simple reason that some of us have learned, in all simplicity and sincerity, to love the Masters. That is why. That is the reason we are anxious that others shall acquire that same attitude and feeling and purpose and resolve, so that nothing will ever shake them; so that their understanding will keep pace with their will; so that we too, when our time comes, may die in peace, with the thought that the work,—the Masters' work,—will be carried on and on. It is not only that the future of humanity is at stake,—not only that we long to see these great truths passed on like fire from heart to heart: it is that, in the deeper sense of the word, the lives of the Masters themselves are at stake. See, just for one moment, what this Society stands for. . . . Oh, well! I will not attempt that this morning. It would take too much time. You know much about it, as it is, and all I could do at best would be to remind you of things familiar. Perhaps better than for me to attempt it will be to hear about it from others. The message will be the same. It is only the words that will be different. But I do believe that as one after another speaks, though speaking about different things, maybe, you will of necessity recognize the divine purpose back of it all, and the same great longing, the same determination. Such things speak for themselves.

The Society has weathered many storms. Doubtless it will have to face other storms in the future. That is all right. Storms do not matter. What you need are the few who are not going to be shaken by storms; who are going to keep their course; who recognize their goal; who see, no matter how far off, the beacon lights of home, and who can be trusted through thick and through thin, without thought of self, to carry on.

Now I know well that if the Chairman of the Executive Committee were here to-day, that is something of the message that he too would wish to express. It *is* a message. The day is long past, in the history of this Movement, when messages have to be signed, sealed, and delivered. Your own hearts are the judges. Your own hearts answer and decide; and although, from one standpoint, we meet here, year after year,—I think this is the forty-fourth year of the Society —to confer about the business of the Society, yet in the deeper sense—in the true sense—the business of the Society is, as it were, the outer covering of the reality. And that reality is that as many as possible of those who are giving their hearts to the Cause shall meet together and re-kindle from one another—from contact with one another—that ancient fire passed down from eternity, and

thus be better able to pass it on in future to others. That is why we meet. That is the explanation of all that is acquired at these Conventions. Let us, I venture to suggest, keep that purpose in mind, and let us go back when the Convention is over, reinforced in understanding and in purpose, with a realization —perhaps such as we have never had before—that the responsibility of each member of this organization is immense. Marvellous is the opportunity,—true! But the responsibility would perhaps be crushing if it were not for the knowledge that we, after all, are mere pawns on the chess board in comparison with those great ones who are responsible for the Movement; who started it and will never let go of it, and whose might and majesty have maintained it through all these years, in spite of the frenzied efforts of its enemies to destroy it and so prevent the victory which the White Lodge must gain.

THE CHAIRMAN: We wish just as full a report from the Executive Committee as possible, and I shall ask Dr. Keightley, if he does not wish to report, at least to present himself as a portion of that report.

DR. KEIGHTLEY: If one may say so, it is not customary for junior members of the Executive Committee to add to reports when their seniors have so ably summed up in condensed form all the events of importance which have taken place since the last meeting of the Society.

Mr. Hargrove spoke of the forty-fourth year of the Society. The formal Conventions of the Society appear to date from the time when the Convention was held in Chicago by the members of the American section. Previous to that time, there had, I believe, been informal gatherings round the heads of the Society, Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott, in the places in which they had lived. But those were fortuitous events, not regular gatherings of the members for organizing and considering the work of the Society as such. Many of you are doubtless aware that at the Chicago Convention to which I have referred, Mr. Judge was appointed General Secretary. It was my privilege then to be the bearer of a letter of greeting from Madame Blavatsky, to the American members in Convention assembled. And from that time (1887), without a break, members of the American groups of Branches have united in the consideration of the events of life, in their methods of work, and in organization to meet the needs of that work. The real object of that Convention in 1887 was to place the work of the Society on a deeper basis than had previously prevailed. The Society was then in the position of recovering from an attack of psychic measles. The external phenomena which we find recorded in Mr. Sinnett's book, *The Occult World*—the phenomena of spiritualism, of psychism generally—had taken possession of the minds of many members. If you look back to the old numbers of the *Theosophist,* you will find recorded there more than one warning against the organization of psychic phenomena on a monetary basis. Some people in this country, who had misunderstood the meaning of Theosophy, had imagined that clairvoyance and so forth might be used for monetary reward, and that psychic powers might be put upon a business basis! Gradually, under what I believe to be the guiding hand of the Masters of wisdom, and through the efforts of Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge, that phase of what we may call material psychism was done away with. And then, as Mr. Hargrove pointed out, you come to the deeper and more serious business of The Theosophical Society, its great purpose,—to deepen the lives of its members; to give them a deeper consciousness of their own being.

And so, if I may deal with the history,—in 1887 I had the privilege of bringing Madame Blavatsky's greetings. I came again in 1888; and again in 1890 to 1891, travelling back from New Zealand. It was in 1891 that Madame Blavatsky passed from this scene of life; during the next ten years came the struggle and disruption created by Mrs. Besant in the attacks against Mr. Judge, and then the loss of Mr. Judge. When these seniors passed from amongst us and the rest of us were

left with the need to carry on the Movement as best we could,—as Mr. Hargrove indicated, there were shocks; there was the sense of loss. We who are now engaged in the work shall almost certainly find the necessity of arising in all our strength to meet the shocks which will be provided as a means for the further growth of the Society. Time and again, I believe that the Masters have sent word to those who were in the midst of past shocks, to stand firm as a rock, that the work of the Movement might enlighten the world at large. Members were asked to remain absolutely firm,—as a fulcrum upon which the Masters can move the world to its true destiny, and save it from becoming entirely material. That is our privilege,—one of the things which we are here for. I speak my own belief. It does not involve any entailment of belief on other people, but I would like to present it as part of what I am. As Mr. Hargrove, with too kind insistence on my effort, has said,—I have been privileged to be among those who headed the Movement, and I can only add, for my own part, that there is no virtue in me that has held me, but, having been privileged to be where I have been, through the action of Karma, I could do nothing else than I did.

THE CHAIRMAN: The next business is something which, year after year, we have looked forward to with the greatest pleasure: the report of our Secretary, Mrs. Gregg. Unfortunately she is too ill to come over, at least in weather like this, to make it in person; and consequently it will be made this year by our Assistant Secretary, Miss Perkins, who does a great deal more, year by year, day in and day out, than a good many of us realize.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY T. S. FOR THE YEAR ENDING APRIL 26, 1919

New Members

This has been, outwardly at least, a year of such sudden reversals that your Secretary did not look for the kind of growth that is represented by forming of new Branches, and admission of new members. Hard upon the opening of our work for the fall, came the news of the apparent termination of the Great War, throwing into violent relief the separation that had somehow occurred between the outer conflict, so strangely concluded, and the inner warfare, in which no cessation was either possible or attempted. That the time of bewilderment was, for most of our members and Branches, so short, and the impetus to renewed and vigorous effort so immediately compelling, is cause for gratitude, both to the Masters who stand behind our work, and to the leaders by whose clear insight into spiritual issues the work of the Society has been directed so wisely. One result of the steadiness, in the midst of universal confusion, that has characterized the T. S., is reflected in the unexpected accessions that have come to our membership during the year. Furthermore the number of new members reported during the final two months of our year is noticeably large—quite out of proportion to the accessions of the preceding ten months. This fact, too, may have significance for those who look behind the outer event to the inner causes from which it flows. We have added, during the past year, 63 members to our roll: United States, 31; South America, 8; Norway, 14; England, 9; and Holland, 1. Plans are also on foot for the formation of several new Branches, which I trust may be functioning, vigorously, before the next annual Convention. Our losses during the year were six; by resignation, two; by death, four. Each of these members is missed by those with whom Karma had associated him, and in the corner of the great field where he had been placed. There is one of the number whose loss is mourned by every member and in every Branch. It had been Mr. Griscom's great privilege to hold a post that brought him close to each one of us, and the way in which he held it, through the years, unites us in a common heartache and a common determination to show that we are richer, stronger, more ardently devoted to the Theosophical Movement, because of his service in it.

Correspondence

It is natural that the outer activities of the Secretary should be chiefly expressed in the correspondence of the office; and the variety of the inquiries and requests made is a never failing source of satisfaction. There are certain Branches which have always made the Secretary a confidant as to their plans and efforts; and it might surprise them to know the extent to which they have in this way been helping in the work at Headquarters, where it is our effort to feel the pulse of the Society, and to do, as may be given to us, whatever we can to keep it steadily and fully in the current of that mighty force that is manifested through our work. It is largely with our members-at-large that regular correspondence is maintained; some of them who have never visited Headquarters are as well known there as those who are near enough to come in frequently—and to that family group all isolated members are most cordially invited. Many members regret that some circumstance or other seems to prevent them from joining or forming a Branch; they naturally desire to be fruitful but they not uncommonly think of that as requiring some one particular gift. The fact is that there are many kinds of fruit, all needed in our work, and no one is unable to make contribution of some sort. Join the Secretary's "Branch for Stay-at-homes." Nothing will be asked of you that you cannot do, and you may find the joy that comes only with service to others. This is a large and eclectic Branch for it also makes room for those friends of the Movement who are with it in heart, but are for some reason temporarily prevented from becoming members, outwardly.

Branch Activities

The Branch activities are as varied as in previous years. As one reads the reports from Branch Secretaries one cannot fail to note the strong individuality that marks the work of different Branches; Branch officers may and do change, but there is evidence of an organism within most Branches that is working out its course according to the life and the opportunities given it. Many Branches will be reporting here, and others will doubtless be represented in the Convention Report, so it is not necessary to do more than to call attention to the evidences of distinctive Branch life, and to suggest that this would be made doubly clear by comparison of the reports of this year with those of preceding years, as given in the successive Convention Reports.

The Theosophical Quarterly

As the organ of the Movement, the QUARTERLY has never more fully and brilliantly served its purpose than during this past year. It has with unfailing insight marked out, in anticipation, the probable progress of world events,—suggesting ways of making inner effort reinforce or forestall the effects of what seemed likely to take place in the outer world. It has thrown such clear light on the unseen conflict and forces that none of us can plead ignorance or lack of opportunity to engage in the contest that has been waged under the leadership, as some of us believe, of the Lodge of Masters. At no other time has the understanding and clear sightedness of the writers for this magazine been so evident to readers outside our membership, and so genuinely appreciated. Frequently, gratitude leads someone to write—"I did not know what to think about so-and-so, until the QUARTERLY came; now I am no longer confused, now I see what it all means."

About the plans for the magazine during the coming year it is not for me to speak. I should, however, like to suggest that those who are seeking opportunities to express their love and devotion to Mr. Griscom, who made the QUARTERLY, will find one appropriate means in the promotion of the circulation of the magazine. There is no desire that its circulation should run into large figures, but

rather that it should reach everyone of those comparatively few people who at present have an ear open to its message, and hearts ready to respond. To double our subscription list would be easy—by any one of a dozen methods; but it is only by devoted and constant work that our members in different parts of the world can discover, one by one, the waiting individuals to whom it should go. Beyond the reach of their acquaintance, always stand the libraries, through which many personally unknown to them may be reached, if the magazine is placed there.

The Quarterly Book Department

To this organization, independent of the Society in financial responsibility and management, but also an integral part of our work, acknowledgment should be made for great service to the Cause. The year has not been marked by new publications, but there have been important reprints of some of our most valued books. One significant feature of the book business has been the extent of the demand for its publications outside our own ranks,—the books chiefly so ordered being both volumes of *Fragments,* and the *Abridgment of the Secret Doctrine.*

For the coming year the Book Department has the promise of the opportunity to bring out in book form selected portions of Mr. Griscom's contributions to the literature of the Movement:—his "Elementary Articles," making one book; articles on related subjects, in pamphlet form; and a collection of his letters to various individuals.

A Personal Acknowledgment

Again, I must repeat that, as I review the year, my first thanks go to the Masters who have been pleased to use my poor service in their great cause; next come to mind my fellow officers, whose counsel and constant support is my unfailing refuge. The Assistant Secretary asks that mention also be made of those members who have so generously given of their time for the work of this office that is carried on in New York, under the direction of the Assistant Secretary. In the care of the subscription lists, and addressing of envelopes for mailing the magazine, four should be specially mentioned,—Mrs. Helle, Mrs. Vaile, Miss Graves and Miss Hascall. In the filling of book orders, correspondence, etc., constant help has been given by Miss Youngs; Miss Chickering; Miss Bell; Miss Lewis; and Miss Wood. (Parenthetically, I should like to add that letters relating to the foregoing classes of work might better be addressed to P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York, instead of being sent to the Secretary's office and forwarded from there.)

What opportunities for service, what tests of our devotion, the coming year may hold must be unknown to us, but we have the deepest cause for rejoicing in the unity and common devotion to the Movement with which we stand, shoulder to shoulder, facing the future, joyously, as we review the wonderful leading of the past.

Respectfully submitted,

ADA GREGG,
Secretary, The Theosophical Society.

THE CHAIRMAN: No one will wonder that your Chairman said that the presentation of this report was something that we had looked forward to, year after year, with just the same gladness that we find now in our hearts. I know that Mr. Perkins has something that he wants to say to us on this subject:

MR. PERKINS: We who have been privileged to come to this Convention year after year, look to Mrs. Gregg's report as one of the bright spots of the Convention, and we look forward to Mrs. Gregg's standing up and reading that report to us, because it is a message direct from her heart. We did not see her this

time, but we know that all through the year, all over the world, that message of the Secretary is going out. So many of the present members first came into touch with the Movement, years ago, by writing to Ada Gregg, Secretary T. S.; her letters were the first channel to them of the life and meaning of the Theosophical Movement. It is part of the meaning of the Convention that membership in The Theosophical Society is a membership of souls, of hearts; and one of the joys in coming to this Convention is always the steady fire of the heart of Ada Gregg, poured out for the Movement. I want to suggest that, in accepting this report with thanks, the Convention send Mrs. Gregg some flowers, and a word of greeting, in some such simple form as the following, which I think all of us would like to sign:

"The Convention of 1919 of The Theosophical Society sends its love and cordial greetings to that dear and faithful friend who has given herself so generously in its service, and whose devotion to the Theosophical Movement is treasured as one of its shining jewels."

MR. HARGROVE: It used to be my privilege, in years past, to join with others in expressing to Mrs. Gregg the gratitude of the Convention. I think that Mr. Perkins's idea is a splendid one, and I am exceedingly glad it is going to be done. I know everyone here would wish to sign that recognition. I know that it has been a deep grief to Mrs. Gregg not to be present, and I do not see what else we *can* do than convey to her in this way, some expression of our own feeling. I know how deeply all of us miss her presence here. As Mr. Perkins said, she makes her own, unique contribution. No one else could make it for her. It is not only one of the happy episodes of the Convention, but one of the most appealing,—to see that dear lady get up and to recognize the same spirit burning there as always, in the service of the Society. Personally, I want to use this opportunity to convey on the part of the older members, the deepest affection for Mrs. Gregg, the utmost respect for her years of devotion and sacrifice, and the prayer that she may be spared for years to come, not only for our own sakes, but for the sake of the work.

MR. WOODBRIDGE: It is my privilege to speak about Mrs. Gregg on behalf of the younger and newer members of the Society, who have unbounded admiration for that gallant little cavalryman who each year has stood up and given us not only in her written report, but in herself so much that we may carry away. In the QUARTERLY for April, 1918, in the article entitled "Lodge Dialogues," three primary requisites of the Society were given: loyalty, humility, and love. I am sure that to many of the readers of the QUARTERLY there must have come the picture of our Secretary. In her report she expressed those qualities unconsciously, just as she has expressed them in her life. I take great pleasure in seconding the motion on behalf of the younger members.

THE CHAIRMAN: I know you will all wish to have a chance to give some direct expression of your feeling, so I will ask for a rising vote. [Rising vote was given with enthusiasm.]

MR. HARGROVE: I am not willing to leave this to anybody else. If Mr. Johnston were here it would be another matter. I want to move a vote of thanks to Miss Perkins for the enormous amount of work that she has done during the past year. [*Applause.*] There are not many perhaps, who realize it as I do (although all of you evidently know a great deal about it). The fact is, she has done an almost incredible amount of work, directly and indirectly,—as Assistant Secretary, as Manager of the Quarterly Book Department, and in a great many other ways. She has been helped by other ladies at the Community House and in the Society. I think you ought to know that,—some of those ladies whose names have been mentioned already and others, too, have devoted every moment of their spare time to helping Miss Perkins, who, of course, would be the first to say that without their help she could not possibly have accomplished what she has accom-

plished. I would like to move, and the motion is already seconded, that this Society officially pass a vote of thanks to Miss Perkins for the great service that she has rendered during the past year.

The vote was unanimously carried.

The next business being the report of the Treasurer, Mr. Hargrove was asked to take the Chair.

PROFESSOR MITCHELL: I feel that the vote of thanks that has just been passed is a very fitting preface to the Treasurer's report, because the treasurership has become an honorary office, the labours of the position being almost wholly, if not entirely, fulfilled by the Assistant Treasurer, who is one of those many helpers —but to the Treasurer, at least, a very primary and chief helper—to whom we have just wished to acknowledge our gratitude. Therefore let me begin by expressing my own indebtedness to the Assistant Treasurer, Miss Youngs.

REPORT OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

April 23, 1918—April 24, 1919

GENERAL FUND AS PER LEDGER

Receipts		*Disbursements*	
Dues from members	$673.22	Secretary's office	$121.75
Subscriptions & donations to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY	738.42	Printing & Mailing THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY (four numbers)	1,512.45
General contributions	198.30	Expense of Subscription Dept. of QUARTERLY	30.10
	1,609.94	Miscellaneous (rents, etc.)	65.00
Deficit April 24, 1919	146.45	Collections	.46
	1,756.39		1,729.76
		Deficit April 23, 1918	26.63
	1,756.39		1,756.39

FINANCIAL STATEMENT
(Including Special Accounts)

General Fund

Receipts	1,609.94	Disbursements	1,756.39
Deficit April 24, 1919	146.45		
	1,756.39		1,756.39

Special Publication Account

Balance April 23, 1918	312.00	Balance April 24, 1919	312.00

Discretionary Expense Account

Balance April 23, 1918	483.00	Balance April 24, 1919	483.00
			795.00
Deficit in General Fund April 24, 1919			146.45
Final Balance, April 24, 1919			648.55
On deposit in Corn Exchange Bank, April 24, 1919		$1,095.38	
Outstanding checks uncashed		446.83	
Funds of Special Publication and Discretionary Expense Account		648.55	648.55

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL, *Treasurer.*

We are returning to the familiar days when we are running with a deficit year after year. How it is done, I never could say. There is, however, something very cheerful in the condition, if we look back to what has been accomplished in this way in the past. If we were to look at our deficit in the ordinary way, I should be obliged to point out to you that for two years we have been running at a loss. May I call your attention to another fact that is of interest: the expense of producing the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY for the past year has been greater than ever before, owing to the large increase in the cost of paper, printing and binding. This increased expense was unavoidable, but it transpires that the increase in the amount received from the QUARTERLY in subscriptions and donations exceeds the increase in the cost of producing it. I do not think any other magazine is brought out with so little expense as the QUARTERLY; all the work done on it is a labour of love; the Society has only to pay for paper, printing, and postage. With these explanations, I beg to present the report which I have already read and to ask your acceptance of it.

It was duly moved and seconded that the report be accepted with the thanks of the Convention; unanimously carried.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON NOMINATIONS

[The Chairman, finding that two of the standing committees were prepared to report before the recess, called at this time for those reports.]

MR. MITCHELL: There are two vacancies on the Executive Committee, and for them your Committee presents the names of Dr. Keightley and Mr. Perkins. We also nominate Mrs. Gregg as Secretary; Miss Perkins as Assistant Secretary; Professor Mitchell as Treasurer; Miss Youngs as Assistant Treasurer.

THE CHAIRMAN: Being a report of a Committee, no second is necessary. Is it your pleasure that the nominations be accepted complete or separately? Moved by the Reverend Acton Griscom, seconded by Mrs. Coryell, that the nominations be accepted complete, as they stand. Moved by Dr. Clark and seconded by Captain Auchincloss that the Secretary be instructed to cast one ballot. The motion was unanimously carried; and the Secretary declared the ballot cast.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON LETTERS OF GREETING

MR. PERKINS: The Committee has a number of most excellent letters. I should like to ask permission to read extracts from them now, and then later, if there is time, we can go back and read additional extracts. [Such excerpts from the letters of greeting as space admits of printing will be found following the end of the Convention Report.]

THE CHAIRMAN: I think we should be very grateful to the Committee on Letters of Greeting for what they have presented to us. It is now time to adjourn this morning session, but before adjournment there are a number of announcements to be made: first, as to the luncheon given by the New York Branch to visiting delegates and members. It is a period of informal discussion, of getting to know one another better, which I, personally, look upon as one of the most valuable and most delightful features of the day. I hope everyone present will accept the invitation from the Branch to go with us to this luncheon. I would also urge that all visiting members and delegates should make themselves personally known to the Chairman. Then I want to deliver a message from Mrs. Gregg. She is very much troubled lest we should feel any hesitancy in using her, and her office, because she is not able to be here to-day. And she begs of us, not to think of her as unable to continue her work, but to write to her just as in the past. [The Chairman also announced the meeting of the New York Branch, Saturday evening; the Convention lecture, Sunday afternoon, by Mr. E. T. Hargrove, on "Theosophy"; and the tea which followed the lecture.]

MR. HARGROVE: When we reassemble here, I would like to suggest that the first business be to welcome Dr. Keightley, and to hear his report and letter from England. Other letters have been read this morning from those who were not able to come here. Colonel Knoff, among others, was very anxious to attend the Convention, but found it absolutely impossible. We heard his very delightful letter. We are so fortunate as to have Dr. Keightley with us, and I know we all want to hear from him.

The Convention then adjourned to reconvene at half after two o'clock.

AFTERNOON SESSION

THE CHAIRMAN: Before we proceed with the afternoon session, the Treasurer would like to make an announcement: in the interval between the morning and afternoon sessions, he has received a check which wipes out two thirds of the deficit, with the simple message, "Towards the deficit and in memory of Mr. Griscom." Perhaps it is because of such things as this, that the Society has been able to go on year after year with a deficit and still have funds to do all that is necessary.*

The first business of the afternoon session is the continuing of greetings to the Convention. The Chair calls for Dr. Keightley as representative of the work in England.

DR. KEIGHTLEY: *To the members of The Theosophical Society, in Convention Assembled:* As General Secretary of The Theosophical Society in England, I desire to present the greetings of all the members in that country, and to express, on their behalf and my own, the hope that the deliberations of the day may be attended, not merely with all success, but with that union of hearts and minds which leads to effective work and to the dissemination of theosophical principles.

Although we meet now with the prospect of peace being concluded, we are still under the terms of the armistice, and it cannot be said, so far as Europe is concerned, that mankind as a whole is very much nearer to the realization of that peace which all men ardently desire. We are not set free—no nation on earth is set free—from that self-seeking which led to the war; from the assertion of the power of one individual over another. And it would really seem that we have brought ourselves face to face with a material destruction which, in the majority of instances, has not taught its lesson to those who live by assertion of self. One fact seems clear to those who are living in the midst of the conditions created by the war: it is that the remedy for the disease which we may call military madness is not to be found in indulgence—in those moral, or rather unmoral qualities which form the basis of ordinary external life—but that the remedy is to be sought in devotion to higher principles than those which are the basis of the ordinary life of mankind. Aside from all the undoubted evils which the war has created and which have been the result of the war, we members of The Theosophical Society have the remedy; it is expressed in the words Universal Brotherhood.

But speaking as one of the oldest members of The Theosophical Society, Universal Brotherhood does not mean a namby-pamby, sentimental kind of Socialism, but the integrating value, the healing, whole-making remedy for those qualities which defile the very soul of man; the effort to live by such principles as would lead man away from the passions and vices which deform and destroy men's souls; the effort to understand those forces and qualities which are summed up as "envy, malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness," which, in our own familiar lives, we know break up the conditions under which we live. To almost all of us it is a familiar fact that anger exerts a disruptive force on the nervous system; envy creates a sort of mean snatching after something which is not our own; fear

* Contributions, also in memory of Mr. Griscom, were received later, which completely wiped out the debit balance, and gave the General Fund $65.00 with which to start the new year.

has a physical effect on the nervous system, and it is familiar to many of us that there is a physical sinking at the pit of the stomach as the result of the sensation of fear. All these things should give us some guidance as to the nature of the forces which oppose Universal Brotherhood. And so it is that, speaking as an official of the Society, I would lay before the Convention the world's great need for a new type of education, which shall no longer develop in mankind those qualities and those disruptive forces which brought on the war.

One result of the war has been the difficulty of communication. The greetings from Branches in England will show that it has not been possible to hold many meetings. The means of communication were not there; the service of trams and omnibuses was curtailed; members could not get about; there was no light in the streets; the windows had to be darkened; it was really impossible to hold the meetings except in the early afternoons, at times when almost all the members were busy with their ordinary occupations. One result of this has been that the membership in England has remained exactly the same, although two members have been removed by death, and the same number have joined. Consequently it might seem that our national Branch is inert, but I believe that this is not the case, for those members who have been actively at work before are still at work, in the immediate circles of those who surround them, with an added sense of the results of the war and an eager determination to carry on the work which they have at heart. And in that work, I do not think there is one member in England who would not desire, through my agency and by my lips, to convey their deep sense of the debt of gratitude that they owe to their brethren of America for maintaining and sending to them the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY; and they would wish me to add to these brief words of gratitude, their sense of the loss which you and we have sustained in Mr. Griscom's removal from active external life.

Supplementing this more formal report, I would like to give you some idea of the work Madame Blavatsky used to do, as I was privileged to know of it. Her various publications, beginning with *Isis Unveiled,* written here in New York, were carried on, when she went to India, in books and in the early numbers of the *Theosophist;* carried on until she began to edit her own magazine, *Lucifer.* Her work in the intervening years consisted in the publication of *The Secret Doctrine; The Key to Theosophy; The Voice of the Silence*—in writing innumerable private letters to individuals, as Corresponding Secretary of The Theosophical Society; and in interviews with people who came to call upon her. Only those in her immediate vicinity could know of the actual amount of labour which Madame Blavatsky undertook. I do not think I am exaggerating in saying that her day began well before six o'clock in the morning, and with very brief and irregular intervals for meals, went on until after eight o'clock at night; occasionally she stopped earlier when she had to entertain visitors to the Society, and hold meetings in her rooms. After this was over, back she would go again to her desk, and her pen never rested until after midnight. This was her life when I went to greet her at Ostend; I saw it go on in London for the next five years, and I have good reason for believing that her life of practical devotion to the interests of the work she was sent to carry on never ceased. We speak amongst ourselves of being able to devote our leisure time to the interests of the work. Madame Blavatsky had no moments at all which you would call "of leisure."

At the beginning of her life in America, before the Society was founded, came one of the many peculiar incidents in it. She had been ordered to go to a banking house in Paris and to receive there a considerable sum of money; she was to take it to New York, and await directions. She got the money and left in great haste; she had to take the first steamer possible. She had money enough of her own to get a saloon passage from a port in France to New York, but finding at the steamer a woman in great distress because of the loss of her ticket,

Madame Blavatsky surrendered her saloon ticket and went steerage, so that she could pay for the other woman's passage. She arrived in New York without the least idea of where she was to go, with no money at all of her own, and had to maintain herself by making wax flowers. By and by she received directions to go to Buffalo; she went, carrying with her the sum of money she had received from the bankers in Paris. As I heard her narrate the story, she arrived in Buffalo after dark. Having been told to follow her instinct, she went through the streets till she came to the place she was to go to. She knocked at the door; a man came down; she ascertained that he was the man to whom the money was to be given, gave it to him and departed. She found afterward that the man was on the point of committing suicide; he was in debt and what he received was due him. That instances one of those many journeys which Madame Blavatsky took. She used to say, when referring to them, that she was told to follow her occult nose. She knew no reluctance and no hesitancy in carrying out the directions given her, no matter what the distance, nor how arduous the task. I wish I could convey to you some idea of the difficulties which she met; there were the difficulties created for her by many who were her familiar friends; there were the obstacles put in her way by those who were opposed to her,—critics innumerable, and great hostility. She had all the work to do. There might be one or two of us who could be trusted in a small way to carry out certain details,—but in doing them we usually got in her way. Really she had to do the whole thing; the work and the burden lay on her shoulders. And it is to her whole-souled devotion to the principles of Theosophy that we owe, at the present moment, a knowledge of those philosophies, ideals, and methods which we are accustomed to call Theosophy.

Our debt of gratitude to Madame Blavatsky, and to those who sent her, is deeper than we know; her devotion to the work involved complete sacrifice of what makes life sweet to most people. It was not only laying aside self and assuming unpleasantnesses and difficulties, it included also what I would call vicarious atonement. I remember Madame Blavatsky's speaking on the point. She would not call it vicarious atonement, but what she said was to this effect, that the forces which oppose truth and right in the world are always attacking those who hold up the standard, and that she, by her immolation for the work, was a kind of lightning conductor, carrying off the electric storms which smote the Society; so the Society was enabled to live. I know that I am speaking to those who appreciate the real depth and value of the Theosophical principles, and it seems fitting that they should learn, quietly and steadily, what depths of sacrifice have been entailed on the part of those who have held up the standard of the Movement. In the case of Madame Blavatsky, it involved deliberate sacrifice of all that makes self and the life of the self worth living. You lay it aside and you pick up a sort of shirt of nettles which stings and which you endure. One speaks of it as a shirt of nettles because it is a sort of nettle rash. It is as if you were perpetually being poisoned. It is as if you had to throw off and slough off all the poison that came into the Theosophical system. It was as if Madame Blavatsky, in her own person, had become the body corporate of The Theosophical Society.

Report of the Committee on Resolutions

Mr. Hargrove: *Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members:*

There are certain resolutions which we pass from year to year:

I. Resolved, That Mr. Johnston as Chairman of the Executive Committee be authorized to reply to the letters of greeting.

This ought to read, this year, because of Mr. Johnston's absence, Mr. Johnston or some other officer of the Society. There are a number of these letters that call for particular acknowledgment, and I am sure that it would be the wish of the Convention to authorize the officers to deal with these letters as may be possible. [Passed.]

II. RESOLVED, That this Convention of The Theosophical Society hereby requests and authorizes visits of the officers of the Society to the Branches. [Passed.]

III. RESOLVED, That the thanks of the Convention and of the Society be extended to the New York Branch for the hospitality received. [Passed.]

Now we come to the resolution which we hope you will discuss fully. At the last three Conventions, resolutions of one kind or another have been passed in regard to the War. We have been confronted with a rather serious difficulty. It is evident that this Society cannot and should not be involved, in any way, in political questions, and it is not easy to express an opinion about current problems which are not, in one way or another, mixed up with politics. Current problems, however, problems in which principles are involved, we are interested in, concerned in, and it is our duty, as members of the Society, to recognize those principles and to support them, to stand for them. Vital principles were involved during the War. It has been said that the War externalized, brought out into visibility, so to speak, the age-long conflict between the forces which make for righteousness and those that make for evil. Now it so happened that those forces, on this side and on that, were represented by certain nations. It was almost impossible to make a political question out of such a struggle. Yet we have seen in recent weeks, in spite of the fact that it still is a question of principle and always will be, that the issues of the war have been expressed in terms of politics, and that the whole field of combat has been lowered. Of course the underlying struggle has not ceased. That was pointed out this morning. All that has happened—and now I am speaking as an individual and not as Chairman of the Committee—all that has happened is that the leading statesmen of the world agreed to compromise the situation instead of fighting it out to a finish. Perhaps that is not so comprehensive a statement as the one which I am now going to submit to you:

IV. *Whereas* at the Convention in 1915 following the outbreak of the War, The Theosophical Society declared

"(a) That war is not of necessity a violation of Brotherhood, but may on the contrary become obligatory in obedience to the ideal of Brotherhood; and

"(b) That individual neutrality is wrong if it be believed that a principle of righteousness is at stake."

And whereas in the conduct of that war when victory was within reach, a truce was declared by an armistice whose conditions were designed to preclude the possibility of further aggression of evil, but not designed to crush that evil;

And whereas the armistice has been followed by the growth of anarchy and Bolshevism, the spread beneath the surface throughout the allied nations of the very evil that Germany personified,

Be it resolved that compromise with evil is as wrong as is neutrality; and that Bolshevism is the very opposite of Brotherhood and of all for which The Theosophical Society stands.

I do not believe that anyone present here to-day needs to be convinced either in regard to the first or in regard to the second statement contained in that resolution. Certainly no one here could imagine that Bolshevism has anything to do with Brotherhood. We have seen before in the history of the world that Brotherhood is a word that is often used by those who are the reverse of brotherly in their attitude toward the rest of the world, and who would brazenly declare that their brotherhood is an exclusive grouping based upon class distinctions, and that their organization is intended to protect their group against the rest of the world; or that it is an offensive organization against the aggression of the rest of the world, or even that it is intended to grasp at something which the organization does not already possess. In this country there are many organizations, the avowed purpose

of which is to proclaim the superiority of the proletariat as against the bourgoisie. That is the platform of the Bolshevists,—to tear down, to grasp power from whoever may hold it, and to take and wield that power for a section as against the rest of the community.

Brotherhood in the theosophical sense is never exclusive of anyone. It desires to be inclusive of all. It is not the fault of The Theosophical Society, as you well know, that it does not include all mankind. Yet, even if we had the power to do so, we would not drag people in,—we would not force them. In this and in other ways, the attitude of the Society is the exact opposite of Bolshevism, which sets up class against class, and insists that merely because a man is devoid of education or money, he is superior to those who possess education and may happen to own some money. Such an attitude is of the essence of evil, of envy, malice and all uncharitableness. It is the same spirit that possessed Germany, grasping for the goods of others; a spirit that can very easily be used by all that is consciously evil in the universe. If Germany had been beaten, as she ought to have been beaten, Bolshevism would never have spread as it is spreading to-day. One of the purposes of this Resolution is to declare that the strength of Bolshevism to-day, in this country and abroad, is due to the compromise with evil that was accepted in the case of Germany. For proof of this, all we need is to look at our own experience, within ourselves; for surely we must have discovered, by this time, that if a man compromises with the evil in himself, it will spread from one part to other parts of his nature, and result in the upheaval within himself of other elements which heretofore he may have been able to keep down and under. That is the invariable result of compromise. Evil has got to be crushed if we are to extract the virtue that is in it. For evil is the perversion of something which in its essence is spiritual. One of the purposes of the Society to-day is to point to human experience, the experience of each individual, and to show that it is the expression of the same laws that govern the experience of nations. If anyone would understand international politics, all he needs to do, in order to grasp the *principles* at stake, is to study the international politics going on in his own nature.

There are really three, not two, questions in this resolution, and the third is the extent to which the Society, as such, ought to commit itself to an opinion. I confess that this is a difficult problem. We ought to discuss it fully. We are prohibited by our constitution from taking part in politics. It would be fatal to violate that rule, not merely because it is in the constitution, but because the constitution is right.

Someone was saying yesterday that, just as soon as a principle has enough supporters, we, as a Society, can no longer talk about the principle, because its supporters have changed it into a policy. An abstract idea, we can discuss and pass resolutions about. But the instant the idea becomes concrete and popular, it looks as if the Society were bound to remain silent. For years we have known about Bolshevism. But because Bolshevism has now become the creed of a great many individuals, it is represented by a political party, and are we or are we not justified in discussing it, and so condemning that party? Obviously, there are two ways of looking at it. I have suggested one. You will see from the Resolution that your Committee is of the opinion that we can and should discuss it. I, as an individual, feel that we have got to go on record. So long as we stand for Brotherhood, we have got to protest against violations of Brotherhood. We are compelled to protest against what Brotherhood is not. When we see organized murder, masquerading in the name of Brotherhood, we are compelled, as part of our tribute to The Theosophical Society, to declare that that thing is hideous and evil. However, I shall be glad if this may be thoroughly thrashed out. I do not believe that there is a member here, man or woman, who has not got opinions about it, and just because I am so anxious, and others will be so anxious to get at those opinions, I want to re-read the Resolution:

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First, are we, as an organization, justified in declaring our opinion one way or the other about the armistice and about Bolshevism?

Second, is it the opinion of the organization as such that the armistice in fact was a compromise with evil?

Third, is it the opinion of this organization as such, that Bolshevism is the opposite of Brotherhood?

May we not ask for opinions and for discussion?

THE CHAIRMAN: The Convention has before it the report of the Committee on Resolutions, and has in mind the three questions of principle which the Chairman of the Committee has laid before you, asking that there should be full, complete, and frank discussion of those principles, by members here present. Behind the Chairman's table, there is the seal of the Society, with its motto: There is no religion higher than truth. There is no need in any Convention of The Theosophical Society to restate its principles. The truth is there; the way in which we are to reach it is to go to the common stock,—each of us contributing that fragment of the truth which is contained in our own minds,—not believing that that fragment is all, but that it is of importance. And therefore I ask that we should have these three points as fully discussed as possible. From whom may we hear first?

MR. PERKINS: I should like to say yes, so far as I am concerned, to the three points in the Resolution. I was particularly interested in what Mr. Hargrove was saying of the policy of the Society. It would seem that the Society must be limited,—we should want it to be limited, because we know it and love it; we should be unwilling to have it made the soap-box from which all comers could discuss whatever might happen to be in their minds. We should wish it to announce itself only on great issues. I was asking myself, while Mr. Hargrove was speaking, what is to determine whether an issue is a great moral issue, for we can hardly conceive of any question involving an individual, or a group of individuals, which cannot be traced back to a moral issue. But surely the Society, in the world, is endeavouring to represent the life of the Lodge. One thing that we might conceivably ask ourselves, about such a question as this, would be: Is it an issue which involves the great Lodge of Masters? Would it seem to them, in our reverent thought, a problem big enough to involve the whole Lodge. That is a crude way of getting at it, but I think the question instantly throws out a great many little problems; for the Lodge represents not only our local interests, but the interests of all sections of the world, and of all human thought. Therefore, it seems to me that a great moral issue must be one that we would immediately recognize as of universal significance, one that would command the thought of the Lodge.

Then what action must The Theosophical Society find itself prevented from taking if things become political? We would hope that the Society, using its own experience to look back over the past and forward into the future, would be able to recognize principles in events,—the principles which are behind them; the life, the spirit which is in them. Is it not one of the privileges and duties of the Society to recognize the spirit in events, long before they have built themselves into political parties; and to do its work then, before the time when it will be opposing organized thought, built into a political party? We ought to have seen it and done it first. For my own part, I would like, most heartily, to stand in favour of that Resolution. I am only sorry that it is not possible to go even further. It is the experience of every one of us that evil compromised with, leads to blindness, to paralysis, to that corrosive poisoning which it always produces. So I wish that The Theosophical Society might take a very positive stand on that resolution.

MR. MILLER: Not long ago, I read, I think in the *Key to Theosophy*, that with political parties the Society had nothing to do; but that against Socialism

its face was set. The reason was the same as that which Mr. Hargrove gave for our opposition to Bolshevism; namely, opposition to envy and self-seeking. Therefore it seems to me that in adopting this Resolution, the Society would be following a good precedent. I also feel that we can find out something that each one of us can do about it in a practical way, if we remember that each of us reflects in his own nature everything in the universe, and therefore Bolshevism; that each one should do his utmost to stamp it out of his own nature.

DR. CLARK: I have been asking myself what is involved in the Society's pronouncing on this Resolution. It might clear up difficulties, if we go back into the past, face a similar situation there, see what we should like the Society to have done, and then apply our conclusion to the situation to-day. Let us go back to 1792: In England people were stirred to the depths over the question of proportionate representation in Parliament. Those who favoured it and those who did not said that a moral principle was at stake. Turning to France, at about the same time, we find taking place there: the murder of the King and Queen; the organized murder of innocent citizens, and the confiscation of their goods; the exaltation of the indecencies of life. Now what would we have wished to be the attitude of such a Society as ours upon the questions in England and France, both of which were taken up by political parties? Certainly a moral principle was involved in proportionate representation, but let us use Mr. Perkins's criterion, and ask, did it affect anything outside of England, did it affect the spiritual world? What was the effect of that action going on in Paris, where they were making legitimate those things which all civilization had branded as evil? What action must be taken by a Society devoted to the study of religion, philosophy, and science? To my mind the conclusion is clear, for I see at work there a principle of evil, subverting those forms through which the spiritual world manifests itself, and hence at work against the spiritual world itself. It seems to me that the Society must take action whenever it finds itself facing forces—whether under the wing of a political party or not—which are against the spiritual world and against those leaders whom we believe to be back of the Theosophical Movement. So now I do not see how our loyalty to them, our gratitude, could lead us to do anything else than declare ourselves, in the most emphatic way, against the evil set forth in the Resolution before us.

After speeches by Captain Hohnstedt, Captain Auchincloss, Mr. Barrett, Mr. Saxe, Mr. Danner, and Mr. Grant, all of whom strongly endorsed the Resolution, Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell expressed the hope that it would be passed, saying further:

MR. J. F. B. MITCHELL: It seems to me there can be no discussion as to whether Bolshevism is Brotherhood; organized murder is not Brotherhood. It is equally clear that the armistice was a compromise with evil, and compromise in any form is betrayal of the Masters' Cause. What do we do when we compromise? We give to evil a part of what should be the Masters' territory. It is complete surrender. We heard this morning that the outer war is but a reflection of the inner war that is raging all the time between the powers of light and the powers of darkness. That war is being fought now, and this Society is the representative of the White Lodge in its battle. That means that we are a fighting organization; and one of the things that we have to fight for is Brotherhood. You cannot fight without taking a stand. When the Society was organized, one of the greatest enemies of Brotherhood was dogmatism; and it fought dogmatism. In great measure it won its fight. To-day the chief enemy of Brotherhood is not dogmatism but the grasping spirit that animated Germany; and one expression of it is Bolshevism—the desire to impress one's own will on others. If we see that to-day as the great enemy of Brotherhood, I feel that we should stultify the whole purpose of the Society, if we did not openly take our stand against it.

MR. WOODBRIDGE: I think it is not only a duty, but an opportunity for the Society to express itself on this vitally important subject. When it is possible for a great evangelical Church to be so bewildered about principles as to submit to the dictation of a labour platform; when a Christian Church is prepared to submit its platform to Jews and to use their formulation as a basis for raising enormous sums of money,—clearly the time has come when the world needs an impetus in the right direction, needs a nucleus of correct thinking. It seems to me that there has never been a time when the Society could so properly start its avalanche of power as to-day; that we should stand with Krishna on the principle of resistance to evil; that we should be doing wrong if we refused to give to the world what it needs most,—an opportunity to think straight.

MRS. SHELDON: I feel that what I say is going to seem to be in opposition to the previous speakers—I am not so in spirit, but my individual approach to the matter is somewhat different. I think that if Bolshevism were better understood, people would hesitate before committing themselves to that principle. My feeling about the armistice is affected by my understanding of the Theosophical doctrine that corrective and not punitive measures should be followed. I have felt that the fury of Bolshevism might have come from the fact that hundreds of thousands of lustful individuals, who have been put out of life through the Great War, are having their part now in influencing humanity. The lawlessness and terror, now abroad, may come, in part, from the astral world; if so, the signing of the armistice may relieve the situation, as it will at least result in not throwing out of life additional hordes of irresponsible souls whose action on the astral plane would react here.

MR. LA DOW: It seems to me that it is perfectly true that Bolshevism will be destroyed sooner or later by its own inertia, but unless we combat it we shall go down with it. That seems to me to be the very crux of the situation,—not that it must be destroyed, but that *we* must destroy it.

THE REVEREND ACTON GRISCOM: I find it difficult to speak to-day, because personal feeling is so strong that it acts as a limitation. Last year, I claimed the privilege of speaking because I was then the youngest member in the room; this year I should like to be permitted to voice, if I can, the feeling of the younger members. Mr. Hargrove spoke this morning of the anxiety of the older members; he used the words "crushing responsibility," and I am sure those words meant a great deal to the younger members of the Society. There are those of us who have not yet grown up to the stature of the manhood of the older members of the Society. We have not yet been put on trial, but that day of trial, please God, will come to every one of us.

As for the Resolution, the essence of which is against compromise with evil, it seems to me that unless the Society, as a Society, can pronounce against Bolshevism and the principles of Bolshevism, then no member of the Society can pronounce against the Bolshevism in himself; and we have got to learn, we younger members, not to compromise with the evil in ourselves. We have got to give ourselves whole-heartedly to Theosophy, to The Theosophical Society, to the Masters that stand behind the Theosophical Movement. It would seem to me to be the duty of the Society to fight evil in any form, wherever seen. I would also take that to myself, and would say that it is my duty to fight evil in myself and wherever I see it in the world, to the utmost of my ability. As one of those younger members who must, in the normal course of events, assume a greater and greater responsibility,—compromise of any kind becomes more and more impossible. Voicing the hope and the desire of younger members, I would like to address you, Mr. Chairman, and the older members, and to say that we accept that responsibility. We feel that the Masters have put a good desire into our hearts. We are prepared to face the sacrifice which Dr.

Keightley told us those older members underwent, and we hereby offer ourselves,—not merely for the signing of this Resolution against a given form of evil, but also for the fight against evil in every possible form, and for service of the White Lodge in its fight against the Black.

THE CHAIRMAN: The Convention would not have its Chairman pass without response the statements that have been made by one speaker after another, and perhaps particularly the statement last made as to the attitude of those upon whom it must ultimately rest to carry on the work of the Movement. I do not think that anyone could be here to-day and not know the truth of what Mr. Griscom has just said,—that there is very ardent desire, very real and earnest will, and very deep consecration to this Movement in all our hearts, young and old. That is the foundation. That is the power, and all power comes from sacrifice, and all sacrifice from devotion. There is another need, and that is the need which each one of us is trying to meet and to help the others to meet, right here and now;—the baffling need of wisdom; of Theosophy; of the wisdom of God, that the light of God, the light that God has given us, may give us clear vision to guide rightly and effectively the ardent desire to serve which every one of us knows. That we may see how to act, as well as being willing to act. To see without being willing to act is damnation. That is the damned soul, it seems to me. But if I were to try to describe hell as a state, I would say it is the will to act, without the vision that will enable one to do it. So we must bring to a focus this very real will upon which the Movement must rest,—it is hope, it is power for the future,—and try to see what is involved in this Resolution, and what we ought to do about it. So far we have all been pretty much pointed one way. Is it the only way? Is it the right way?

MR. KOBBÉ: I can only say that I stand with the majority as to what we ought to do about the Resolution, because I feel that any evil whatsoever should be combated not only individually but collectively.

MR. HARGROVE: I think the comments we have heard have been both interesting and encouraging. I had not expected anything else. I had expected practically unanimous agreement. But I do think it is of enormous importance that we should know just what we are doing and why. Good will is not enough. That is where the trouble comes in. Good will is the foundation, but upon that foundation has got to be built up understanding, wisdom, discretion, and the ability to recognize what the Lodge would wish to be done in any given set of circumstances. In other words, speaking once more for the older members, our desire is that every member present here this afternoon should be able at a glance to distinguish the difference between a principle and a policy: not only in regard to the forces of the outer world, but in questions affecting their own lives.

The Society, in the nature of things, has got opinions about right and wrong, always. There is no problem of good or of evil in regard to which it must not take a definite stand. But also it must learn, not merely to distinguish between good and evil, but also to recognize the shadow that politics casts over principles. For instance, suppose that we pass this Resolution this afternoon, and suppose that five or six years from now some member asks the Convention of that day to pass a resolution indorsing prohibition. What are you going to do about it? It may be that you, individually, are total abstainers. It may be that some of you believe, in a general way, in prohibition. But you also know that there is a political party in this country working for prohibition. Are you going to pass such a resolution or not? How are you going to decide? You can imagine some speaker saying, See what they did in 1919. In view of that, why not pass my present resolution? It may not be prohibition. It may be anti-vivisection or some brand new expression of a genuine ideal. The point is that you will have to distinguish; and that if we pass this Resolution this afternoon, there

ought to be a clear understanding in the mind of everyone present, just what he is supporting and why. I doubt if any would seriously question the first part of the Resolution. But what is the principle behind it? Where ought this Society, as such, to draw the line? If we are going to face the future with equanimity, we must feel sure that there will be those in the future who will be jealous of the Society's freedom. It must not deal with worldly matters. It must deal with spiritual forces. It must always be prepared to disentangle the spiritual from the material; and, assuming that some principle, spiritual in itself, has found favour with mankind, then almost inevitably it will have become entangled with the other and lower interests of mankind. Then, using the simile of the Eastern books, you will have to draw the fibre from the mango; you will have to distinguish between the real and the unreal; between the temporal and the eternal; between the self and the non-self.

Choose your own terms, but realize that those words, instead of expressing an abstract philosophical idea, represent, in fact, a process which must be continual in the life of the individual, of the Society, and in the discussions of its Conventions,—a process which you might almost call a surgical operation in that it involves the separation of two things which have become, not only contiguous, but interblended. We shall always find that the principle is interblended with the policy of the situation.

I want it to be understood that when any problem like this is brought up, at any time in the future, these questions ought to be raised: Does this imply that the Society is mixing with temporal affairs, with the unreal world? Can it be misunderstood by the public in any way? Can it be assumed by an outsider that we are taking part in politics, whether national or international? We must consider always the reputation of the work. We must make sure that we ourselves have so trained ourselves, in daily life, to distinguish between the real and the unreal, that we are not going to make a mistake, when speaking for the organization which has become more precious to us than life itself.

Going back for one moment to the armistice and to Bolshevism. What do we know about Bolshevism, first hand? A friend of mine, during the War, when he was having any sort of struggle with himself, used to refer to whatever he recognized as evil within himself as his Germans; the Germans that he was entertaining within himself. We can change the term and speak of them as Bolshevists. They are within us, not outside of us. Where is the astral world? Within us, not outside of us. Killing Germans does not add to the impulses from the astral world. Live Germans contribute just as much to the Bolshevist contagion. The astral world is not a place. It is a state, a condition. Now anybody who knows anything about his own nature, must realize that the armistice is responsible for the spread of Bolshevism, because evil was not scotched, and therefore has been spread throughout the world. The world is behaving as if it had just come out from ether. It is chattering in an ape-like way. It is on a psychic drunk. And yet, though the evil is psychic, we must remember that the psychic world is not a *there* world but a *here* world; not an outside world, but an inside world; and that you may at this very moment contribute to the force of Bolshevism, if you are capable of permitting that same force to operate within you, and if, identifying yourself with that force, you co-operate with it. Germany gave herself over to evil, body and soul; but when she did that, she did not give herself over to some other world, but to this world. In other words, the armistice, while responsible in large measure for the Bolshevism of to-day, was also responsible for the loss of an opportunity immense in and of itself,—the loss of a supreme opportunity to kill an expression of evil which had projected itself from the unseen world into the seen world.

Now I heard it stated recently, and very vigorously stated, that The Theosophical Society was responsible for the War. And in a certain sense, a very

profound sense, that is true. It is because of the work of The Theosophical Society that evil was brought into visibility. Evil had been in hiding. Mankind had become blind to its existence. And just as the Christian Master said, "If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin,"—so, because of The Theosophical Society, and of its being carried over in response to H. P. B.'s dying request to "keep the link unbroken," the War became possible. Unseen evil is infinitely worse than recognized evil. What The Theosophical Society did,—not, of course, directly, but in effect,—was to grasp that unseen evil and to drag it from the unseen into the seen. The War, instead of being an evil, was a blessing. It ought to have been an infinitely greater blessing. A process might have been finished which now will have to be continued, and repeated, *and* finished. And so it is that The Theosophical Society, in that sense responsible for the War, was, as a Society, deeply disappointed by the armistice. An opportunity had been thrown away.

The point, however, is this: Similar questions are bound to arise in the future. Is this Society, or is it not, going to be so blind as to commit itself to some political issue? Is it going to sink to the level of some of those organizations who send delegates to Albany to canvas for this, that, or some other act of legislation? That, indeed, would be a calamity. And the only way to avoid it is to recognize, now and always, that while we must, of necessity, express ourselves in regard to the fundamental principles of life, we must avoid any appearance, even, of playing politics, or of being involved in the little issues between men or parties,—because we stand to speak for the Lodge; and the Lodge speaks for eternity. That is why, as the Chairman said, it is of supreme importance that there should be more than good will, more than whole-hearted desire to help. That desire has got to be given expression, day after day, in little things, if experience is to be acquired which will enable the members of the future to distinguish between points such as we have been discussing here this afternoon.

THE CHAIRMAN: If there were time, I wish we might discuss the matter further, but we all want to hear from our delegates; we will let them decide whether they shall report for their Branches or shall add to the discussion of the Resolution now before us.

MISS HOHNSTEDT: I feel that I can honestly speak for those members of the Cincinnati Branch who have had the privilege of keeping up the work this winter. They would be in favour of passing the Resolution. Many members have been out of town on account of illness. We have, all winter, stood for these three points of the Resolution. When the armistice was signed, we all felt that it was too soon; that the work had not been finished. Bolshevism has become rampant in the Middle West, and we have a little of it to fight in every meeting. While we have followed our syllabus, these three points have always come up.

MRS. GITT: Bolshevism has broken out in Washington (*laughter*). I could tell you much about it. There are secret organizations that are trying to get, first the children in the schools, then their parents. I think that much more is going on than has yet come to the surface. The city is as though a cyclone had struck it; every man is for himself; it is for you to get out of the way. To be sure, our Churches have grown in numbers, but I fear not in understanding and spiritual power. As to the passing of this Resolution, I should say by all means pass it. It looks to me as if we must not dodge our responsibility by thinking too much of the future; let us act to-day, and let the Society take care of itself in the future. I should like to see the Society go on record for the right, regardless of consequences. I think Bolshevism is the spirit of the Germans under a new phase. We failed to deal with it in the old phase, as we ought to have done. If we had finished the War, it is true that a few thousand more soldiers would have been killed, but the number would have been fewer

than those who must be sacrificed when the contest is waged again. What we ought to have done was to go into Germany and kill the body to save the soul.

Remarks favouring the Resolution were made by Miss Friedlein, representing the Seattle Branch; Mrs. Regan, President of the Hope Branch, Providence; and Mrs. Gordon, representing the Middletown Branch. The Chairman asked whether there were not others present who would speak, and when there was no response said:

THE CHAIRMAN: As we appear to have heard from all who are willing to speak, I may perhaps be permitted to add something of my own view upon the questions before us. I feel so strongly the importance of what Mr. Hargrove has said in connection with this Resolution, that I almost hesitate to put it to the vote without asking again that you be sure to keep in mind the distinction he has drawn; that you strive to see how deep it goes; and how vital it must be for the future success of the Movement that it should be understood. Surely we must perceive the truth of what the *Bhagavad Gita* states so well, "Better is one's own duty even without excellence than the duty of another well carried out; . . . the duty of another is full of danger." For any civilization can be strong only if each element in it is true to its own truth, its own function. Whatever element departs from its own appointed place and strives to take up the work of another element only hampers and injures the whole. This should be clear to us, as we have seen the representatives of religion, who should speak for religious truth, take up other very excellent work,—the establishing of soup kitchens, or of gymnasiums for young men, or of bureaus of amateur advice for representatives in Albany. Important work, perhaps, but in it the Church loses its own perspective of the vital truth of which it should be the exponent. We see the same lack of vision of their own truth in our universities. They fail to recognize that they of all people should be the custodians of the past,—the interpreters of the experience of the past, of the long, slow, laborious gains of mankind. It is necessary, perhaps, that there should be, in any community, radical, progressive, turbulent elements making for change; but if they are left unchecked they make for ruin and not for good. And above all, if the Churches and the universities leave their own truths to adopt the cry of progress, meaning by it anything that represents change,—the community is in danger. It is equally patent that if our Society steps down or out of its own place, to take up any other duty, however excellent, and grows, either now or in the future, confused as to what its own function actually is, then destruction awaits us.

Is there not a very real danger—perhaps not before us to-day, but nevertheless a real danger—that we should come to believe that the thing which we personally think ought to be done is a matter on which the Society ought to pronounce? I think there is. There is also a danger, which might be more serious —that we should have our minds so full of the possibility of betraying our trust that we should cease to act at all, and simply dry up from inanition, and rust out, because we come to feel that principles have no practical application and are of no vital importance. If the Society is to live and grow, it is essential that it should recognize principles and enforce them. It is essential that it should not descend into the arena and fight there. It must disentangle a principle from that which has been placed around it, and, because ignorant politicians thinking only in terms of expediency, seize upon this or that great enunciation of truth, and twist and turn it to their own ends as a political rallying cry, it does not mean that the Society must drop that principle, but it becomes the more incumbent upon the Society to re-affirm its truth and to defend it against prostitution.

I come back to this point, and would emphasize it for you, because it is my earnest hope that the principles involved in this discussion may accompany our

vote upon it, may become as much a part of the precedents for the work for the future as any action we may take. I should like to refer to the speech made by Mr. Perkins, because it contains an idea that will help us to see our course. We know that life flows from within out; that everything lives in the unmanifested world before it lives in the manifested. Things do not just happen in the manifested world, they show forth something pre-existing in the unmanifested world. It is with that world of the unmanifested, with causes rather than with results, that the Society is primarily concerned. That is the world of dynamic power; and he was right in saying that it is for us to lay hold on the principles that operate there, not after they have been claimed by political parties, but before. And therefore I venture to remind you, and to place again upon record, the fact that the opposition of The Theosophical Society to Bolshevism is not a new one, but has been announced year after year,—for eleven years, to my personal knowledge. We are not, therefore, entering the political arena, but are re-affirming what has been our principle, and are re-affirming it at a time when the world needs it to be re-affirmed, recognizing that the world has come to the point where the Theosophical Society was eleven years ago, and now needs to hear what we have been saying ever since. We therefore announce a principle. We do not descend into the political arena, nor do we seek to make our combat there. We maintain our fight in the world of principles, in the worlds that are infinitely more potent than the world of manifestation; we move toward the centre, and, by so doing, can hold within our finite grasp forces which radiate far beyond our reach or even vision.

MR. HARGROVE: There is one thing I should like to add, because I would not like it supposed that the movers of the Resolution have any doubt or hesitation as to the advisability of passing it. The older members have spoken of caution, and foresight, and so forth. But I venture to remind you that it was I who introduced this Resolution, and I would not have done it if I had not wanted to see it passed! You have only to look back over the history of the past—the history of The Theosophical Society itself—to see that, time after time, the majority has been wrong, and that it has only been the small minority of members who stood out for real Theosophy, while the rest of them went off into space, pursuing some will-o'-the-wisp. That ought to be warning enough. It does not mean that we should hesitate, but it does mean we should think. It means something when this Convention passes a resolution. It means infinitely more than appears on the surface. It *is* a sword. And that sword, like every spiritual sword, is not single edged. It cuts both ways. While we can and I believe should pass this Resolution to-day, with everything that we have to give, yet the day may come in the future, when something apparently similar may be suggested which it will be your duty to turn down, with all the energy which you put to-day into affirmative action. Inevitably members will be tested: will they be able to distinguish between an expression of principle such as this Resolution is, and an expression of politics such as some other resolution may be?

MR. MITCHELL: I should like to ask when and to what extent the Society is justified in pronouncing on questions of fact. Now I do not think I will be accused of doubting that Germany was the representative of the Black Lodge. At one Convention, within the last two or three years, a resolution was passed that made that fact clear. The War was to be prosecuted to a victorious conclusion, and so on. I was delighted to vote for that resolution, and I would like to have made it stronger. But it does seem to be stepping down from the plane of principles to the realm of fact. What are the principles involved? When can we do that and when can we not?

MR. HARGROVE: Has Mr. Mitchell in mind the resolution that was passed in

1918, beginning: "*Whereas,* In April, 1917, the following resolution was adopted, to wit:

"*Whereas,* The United States of America, by act of the President and of Congress, has finally declared that neutrality is no longer possible in a conflict that involves the deepest principles of righteousness, . . . *Therefore,* Be it resolved . . . that we do hereby pledge our utmost loyalty and endeavour to the cause upon which the country has entered, until through the energy of sacrifice the war be brought to a victorious conclusion in accordance with the terms of the President's message"?

Of course, when it comes to any statement of fact put forward by this organization, I think it must be evident that the utmost caution should be observed. I do not like to use the word caution, because it is misused so widely. But everyone with any experience knows how few facts are ascertainable. There are no facts in the physical world at all, because they are always moving, changing. It is only a principle which does not change. Do you not remember that dreadful time when Germany was doing *a* and *b* and *c* and *d* in Belgium, and friends of ours in Washington said: because we do not *know* whether Germany has done *a* and *b* and *c* and *d,* therefore we must wait till the War ends and see whether Germany did them, and meanwhile must remain neutral?

Surely we, as a Theosophical Society, will never have to bother much about facts in that sense; will never have to make statements in that sense; should never be confronted with that particular difficulty, and never will be if we have understood the point of the discussion this afternoon,—if it has been made clear to one and all what the distinction is between an eternal principle on the one hand, and an expression of some point of expediency, some point of policy or of fact on the other hand.

THE CHAIRMAN: The Resolution as offered by the Committee is now before you for adoption or rejection. What is your pleasure? [The Resolution was heartily adopted.]

MR. WOODBRIDGE: It is customary to pass a vote of thanks to the Chairman, Secretary, and Assistant Secretary, and I would move such a vote.

THE CHAIRMAN: Perhaps you will permit me to say, before putting this motion, how grateful the New York Branch is that it is able to be the host at the Convention, and how high a privilege we all feel it to be that the Convention meets here in its home. I also want to express the thanks which I feel for having been your Chairman.

The motion was then unanimously carried, and, on motion duly made and seconded, the Convention adjourned.

ISABEL E. PERKINS, *Secretary of Convention.*
JULIA CHICKERING, *Assistant Secretary of Convention.*

LETTERS OF GREETING

Among the many helpful and encouraging letters of greeting received from Branches of the Society, our space permits the publication of only the following:

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: Dear Friends,—

The events of the last years have caused much sadness in the world because of the great war,—the terrible trial which the present generation has brought upon itself. But the war has come to an end, they say, and we should rejoice, because now there will be peace on earth.

No, friends, the war has not ended yet, and no one can tell when it will end. True, there is, on the material battle-field, a pause which they call an armistice,

a premature one it seems; but the bloody fray is still going on, irregularly, in many ways and in many places. The pause may lead to a final agreement between the nations to stop the bloodshed, and if the terms of peace be those of "God's Peace," then all is well in so far as no better result could be obtained under the present conditions in the world. But does even such a peace mean more than laying down arms on the physical plane? Is mankind ready or willing to make peace in the inner world? The conditions in the outer world answer this question. The present generation is far from that moral and spiritual state that makes it possible for the Master to say: "My peace I give unto you." Alas, there are not many to whom the Lord can even say, "Peace be with you," because, instead of peace, instead of a short armistice only, there are rebellion and anarchy in the mind and heart of man. There the war is raging with a frenzy hardly ever known before in the history of mankind.

With this in view some might exclaim: "Are we still to consider life as a song?" Yes, we are. Life is a song from one Eternity to another,—only its harmonies are too elevated and divine to be heard or apprehended except by those having developed the inner organs of perception to some extent. We must try to develop the inner organs in order to make it possible for us to listen to, and to understand the music of the spheres. This is the only means to gain happiness and peace in spite of the seeming discord of some of the strings that to us, as we now are, seem to be utterly out of tune.

For this purpose we shall have to tune our own string or, as said in the *Voice of the Silence*, "Attune thy being to Humanity's great pain." This is a most necessary thing, a first duty, and till we have fulfilled that duty there is no possibility of living a real life, or of hearing the divine harmonies and seeing the beauty of the creation. "If we could see the entire plan of the universe as God must see it, we should be able to understand" [Cavé]. Yet we have not the power to see, but we have the power to go to the Master, asking Him to heal our blindness, and He has never failed in granting a real prayer.

The very first thing to be done is to have confidence in God, to have unconditional faith in His wisdom, justice, and love, and to believe unfalteringly that He is the Supreme Ruler of all, and that nothing can happen in this world, nor in the whole universe, nor in heaven, which is an accident that occurs against His Will and in spite of His Laws. To help some of our fellow-men to attain to this faith in God would be the greatest help we could give them in this present age, in which there is no such faith even among those that make it a daily confession. They are all too prone to doubts and despondencies, and even to upbraid Providence, if things happen that jar against their personal hopes and wishes. If we only could teach them to be thankful for their trials, seeing in them all the infinite love of our Master, who—as Cavé says—"loves us enough to be willing to take this trouble to train us." And Cavé adds: "What an immensity of love that represents!" If we can help some of our fellow-sufferers to such a faith, the effect it will have on the troubled mind, and the blessing it will bring to the sufferer, and to ourselves too, we can hardly realize. We have then helped a little to relieve pain in the world, and have brought a brother nearer to God,—yes nearer to God! That means much. He is brought to throw himself into the arms of the Master with confidence and love. Then he will experience the "peace of the child at his mother's breast."

Perhaps these thoughts—or rather these extracts from *Fragments*—may prove helpful suggestions to some for their future work in the inner and outer world; they have been of great help to me.

With cordial greetings from your fellow-members in Norway,

T. H. KNOFF
President, Karma Branch, Kristiania, Norway

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:

The Venezuela Branch, as a constituent part of the T. S. will be present in spirit and truth at the Convention, forming a single consciousness in its unity or brotherhood, and expresses its hopes for the largest success of the theosophical work the world over. . . . During the year 1918, our chief work consisted in maintaining an active theosophical correspondence with the members who reside in the interior and abroad. . . . With all centres of the theosophical spirit, we keep always lighted the torch of harmony and activity in an identical purpose.

JUAN J. BENZO
Secretary, Venezuela Branch

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:

We send all of you our cordial greetings and our best wishes. These greetings are as sincere, as warm as ever, even if we at present cannot agree with some of the opinions expressed at the last Conventions. Perhaps we do not understand you in this, but what we do understand is the sorrow we share with you that the Movement has lost one of its most active, most noble workers, and all of us feel so gratefully indebted to him.

HJALMAR JULIN
For the Branch in Arvika, Sweden

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:

It is my privilege to send to you, in the great day of your gathering, the cordial greeting and hearty adhesion of the Branch at Altagracia de Orituco. We take this opportunity to record reverently a thought of gratitude and love to our dear instructor and fellow-member, Mr. Clement Acton Griscom, whose death was announced to us by the QUARTERLY. . . . We, who have, though in the least degree, tried to learn and live the message of Masters which came to us through Mr. Griscom, dedicate on this day our thoughts to him, as humble homage to his memory. . . . United with you in spirit and ideal, we desire that the outcome of your spiritual labours may meet the needs of the world.

A. VALEDON
Altagracia de Orituco Branch, Venezuela

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:

There are very few events to report in the life of the Jehoshua Branch during the last year, but a spirit of devotion is manifest among many of us. We hope that we may be true to the principles of Theosophy as we go forward to do our duty with the strength that is in us. The appearance of our review *Jehoshua* has been cordially accepted by the public. The translation of the report of our grand Convention of 1918 was published in our review. It threw light over many points that had been subjects of terrible discussions and diverse comment, even among the very members of the Society, i. e., religious questions, socialism, etc.

We must remember with gratitude many letters we have received from our dear brother, Mr. J. J. Benzo, full of splendid advice helping our newly born Branch. We sincerely regret the disincarnation of our most beloved brother, Mr. C. A. Griscom, to whom the T. S. owes so much. May the Lord's blessing descend upon him!

D. SALAS BAIZ
President Jehoshua Branch, San Fernando, Venezuela

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:

The members of Pacific Branch, Theosophical Society, send kindly greetings and pledge of loyalty to the officers and members assembled at this annual Convention, in this critical stage of the spiritual supremacy in the world's affairs.

It is with sadness that you will note the absence of that lovable warrior and leader who has been with you for so many years in these gatherings, but our bereavement at his loss, rather than being an element of weakness, is more a source of strength, in a firmer determination to press forward, with the Warrior Song in our hearts and voices, to a complete victory for the Cause of the Masters.

Every spiritual sacrifice is for a beneficent purpose, and while your hearts may be burdened with sorrow at this particular Convention, in missing the kindly guiding voice of Clement Acton Griscom, we are sure that you realize his unseen presence among you, and that you will find his guiding motives in the work that was so dear to his heart.

ALFRED L. LEONARD
Secretary, Pacific Branch, Los Angeles

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editorial Board of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY:

I regret that in the January "Notes and Comments" I should have made a statement in regard to *The Idyll of the White Lotus* which has no foundation in fact. My statement should have been made in regard to *The Blossom and the Fruit,* the last chapter of which did have to be rewritten by Madame H. P. Blavatsky. With the exception of the title of the book, the rest of my statement must stand as I wrote it. But I apologize most sincerely for the momentary confusion in my own mind, as between these two books, and for having misled the readers of the QUARTERLY to that extent, since the January issue appeared.

AUTHOR OF "NOTES AND COMMENTS."

THE C. A. GRISCOM MEMORIAL FUND

BOOKS FOR STUDY CLASSES

A fund, to be known as THE C. A. GRISCOM MEMORIAL FUND, is being established and placed at the disposal of the Quarterly Book Department for the supplying of standard Theosophical books to such Study Classes as may desire to avail themselves of it.

The Secretary of the Study Class should inform the Quarterly Book Department of the number of meetings held each month, of the book to be studied and the number of copies desired, and will then be notified of the terms and conditions on which they may be obtained through this fund.

Subscriptions to the amount of one hundred dollars have already been received. Further contributions may be sent to *Miss I. E. Perkins, P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York City,* and should be marked *"For the C. A. Griscom Memorial Fund."*

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL
Treasurer of The Theosophical Society

NOTICE

Members of the T. S. are reminded that mail intended for the several departments can be most readily and promptly handled if addressed as follows:

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

OCTOBER, 1919

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

The Guatemalan Secret Doctrine

AMONG students of occultism, there have been persistent traditions of a branch or branches of the Great Lodge in the New World; Peru, the mountains of Guiana, the Mexican Sierras, have been mentioned as possible sites; and it has more than once been suggested that high Masters of the American Lodge have interposed in events connected with the Theosophical Movement.

The purpose of the Notes and Comments is, not so much to express an opinion on the existence of branches of the Great Lodge in one or all of these regions to-day, but rather to put in evidence certain remarkable occult records, hitherto little known, though long accessible, which prove to demonstration that, within times comparatively recent, there were schools of occultism indigenous to the American continent, and possessing a part at least of the Secret Doctrine, as made known to us through the Stanzas of Dzyan.

The parts of the Secret Doctrine are contained in a Scripture in the Quiché language, a tongue still spoken over hundreds of square miles in southern Mexico and Guatemala; a language obviously of Atlantean origin. This last fact is proven by its richness in consonants, which increased in number and variety with the advancing sub-races of the Fourth Race. In a former issue of The Theosophical Quarterly, under the title "A Lesson in Lemurian," the predominant character of the Third Race Lemurian tongues—their richness in vowels and the meagreness and simplicity of their consonantal framework—were dwelt on at some length. Readers who recall that study, or who may wish to look it up, will be interested to compare what is there said of Lemurian speech with the following undoubtedly Atlantean sentences from the Guatemalan Secret Doctrine:

Sha ca chamauic, ca tzininic chi gekum, chi agab. Shantuquel ri tzakol, bitol, tepeu, gucumatz, e alom, e qaholom go pa ha zaktetoh.

The translation being:

"Nought was, but motionlessness and silence, in the darkness, in the night. Alone, the Creator, the Moulder, the Dominator, the Plumed Serpent, Those who engender, Those who give life, brood over the deep, like a growing light."

The likeness to the Stanzas of Dzyan is striking, even in these few lines. It comes out even more clearly, when the whole passage from which they are taken is read:

"This is the narration of how all was in suspense, all was calm and silent; all was motionless, all was at rest, and the immensity of the heavens was void.

"The face of the world was not yet manifest; only the quiet deep existed, and all the expanse of the heavens.

"Nought yet existed that was embodied, nor anything that adhered to anything; nought that soared or rustled, or made a sound throughout the heavens.

"There was nought that stood upright; there was only the quiet and illimitable deep; for nought existed yet.

"Nought was, but motionlessness and silence, in the darkness, in the night. Alone, the Creator, the Moulder, the Dominator, the Plumed Serpent, Those who engender, Those who give life, brood over the deep, like a growing light.

"They are clothed in green and azure, therefore they are called the Plumed Serpent; theirs is the being of the greatest sages. Thus the Heavens exist; thus also the Heart of the Heavens; such is the name of the Divinity; thus is He named."

The history of the book, from which these opening sentences are taken, has long been public property. It was "discovered" by the Dominican friar, Father Francisco Ximenez, about the year 1675, in southern Mexico, at the Quiché town of Santo Tomas Chichicas-tenango, "nine miles south of Santa Cruz del Quiché, and sixty-six miles north of Guatemala." The good Dominican can hardly be suspected of having invented it. With hot indignation, he described its cosmogony as a "devil's travesty of the Holy Scriptures." But, having denounced it, he preserved the text, and compiled a voluminous dictionary of the Quiché language—a language still widely spoken to-day. Armed with this dictionary, a work as remarkable as the great Aztec-Spanish dictionary of Molinos, printed in Mexico City before 1571, the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg printed the Quiché text, with a French translation, and published it at Paris, in 1861. There are several copies in American libraries. From one of those, the present extracts are made.

The Aztec tongue is still spoken in its purity in many native towns within a few miles of Mexico City, by tens of thousands of descendants of the race that ruled, and tyrannously ruled, central Mexico and the

immensely fertile plateau of Anahuac, for several centuries before the coming of Hernando Cortes, just four hundred years ago. Las Casas, the great missionary and protector of the natives of Mexico, who followed close in the footsteps of Cortes, speaks of picture-writing and phonetic symbols in use among the Aztecs, and similar writing was found among the Mayas and Quichés, in southern Mexico, Yucatan and Guatemala. It is a matter of history that the Latin alphabet was taught to Mexican natives of the upper classes, which included the priesthood, as early as 1522, within three years of the landing of Cortes, who reached the Mexican coast on Good Friday, 1519, and named the place of his landing "the City of the Holy Cross," or Vera Cruz. It is, therefore, easy enough to understand how one of the Quiché priesthood, in possession of a picture-written scroll of the Guatemalan Secret Doctrine, was able to transcribe it in Spanish characters, putting it in the form in which, a few years later, it was "discovered" and denounced by Father Ximenez at Chichicas-tenango.

With these explanations, the extracts from the opening Stanza of the Guatemalan Secret Doctrine may be continued:

"Thus did His Word come, with the Dominator and the Plumed Serpent, in the darkness and in the night. Thus the Word spoke with the Dominator, the Plumed Serpent.

"They spoke together and took counsel and meditated; they understood each other; they joined their words and counsel.

"As they took counsel, the day began to break; at the moment of dawn, Man was manifested, while they held counsel on the forthcoming and the growth of forests and plants, on the nature of animal and human life, formed in the darkness and in the night, by Him who is the Heart of the Heavens, whose name is the Great Breath."

Students of the Secret Doctrine will easily recognize in the sentences the teaching of the Logos, which Philo of Alexandria, an Initiate of the Egyptian Lodge, so finely calls "the Mind of God," with the formation in the Logos, in "the thoughts of God," of the outlined plan for the early Rounds, in which Life was to be manifested, in mineral, vegetable, animal, and human form.

The Atlantean mystery-name, which is here rendered "the Great Breath," has, curiously enough, found its way into many modern European tongues. In the Quiché text, it is "Hurakan," the "Storm-wind," from which come the English "hurricane" and the French "ouragan." The Logos, therefore, in the Quiché text, is Hurakan: "the Wind that bloweth whither it listeth." The triune nature of the Logos is set forth in the next sentences of the Stanza:

"The Lightning is the first sign of the Great Breath; the Furrow of the Lightning is the second sign; the Thunder is the third sign. And these three are the Heart of the Heavens.

"They came with the Dominator, the Plumed Serpent; They took counsel concerning intelligent life: how the seeds should be formed, how the light should come, who should be the sustainers, the support of the divinities."

Then the beginning of manifestation is recorded, with its splendid spiritual motive: that the heavens might declare the glory of God, that the firmament might show His handiwork:

"'Thus shall it be done! Be ye filled! Let the waters withdraw and cease to be a hindrance, so that the world may come into being, that it may become firm and manifest its surface; that it may receive seed, and that the light may shine in the heavens and on the earth. For We shall receive neither glory nor honour from all that We have created and formed, until Man exists, the being endowed with intelligence.'

"Thus They spoke, while the world was being formed by Them. Thus did the birth of things take place, thus did the world come into being. 'World!' They said, and immediately the world took form.

"Like a mist, like a cloud, was the world formed when it took shape, when the mountains appeared above the waters. And in an instant the great hills came into being.

"Only by a marvellous force and power was it possible to carry out what had been decided upon: the formation of mountains and valleys, with cypresses and pines upon their surface.

"Then the Plumed Serpent was filled with joy: 'Thou art Welcome!' He cried, 'O Heart of the Heavens! O Hurakan! O Furrow of the Lightning! O Thunderbolt!'

"'What We have brought into being and formed, shall have its accomplishment,' They answered."

It is not difficult to see in the Plumed Serpent, who has his symbol in the seal of The Theosophical Society, the Power called Fohat, "cosmic electricity," who ran circular errands throughout the universe. The progress of the earlier Rounds is then rapidly, yet beautifully outlined:

"And first were formed the earth, the mountains and the plains; the course of the waters was divided; the rivers made their way among the mountains; it was in this order that the waters came into being, when the great hills were revealed.

"Thus was the creation of the world, when it was formed by Them, Who are the Heart of the Heavens and the Heart of the earth; for thus are They named, who first made fruitful the heavens and the earth, that had been suspended inert in the midst of the waters.

"Thus was the world made fruitful, when They made it fruitful, while its development and its completion were being meditated upon by Them."

So far, the first chapter of the Popol Vuh, the Guatemalan Secret Doctrine, covering the cosmic dawn, and the first Round, in which germinated the creative seeds carried over from past manvantaras.

The second chapter covers, in the same rapid way, and with a like use of symbolism, the second and third Round, in which vegetable and animal life came into being.

"Then They gave fertility to the creatures of the mountains, to the guardians of the forests; the creatures that dwell among the mountains, the deer, the birds, the lions, the tigers, the serpents, vipers, snakes, guardians of creeping plants.

"Thus spake He who engenders, He who gives life: 'Was it to remain in silence, to continue without movement, that the shaded woods and creeping plants were made? Therefore it is good that there are beings to dwell among them!'

"Thus They spoke, while They brought fertility into being; and forthwith beasts and birds came into being. Then They gave the beasts and birds their dwellings:

"'Thou, deer, along the river banks and in the ravines shalt thou sleep; here shalt thou rest, in the brushwood and undergrowth. In the forests shall ye multiply, on four feet shall ye go!' Thus was it fulfilled, as it was declared to them.

"The dwelling places of the greater and the lesser birds were given to them in like manner: 'Birds, ye shall dwell in the tree-tops and among the creeping plants; there shall ye make your nests and there shall ye increase! Ye shall dwell upon the branches of the trees and among the twigs of the creeping plants!' Thus was it declared to the deer and to the birds; and they took possession of their dwelling places and their lairs. Thus to the creatures of the earth did He who engenders, and He who gives life, distribute their abodes.

"Therefore, when all were made, both beasts and birds, it was proclaimed to the beasts and birds by the Creator, by the Moulder, by Him who engenders, by Him who gives life:

"'Cry out! Sing! Since the power to cry out and sing has been given to you; let your voices be heard, each according to his kind, according to his race!' Thus was it said to the deer, to the birds, to the lions, the tigers and the serpents:

"'Call upon Our names! Honour Us, who are your Mother and Father! Call upon Hurakan, the Great Breath, upon the Furrow of the Lightning, upon the Thunderbolt! Call upon the Heart of the Heavens, the Heart of the Earth, upon the Creator, the Moulder, upon Him who engenders, upon Him who gives life! Give voice! Call upon Us! Greet Us!' Thus was it proclaimed to them.

"But to them it was not given to speak as man speaks; they could only chatter, or trill, or croak, without semblance of speech, each one uttering his proper sound.

"When the Creator and the Moulder understood that the creatures could not speak, They said once more to each other:

"'The creatures cannot utter Our names, though We be their Creators, their Moulders. It is not well!' Thus They said to one another,—He who engenders and He who gives life.

"And to the creatures it was proclaimed: 'Ye shall be changed, because it is not given to you to utter speech. Therefore, We have changed Our purpose: Your food and your sustenance ye shall retain; your lairs and your dwellings ye shall possess. They shall be the woods and the ravines. But Our glory is not perfect, since ye call not upon Our names.

"'Other beings shall come into existence, who will have the power to call upon Us; We shall give them power to obey. Fulfil, therefore, your destinies! As for your bodies, they shall be consumed! . . . '"

This closes the third Round. Nowhere, perhaps, in the Scriptures of the world does there exist a finer, nobler definition of man, than this in the Popol Vuh, the Quiché Scripture of Guatemala: Man is the being who can worship. Man is the being who can pray and call upon the Divinity. Man is the being to whom is given the power to obey.

From this point, from the opening, namely, of the fourth Round, the parallelism between the Popol Vuh and the Stanzas of Dzyan, as expounded in *The Secret Doctrine,* becomes exceedingly close. In symbolism, it is true, but in a symbolism that hardly veils the truth, is set forth the history of the earlier races; the first formative attempts, when "Nature, unaided, failed." The stanzas follow:

"Thereupon a new effort to form beings was made by the Creator and the Moulder, by Him who engenders, by Him who gives life: 'Let the trial be made again! The time of the seeds approaches. The dawn is at hand. Let Us make those who shall support and sustain Us!

"'How shall We compass it that We may be invoked and commemorated upon the face of the earth? We have made trial already of Our first work, Our first creation. They cannot call upon Our names, nor honour Us. Therefore let Us make beings who may obey and worship Us, beings who may nourish and sustain Us.'

"Thus did they speak. Then took place the creation and the moulding of a new being; of wet clay his flesh was moulded. But They saw that Their work was not good. For the new creature was without coherence, without stability, without movement, without strength, watery and feeble. He could not move his head. His face was turned in one direction only. His vision was veiled and he could not look backwards. He had received the gift of utterance, but he was without understanding. In the waters he melted away, and was not able to stand upright.

"Therefore once again the Creator and the Moulder spoke. 'The greater our labour over him, the less can he go forth and multiply. Therefore, let us seek to make an intelligent being!' said They.

"So They once more unmade and destroyed Their handiwork and Their creation. Thereupon They said: 'How shall We bring to being creatures that may adore Us and invoke Us?' "

The next stanzas introduce two mysterious beings, to whom are given, in the old Atlantean tongue, the names of Shpiyacoc and Shmucané, "the Hunters who shoot upward and downward with Their blowpipes." It is a symbol somewhat like that of the mystical opening verses of Genesis, when the Lord God breathed into the nostrils of man the breath of life; but the power suggested in the Guatemalan Scripture seems to be spiritual rather than vital fire, the enkindling fire of Buddhi. In other words, these two mystery beings, with their strange, harsh-sounding names, seem to represent the hosts of the Planetary Spirits, the descending Manasaputras, without the infusion of whose life there can be no intelligent mankind; without the inbreathing of whose life-breath, Nature, unaided, fails. The stanzas follow:

"Then They said, as They took counsel once more with one another: 'Let Us call to Our aid Shpiyacoc and Shmucané, the Hunters who shoot upward and downward with the blowpipe. Let Them seek once more to cast the lot of man, to divine the time of his formation!'

"Then to these Seers, ancestors of the sun, ancestors of light, They spoke. For thus are They called by the Creator and the Moulder. They spoke to the Lord of the sun, to the Lord of formative power, to the Seers, saying:

" 'The time has come for Us to agree upon the signs of the man We are to create, that he may uphold Us and sustain Us, so that We may be invoked and worshipped!

" 'Begin, then, to speak, O Thou who engenderest and Thou who givest birth! Our Grandmother and Grandfather, Shpiyacoc, Shmucané! Let the seeds germinate! Let the dawn come! . . .' "

But the time had not yet come; for the newly formed man, the man of the second and early third Race, though more coherent than the first, yet lacked intelligence. The symbol is a quaint one, and there is, in the narrative, a certain strain of genuine humour:

"In the same moment there came into being a manikin made of wood. Men were produced, who thereupon peopled the earth. They increased, they multiplied, but their offspring were manikins made of wood. They had neither heart nor understanding, nor remembrance of their Creator. Their life was purposeless, like the lives of beasts.

"They remembered not the Heart of the Heavens; and this is how they failed: they were but a makeshift and a failure; at first they spoke, but their faces dried up; without firmness were their feet and hands; they had neither blood nor substance; the cheeks of their faces were dry; their feet and hands were stiff, their bodies were devoid of suppleness.

"This is why they bethought them not to raise their faces towards

their Creator, their Father, their Providence. These were the first men who dwelt in numbers on the surface of the earth.

"Thereupon came their end, their ruin and their destruction, the ruin of these manikins made of wood, who were put to death.

"The waters began to swell, through the will of the Heart of the Heavens, and a great flood came, which rose above the heads of the manikins made of wood. . . . Thus was their destruction: they were overwhelmed by a flood, and thick pitch descended upon them from the heavens. . . .

"It is said that their descendants are the monkeys who dwell in the forests to-day; they became monkeys in the woods, because they were manikins made of wood. This is why the monkeys look like men. They are of another race, sprung from the manikins made of wood." . . .

Then at last, with the incarnation of the Manasaputras, true men came into being:

"They spoke and they reasoned. They saw and they heard. They walked, they had feeling; beings perfect and beautiful, whose faces were the faces of men.

"Intelligence dwelt in them. They looked, they raised their eyes, their vision embraced all things; they beheld the whole world, and, when they contemplated it, their vision turned in an instant from the vault of the heavens, to regard anew the surface of the earth.

"Things most deeply hidden they saw at will, without need of moving beforehand; and when they turned their vision upon the world, they beheld all that it contains.

"Great was their wisdom; their genius was extended over the forests, over the rocks, over the lakes and seas, over the mountains and over the valleys. Truly marvellous were they. . . .

"Then they gave thanks to their Creator, saying: 'In truth, we give all manner of thanks! We have received being, we have received life! We speak, we hear, we think, we walk; we perceive and know equally that which is far and that which is near.

"'We behold all things, great and small, in the heavens and upon earth. Thanks, therefore, to You, we have come into being, O Creator, O Moulder! We have life, O our Ancestress, our Ancestor!' Thus did they speak, rendering thanks for their creation and their being.

"And they encompassed the measure and perception of all that is—the four corners and the four angles of the heavens and of the earth."

Years ago Mme. H. P. Blavatsky called attention to this description in the Popol Vuh of the early divine race, who saw and knew all things, through their possession of the Third Eye. How that miraculous eye was dimmed is related in the following stanza:

"But the Creator and the Moulder were displeased when They saw these things. 'What these creatures tell us, is not well! They know all things, great and small!'

"Therefore They once more took counsel of Him who engenders, of Him who gives life: 'What are we to do with them? Let their vision be diminished! Let them see but a small part of the surface of the earth!

"'It is not well! Their nature is not the nature of creatures! They will be as gods if, at the time of the seeds and of the dawn, they do not procreate and multiply.

"'Let Us diminish Our handiwork, that there may be something lacking; for what We behold is not well! Will they not seek to be equal to Us who have made them, whose knowledge stretches far, embracing all things?'

"Thus it was said by the Heart of the Heavens, by Hurakan the Great Breath, by the Furrow of the Lightning, by the Thunderbolt, by Him who engenders, by Him who gives life, Shpiyacoc, Shmucané, the Builder, the Moulder. Thus did They speak, labouring once more on the fashioning of Their handiwork.

"Then a mist was breathed over the pupils of their eyes by the Heart of the Heavens; their eyes were veiled, like a mirror breathed upon. They saw only what was near. This alone remained clear to them.

"Thus was the wisdom and knowledge of these men taken away, with its principle and its source. Thus were formed and created our ancestors and our fathers, by the Heart of the Heavens, by the Heart of the earth.

"Then their wives came into being, and their women were formed. The Creator took counsel once more, and, while they slept, they received beautiful wives, and when they awoke, their wives were there. And their hearts were filled with joy because of them. From them sprang all mankind, all the races, great and small. . . .

"Many men came into being and multiplied. They lived together, and great was their renown in the lands of the Sunrise.

"They lived in happiness, races black and white; peaceful was their aspect, sweet were their words, great was their intelligence. All were of one speech; they invoked neither wood nor stone, remembering only the word of their Creator, the Heart of the Heavens, the Heart of the earth. And thus they prayed:

"'Salutation to Thee, O Creator! Thou who seest and hearest us! Abandon us not, nor turn away from us! O Divinity, who art in heaven and on earth, continue our posterity so long as the sun shall move, so long as the dawn shall break! Let the seeds germinate! Let the light come!

"'Grant to us to walk always in open ways, in paths without ambush! Let us ever remain at peace with our people; let our lives pass in happiness! Grant us a life free from reproach! Let the seeds germinate! Let the light come!'"

FRAGMENTS

I.

The world cannot hate you; but me it hateth; because I testify of it, that the works thereof are evil.—John 7:7.

IF the world hate me not, therefore, it behooveth me as a servant of Christ Jesus to consider wherefore *not;* and how it comes that the disciple wear not the livery of his Lord. Should I not at least have that speech which, like Peter's, would betray me, arousing the suspicion of the world, and its consequent coldness? Why should I desire the friendship and approbation of those who hated my Master? "The world *cannot* hate you," said Jesus to those relatives of his; blessed Lord, forbid it that utter worldliness should ever make it possible to pronounce such condemnation upon me!

If the world hate me, it behooveth me again to consider wherefore. It might perchance be that it hated me from envy, in that I excelled in worldliness and its successes; or that I could not even measure up to the low standards of its demands. It is not the mere hating, therefore, which should content me, but the reason of it. The world must take knowledge of me that I have been with Jesus, and it can only do this as it perceives in me that likeness which comes from constant association and imitation. I may gauge this in myself: for in the former case I shall be either distressed and restless over my unjust fate, or filled with unctuous self-complacency at my superior virtue. In the second case, I shall meekly glory in the dignity my Lord hath conferred upon me, even while I feel most humbled that the pure eyes of the angels should behold my unworthiness. This too will fill me with an ardent zeal to attain that perfection which alone can justify his grace toward me, so great a sinner.

II.

The shadows lengthen and the cool wind blows in from the desert. The day is drawing to its end. What, O Shepherd of the stars, have we to offer thee as harvest of these hours? Thy strength have we been using; thy time (so dearly bought!). Thy life, in which alone we live, has been our trust, to profit by, or waste. The roof of thy solicitude has vaulted us with the pure blue of heaven; the waters of thy grace

have slaked our thirst; the sunshine of thy smile has filled the world, and thy companionship has been its atmosphere. What have we done with all these gifts, dear Lord? What do we bring thee as the daylight folds its wings?

Our deeds are like wee grains of sand. Laid in thy dear hand the scar there hides them,—mercifully. Look in our hearts—thy hearts, these gardens thou hast planted, of which we have made such wastes. See, in this corner I have weeded to-day; and in this corner, I!—and I!—Lord, dost thou see? And here I have pruned a rose, and tied a vine, and placed support for a fragile stem. Lord, dost thou see? And, Lord, the sun was hot while we were toiling, and our backs, unused to toil, ached beneath the strain. So we idled much, and lay down in the shade. Those moments sting us now like poisoned thorns; we are thankful for the aching back and burning sun, whose recollection brings us peace.

So we have repentance that we offer, and gratitude; and recognition of a guiding hand and charity for weakness and for ignorance. We know these will not fail us. So we pray for clearer faith to-morrow, deeper trust, the energy of hope, the courage to endure. All must be for some great purpose of thine own; in that we rest.

May thy compassion brood o'er us this night; thy white souled angels watch us while we sleep. *Amen.* CAVÉ.

What is that middle path, O Bhikkhu [*disciple*], *avoiding these two extremes,* [*sensuality and painful asceticism*] *discovered by the Tathâgata—that path which opens the eyes, and bestows understanding, which leads to peace of mind, to the higher wisdom, to full enlightenment, to Nirvâna? Verily it is this noble eightfold path: that is to say:*

Right views:
Right aspirations:
Right speech:
Right conduct:
Right livelihood:
Right effort:
Right mindfulness: and
Right contemplation.

—BUDDHIST SUTTAS.

THEOSOPHY

A LECTURE*

LUNCHING with friends to-day, I asked them if they would be good enough to suggest one or two of the misconceptions regarding Theosophy and The Theosophical Society which it would be as well to remove, if possible, on this occasion. One of them said he thought it would be wise to explain that I am speaking, this afternoon, as a member of The Theosophical Society that was founded by Madame Blavatsky and friends of hers, in 1875; and that this Society has no connection whatsoever either with the Society in India which is under the leadership of Mrs. Annie Besant, or with the Society at Point Loma which also occasionally uses the name of Theosophy. Anyone who knows anything about us will have realized, without that explanation, and even without any intimate acquaintance with us, that we could not possibly be connected with an organization of individuals who *seem,* at least, to have been doing their utmost to create discontent,—in India particularly; or, in the other case, with an organization which urges a premature friendliness with an unrepentant Germany.

It was also suggested that it would be well to make it clear that Theosophy is not a religion. Some people seem to think it is a sect. Now there are enough sects—enough creeds—in the world, without adding to their number. Theosophy is not a religion. It is a means by which religions can be understood; just as it is a means by which sciences can be understood, and, more important than anything else, a means by which life can be understood.

Those were the only two points that I can remember now, that were suggested; but it occurred to me that it would be as well to explain further that Theosophy is nothing new. Some people seem to think that it is one of the innumerable movements of modern times, invented by individuals, and, I am afraid, in a great many instances conducted for the benefit of those individuals;—a sort of new revelation; or a new method of never becoming ill; or of making money without trouble.

Actually, The Theosophical Society is extravagantly old-fashioned. I believe, and I hope, that it is the most old-fashioned organization in this country at the present time,—old-fashioned, because, among other things, it believes in tradition, in honour, in womanhood. It believes in all sorts of things in which the modern world seems to have lost its faith. Among other things, it believes that the past contains many lessons which we must understand, if we are going to understand the

* Delivered at the Thimble Theatre, New York, on the Sunday following the Convention of The Theosophical Society, April, 1919, and reproduced from stenographic notes.

present, or act intelligently for the future. Perhaps we might say that the best evidence of our old-fashioned attitude toward the world in general, was given during the War. We have a magazine,—the official organ of the Society,—called the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY. And from the very beginning of the War, in 1914, article after article appeared in that magazine, protesting against our national neutrality. We were old-fashioned enough to believe that our neutrality at that time was dishonouring; to believe that there was a principle at stake; that every man who loved righteousness had a duty to perform; that we ought to have drawn whatever weapons we possessed, or, if we possessed no weapons at all, that we ought to have fought without them, on general principles. Throughout the war, not only in the QUARTERLY, but at Convention after Convention of the Society, declarations were made, on behalf of the Society, unanimously asserting that we had certain duties, as a nation and as individuals, and that neutrality in itself,—assuming for one moment that a moral question was at issue,—that national neutrality is just as criminal, just as repulsive, as the lukewarmness so graphically described by Saint John the Evangelist.

There is a great deal going on at the present time toward which we adopt what some would call an old-fashioned attitude. For instance, a few days ago (it should be clearly understood that we have no concern whatsoever with politics), it was stated in the *New York Times* that the official representative of this great nation had argued against Brussels as the headquarters of the proposed League of Nations on the ground that Belgium had suffered so many wrongs. Now if that means anything at all, it means that because Brussels was involved in the war; because Belgium, instead of assenting to the violation of treaties, resisted the aggressor and fought for international righteousness,—therefore she must continue to be a centre of discord and cannot be a centre of justice. We do not understand that and do not, in a sense, wish to understand it. I note it here because it seems to suggest the antithesis of that which is typical of the Society. We are inclined to look at things in a simple and direct way. We have an extraordinary reverence for facts, but no use whatsoever for dreams. We feel that when it comes to the solution of a problem like the headquarters for a League of Nations, the reasons advanced against Brussels are no reasons. It seems to us as if individuals who are reasoning in that way are the victims of a distorted vision which is one of the symptoms of a modern disease,—a disease which makes people behave, all over the world, as if they had just come out of a sleep induced by ether.

Now why is it that we are not only old-fashioned, but are thankful that we are? Why is it that, instead of being innovators, we are, in fact, deliberately, consciously, trying to keep alive in the world an old tradition? For the understanding of this, we have to go back to 1875, when The Theosophical Society was founded. I want to remind you

what the condition of the world was at that time. Few to-day realize the enormous change that has taken place since then. In 1875 both science and religion were hide-bound. Both of them had iron-clad creeds; they were narrow-minded to a degree. Science was still something of an innovation. But science, which ought to have been based upon sound principle, had misunderstood that principle, and in place of a principle had already put a creed. Now the principle ought to have been that knowledge is based upon experience,—not upon the experience of one man, but upon the experience of a series of experimenters. And science, instead of adopting that platform, adopted it with vital limitations. Science declared that knowledge can be derived only from experiment, from the observation of so-called facts, but added that these facts can only be derived from the use of the physical senses. Science in that way narrowed itself almost incredibly. Nothing was real except what you could see and touch and weigh. For that reason, science was opposed to religion,—looked upon it as a collection of superstitions. And religion, in its turn, narrowing itself down as it did, so as to accept one revelation, contained in one book, given out by one authority, and discrediting its real foundation—the universal experience of mankind—turned upon science as its enemy, trying to destroy it, just as science tried to destroy religion.

The only other important factor in that situation was spiritualism. Spiritualism, in 1875, was quite the vogue,—the fashion,—and spiritualism declared that all the phenomena with which it was acquainted, were the product of the intervention of spirits from the other world. Science, of course, jeered at that attitude. Religion looked upon it as blasphemous.

At that time, and in those conditions, Madame Blavatsky stepped into the arena. She was a born fighter, and she came into the world to fight. She attacked, not science, but the narrow-mindedness of scientists; not religion, but what she defined as "churchianity,"—the crystallization of forms and creeds. That crystallization she assailed furiously, and very few people to-day can realize the extent to which she damaged the reputation of both, necessarily having to destroy before she could construct, or before construction could be begun. She pointed out to the scientists that while they were entitled, each one in his place, to limit his range of observation, to confine himself to any given section of nature, he had no right to dogmatize concerning the limits to which nature extended; he had no right to declare that his own little department was all that nature contained; no right to assert that there might not be worlds unseen, as well as worlds seen.

Members of the Society as well as Madame Blavatsky did everything that they could do to prove their point. They turned to the sciences of the past; they turned to records of the inexplicable; they asked the scientists of 1875 whether they were going to throw overboard the experience of centuries. Turning to religion, they asserted that it

is impossible to understand one religion only, without taking into account other expressions of the religious life,—just as it is impossible to understand and to use effectively one language only. Pointing to the history of the world, they asserted (in this they were without sufficient proof, perhaps, although since then the proof has been accumulating),—they asserted that mankind had been existing on earth, not for four or five thousand years, but for hundreds of thousands of years; that our civilization is not the first, but that civilization has followed civilization for ages, and that each has produced its own efflorescence, its own particular type of wisdom. They declared that so long as the Church confined itself, as it was doing, to the record of one religion only, or of one sect only,—to that particular line of experience, that particular type,—it could not conceivably understand even its own type. It was pointed out, for instance, that, after all, Christ was an oriental and was speaking to orientals; and it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, for a European or an American to enter into the spirit of His teaching, unless also acquainted, through other channels, with the peculiar approach of the oriental mind when it comes to deal with man and with the universe.

Now, since that day, very much, in one sense, has been accomplished. Scientists are beginning to discover the limitations of their own methods. More than that, as the result of their own methods, narrow as they were, they have been forcing their way into the unseen world, or, rather, the unseen world has been forcing itself upon them. They have been dealing more and more with invisibles,—the X-ray, and so on. . . . One thing after another has happened within the world of science which has compelled science to recognize that the objective,—that is to say, the things that can be sensed or measured, are the results and not the causes, so far as the outer activities of the universe are concerned. There is always the unseen back of the seen; the finer forces responsible for the action of the grosser forces.

And yet, in spite of that progress along its own line, it was said truly at one of the meetings of the Convention yesterday, that Bolshevism as we see it today is the logical product of the so-called scientific attitude,—the attitude which sees in human life the end and not the means; which sees in the prolongation of physical life the greatest achievement open to man; the attitude which is materialistic through and through. Anyone who knows anything of a modern American university will realize that if you take the professorial body as a whole, most of them, even though they do not call themselves Socialists,—certainly not willingly, I think, do they call themselves Bolshevists,—are yet saturated with Socialism, because they are materialists. If you once grant that the only thing which ought to be taken into account, if you would serve humanity, is the physical well-being of humanity, I do not say that even then Bolshevism is the logical outcome, or that

Socialism is the logical outcome—I do not believe they would be,—but I do think that if you grant those materialistic premisses, you can affirm almost anything you choose as resulting from those premisses. If you conceive that physical well-being is the only thing in life really worth striving for, then whatever a man considers will be profitable and convenient is the thing to which he has a right. Socialism has been defined as a method of obtaining as much pleasure as possible with as little effort as possible. Who can blame a man for adopting that philosophy of life if he thinks he lives for forty or fifty or sixty years,—whatever it may be,—and that that is the end as far as he is concerned!

If it be true that one of the results of this misunderstanding of true science is Bolshevism, it is equally true that while the Church in its turn has progressed enormously since 1875; has liberated itself from some of its old shackles,—the main result is that the faith that it then had, narrow and dogmatic as it was, has been spread like a thin layer of butter over a vast surface of bread, absolutely without depth and practically also without taste. I do not know anything at the present time so inanimate, so lifeless, as the modern Church; and this, I am glad to say, is recognized by Church-goers themselves. They turn from Church to Church. They will leave the Episcopal Church and will join a Presbyterian Church, to see if there is not a little more life in that. And having joined a Presbyterian Church, and found that there is less instead of more life, they will join a Methodist Church. Then, having had a similar experience in the Methodist Church, they try out Christian Science, move from that to the Vedanta, or Rome, and so on. Assuming for one moment that they are really looking for life, and truth, and help, wandering from pillar to post, and do not find what they are seeking,—does it not follow that the clergy themselves do not possess that which these people seek? Is it not obvious that many of the clergy themselves have lost faith? What is the modern clergyman doing? He apologizes for whatever faith he has, and then starts, within his own Parish or ministry, as many clubs, mothers' meetings, boy-scout movements, and so forth, as he can raise money to support, and manages to keep together a congregation either by this means, or by dragging in widely advertised orators from the Bolshevist class, that his congregation may be titillated by means of new sensations.

I well know that there are some devout men in the Churches, men who are splendid in every sense of the word, men who must be revered. And yet, why was it that so many of them were absolutely without light and guidance during the great war? Why was it that among the few,—the very few,—in New York City who did speak out with comparative boldness, whose boldness, whose sense of honour ran away with their discretion,—why was it that in these few cases their statements so rarely carried the force of burning conviction? I can

remember a sermon delivered in a Fifth Avenue Church, not very many months before this country finally did get into the war, in which it was suggested that the time might come in the future (this was supposed to be a terrific utterance, most dangerous and hairlifting), the time might come when this nation would feel that, in spite of the great principle of neutrality, . . . it would have to exert its influence against the unwarrantable aggressions taking place in Europe.

Both science and religion are in need, whether they realize it or not. And there is this difference between scientists and the clergy: the clergy recognize their need in a great many cases, and scientists, I am sorry to say, very rarely do. They are self-satisfied. They have no reason to be, but they are. And so long as a man is contented with himself and his method, there is not so very much hope for him. Among the clergy there is an avowed, and, in some cases, ostentatious disbelief in what they are doing.

The question is, whether Theosophy can meet the need that exists. We believe that it can. Theosophy insists that if scientists would enlarge their outlook and their method, their general approach toward life is sound, and could, with advantage, be adopted by the Church. We believe, in other words, that religion ought to be, and when properly understood *is*, an experimental science. What is religion for? What is the purpose of religion? Is it not,—ought it not to be,—to help a man to understand the science of life; to help him to recognize that life is the greatest of all arts, the greatest of all sciences; to insist that it is not an easy thing to live? It is a supremely difficult thing to live. Most people think anybody can live who can eat. Now, supposing the modern clergyman were to adopt that as one of the planks in his platform, and were to say: My friends, you all think you can live; you don't know how. You should come here to study the art of life. Supposing he were to say: Christ was the great artist, the great scientist in matters of life. He came on earth to teach you how to live, to teach you the laws of life. I believe that if a clergyman were to talk that way long enough, and were to do his utmost to live as he preached, he would at last get a congregation made up of people who were responsive, and who would want to learn how to live; would want to get at the truth of things; who would want to be shown the principles which underlie right conduct, wise conduct.

Religion, as I have said, is the science of life, and not of life in any one department, not of life limited to the things you can touch and taste, but life as inclusive of all possible human experience; inclusive also, of course, of that which transcends human experience; life as infinite and life as eternal. If that attitude were adopted, how foolish it would be to ignore the past! Suppose that you were going to study some branch of modern science, what would you do? You would perhaps begin with the study of a text-book of some kind or other. That book

would contain the accumulated experience of generations of experimenters,—the tests they had made. And your instructors would not ask you blindly to accept their statements. They would say: this has been our experience; if you care to make these experiments, you can obtain the same results. That ought to be the attitude of anyone who undertakes to teach religion. He would give you a text book, perhaps several text books; he would go back into the past to verify the results of his own experience. He would have discovered that thousands of years ago, men had the same religious experience that they have to-day. Whether he were to turn to China or to India, to Egypt or even to Mexico, he would find the same symbols used, the same doctrines taught; —the language varying, of course, greatly, from age to age, but none the less, in spite of that difference of language, the same essential truth. He would turn to a book such as the *Bhagavad Gita,*—one of the greatest scriptures of India, written many hundreds of years ago, long before the time of Christ; and yet, so long ago, written as the synthesis of a dozen different systems of philosophy prevalent at the time; written for the purpose of reconciling different schools of philosophical and religious thought. He would study that book, and if he ever really understood it, he would discover it to be one of the most instructive treatises on Christian theology that he had ever read, because it is dealing with human life and human experience,—with the relation of the soul to God.

"In thy thoughts, do all thou dost for Me!" Krishna is speaking, and the reason I am going to quote this is that you will see that the same words might have been used by St. John of the Cross, attempting, in that case, to speak for *his* Master. It is as if Christ were there speaking to one of His saints:

> "In thy thoughts
> Do all thou dost for Me! [that is, for the Logos, for God]
> Renounce for Me!
> Sacrifice heart and mind and will to Me!
> Live in the faith of Me! In faith of Me
> All dangers thou shalt vanquish by My grace:
> But, trusting to thyself and heeding not,
> Thou canst but perish!"

Finding in it, as I have said, both a spirit and a purpose so extraordinarily like that which you find in the best writings of the Christian Church, you might read further, and then perhaps you would find a slight difference.

> "Never the spirit was born; the spirit shall cease to be never;
> Never was time it was not; End and Beginning are dreams!
> Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit for ever;
> Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems!"

And that, again, is a statement attributed to the teacher—the great Being—who was recognized in those days as a Messenger from heaven. You will find a slight difference there, not a difference if you compare it with the Bible, but a difference if you compare it with the teaching ordinarily advanced in Churches.

"Never the spirit was not; the spirit shall cease to be never; birthless,"—that which has a beginning has an end. That which is immortal in the future is immortal in the past. Hume pointed that out many, many years ago. And that is Christianity. I do not mean that anyone has to believe it in order to be saved. But anybody has to believe it who wishes to be logical and consistent. And it is strictly in accord with Christianity. "Before Abraham was, I am."

However, my point is this: wherever you turn in the ancient world, whether to the great religions or to the mysteries, you will find that the essence of their doctrines is exactly the same as the essence of the doctrine that we know as Christianity. If you will compare the writings of Saint Paul, for instance, with those of Shankaracharya, you will find that both were writing from their own experience of things which they knew and had tested, and that what they were saying to their hearers was: do this same thing, and you also will find the same truth; carry out this same experiment, obey these same laws and, as a result, this knowledge will come to you. That is why any real student of Theosophy, recognizing the need of tradition as a check on the present, as a means of testing and of verifying current experience, has an immense respect for the past. No real student of Theosophy could ever be a revolutionary. He believes in progress. He believes in growth. But he does not believe that you can help a tree to grow by tearing it up by the roots; that you can create something out of nothing. The present is the outcome of the past, and the future will be the outcome of past and present. He is comforted by his belief, because, when these modern innovators begin to upset things, to tear things down so as to build on the débris they have created, he is inclined, like Kipling's oriental, to smile. He knows so well, as the result of his study of the past, that China tried Socialism ages ago, and got terribly tired of it. He knows that, when all is said and done, nature is orderly, and that nature cannot be cheated. Even her volcanoes are orderly in comparison with Bolshevism. Nature will take care of all these eccentricities, and will level them all out, restoring all things that ought to be restored. I do not mean that we should fold our hands and do nothing. On the contrary, I mean that we ought to co-operate with nature,—work with her, and not against her. But we can never work with her, never understand her, unless we have a huge respect for facts. Because facts are divine things. There are very few of them. It is enormously difficult to discover a fact. But when you discover it, cherish it; live by it. You will be rewarded. The facts of life,—

those are the things that interest students of Theosophy, not dreams about life. Ideals are dreams unless we stand on facts.

The only way to realize an ideal,—and you cannot live without ideals,—is to ask yourself, not how you can jump to the ideal, but how you can step to the ideal,—to look one step ahead, to move very carefully, and then advance from one point to the next point. It does not matter whether you are trying to attain to consciousness of the Divinity, or whether you are trying to learn stenography; the only way to learn is to advance from point to point. . . . Facts are few, because principles are few, and very simple. The modern mind bewilders itself with the most elaborate balancing of expediencies. You see unfortunate statesmen in Europe,—or some of them, at least,—trying to do this at the present time. Others talk about principles, and you stop to examine the nature of those principles, and you find them a lot of unco-ordinated dogmas. Principles are eternal; changeless; laws of the spiritual life; laws of God; questions of right and wrong; questions of honour and dishonour. And there is not any question in life which, if seen through to the bone, may not be stated in terms of right and wrong. It is merely a question of insight, of understanding, of seeing things simply.

It is because students of Theosophy have such immense respect for facts that they see the world, and life, in a way that is different from the modern approach. They do not see the world or life as dull. They see it as an amazing romance. Granting that life is an expression of an eternal spirit or, to use slightly different terms, granting that God is responsible for the universe, that the universe is an unfolding of part of Himself, a manifestation of Divinity,—it must follow of necessity that instead of being a mechanical something, it is a romantic something; that instead of justice, divine justice, being a mechanical balancing of objective events, the real justice is a poetic justice,—because God-given. You see, the trouble with most people who call themselves Christians is, that they don't believe in Christ. They don't believe in Him at all. They have done their best to exile Him from earth. They don't realize that He moves among men to-day exactly as He did in Palestine after the resurrection. They find it difficult to swallow that part of their creed. What encouragement it would be for them if they would turn to the records of the great past! For then they would find that instead of being asked to believe something unique and therefore incredible, they are asked to believe something that can be vouched for from many different sources, in many different ways. Instead of an isolated miracle and a suspension of natural law, they are asked to accept something that is in strict accordance with the laws of nature and of life. But now, for lack of understanding, they do not believe in their Christ. It is one of the world's great tragedies. No wonder that Theosophy desires to revive among Christians a faith in their own Saviour, a faith in the one whose name they use and misuse.

Life is full of romance and the greatest romance that was ever written is the life of Christ. What did He come to do? He came to reveal the laws of life; yes. He came to show the way, to show the truth and the life. But He also came to reveal to mankind,—those who would condescend to listen to him,—that which is the destiny of all men. The first-born of many brethren, He came to rekindle,—to bring fire from heaven, like Prometheus of old,—to rekindle in the hearts of men, faith in themselves. And that seems to me to be the greatest of all modern needs; the greatest of all modern deficiencies. Taught at one period that they were descended from apes—slightly discouraged, perhaps, at the retrospect—they were also told, on the other hand, that they were souls specially created by God, without any past, and whose future depended upon His will only, and that that future would consist in an eternity of heaven which they did not want,—because you will agree with me that if you take the ordinary view of heaven, there is no one in this room who would want to go there. How grossly unfair it would be to attribute such teaching to Christ! He did not use modern language. He was talking to Jews, to fishermen, very ignorant, simple-minded. And yet, how evident it is—text after text could be quoted—how evident it is that He was holding up before the eyes of men a vision of eternal progress toward God. It is as if He came to each one personally and said: You, and you, and you think of yourselves as bodies, trying to grasp from life the little pleasure you can get out of it during the few years you are here. Do you not know that you are immortal, the children of God; that after ages and ages you must of necessity evolve, grow, into the full stature of my manhood, becoming as I am? He would have said,—and He *did* say,—there is no power in the universe which you are not destined to wield; no knowledge which you are not destined to acquire; no power of love or sympathy which does not lie latent in your heart. Believe in yourselves; believe that you are divine, because you are the children of God.

He wept over Jerusalem, because Jerusalem had sold its birthright for a mess of pottage. Would He not weep over the modern world,—*does* He not weep? I can see from here, as I stand, a glimpse of Fifth Avenue and Eighth Street. Would he not weep over that? See those people as they pass there. What are they thinking about? Where are they going to? Of what does their life consist? What is their hope? What is their desire? Are they feeling as if they were the children of God? What is their outlook on life,—this life as it is?

Well,—that is something of what a student of Theosophy thinks should be the message of the modern Church; something of the message that the modern scientist also should be able to draw from his researches, once he sees that the sphere of the mind and the sphere of the heart are just as much open to experiment as the sphere of matter. Soon or late, he must see for himself that he is a child of

God. He may not like it. He may even resent it. But, after all, facts are facts. It is not a question of whether a man wishes to live. He cannot kill himself. He can kill his body; that is all. It is not a question of whether he wishes to evolve. He must evolve. Nothing can stop it. And the truth of it is, he would like to grow. He would like to grow, because in his heart of hearts he longs to serve. More than that, if he understood more, he would long to co-operate with those who are the greatest of the servants of nature. He would long to co-operate with Christ.

That is the way, then, that students of Theosophy feel about Theosophy. They use the term as St. Paul used it. He spoke of Christ as the power of God and the wisdom of God (Theosophia). Because it is the wisdom of God, it is eternal light. Turned onto old forms and symbols, it reveals their ever old and yet ever new meaning. It reveals in all ages a new hope, a new purpose, a new destiny,—oh, yes! the old destiny, but seen at last for what it is,—seen at last in the glory of perpetual dawn. Theosophy: the old teaching of the mysteries; the old teaching of the world-saviours,—expressed in terms that men of to-day can understand, and so opening before them new and splendid vistas,—showing them a way to live and a way to die and a way to labour; showing them that man, in spite of himself, is to be saved; that man, in spite of himself, is to grow out of himself into the full measure of manhood, then to live as God means him to live, in a new heaven and on a new earth. That was the message of Christ; that is the message of Theosophy: a re-statement of old truths,—that is all.

E. T. H.

To go along that road, aye, and to reach the goal, is all one with the will to go; but it must be a strong and single will, not a broken-winged wish fluttering hither and thither, rising with one pinion, struggling and falling with the other.—ST. AUGUSTINE.

LEAVES FROM A FARM ALMANAC

I.

A Message from Masters

IF THERE be one sure sign of the charlatan or the deluded dreamer it is the claiming to receive messages from Masters. But if there is one certain fact, that can be predicated with absolute surety about even the most recent aspirant to discipleship, it is that he receives such messages every day. The only question is, Has he learned to recognize them for what they are?

Mr. Judge used to say that he would not object so much to the time people spent upon their morning newspapers, if they would only read them as messages from the Masters—which they in fact were, for those who had really learned to read. But Mr. Judge was by no means a tyro in occultism, and for some of us smaller people the messages must be much more personally directed and labelled. The Master Christ likened himself to the good shepherd; and when one looks over a whole flock of sheep, and sees some wise and docile and keeping steadily to the appointed course, while others are very young and ignorant, or full of self-will and whims, there is no doubt at all as to which of the two classes will need the more constant attention of the shepherd, and receive the more frequent "messages" from him through the faithful, busy dogs. When I think of this simile, and of my own special ingenuity in finding unexpected ways in which to do things wrongly, and lose myself, and wander from the Path, I have no hesitancy at all in saying that I receive endless messages from Masters every day I live, and that without them I would not be alive at all. Here is one, that came to me to-day.

Ten days of violent rain had played havoc with our road to the Farm, and yesterday a heavy truck had become mired in it, sinking up to the hubs of the wheels and having to be dug out. We needed to make a rock bottom, and as the only rocks available on the Farm were both heavy and distant, I thought of the excavation that was in progress some half a mile from us, where a contractor, a Mr. Bowman, was doing some blasting. I walked over to see whether he could give me some rock and lend me some men.

The Italian, of whom I inquired for Mr. Bowman, told me he was not there as yet, but that I might ask "Joe," pointing out a negro who was tending the movable boiler which supplied steam for the drills. So I made my way to Joe and asked him if he knew where I could find

any men. He was a well set-up darky, very black, and very clear of skin and eye, dressed in old overalls and a black cap, such as engineers and firemen seem to affect. His looks did not suggest either the sheep dog or the Lodge messenger. Yet he proved to be both. He answered me pleasantly and courteously.

"No Sir, I don' think you'll fin' none 'round here. Men is mighty scarce 'round here. Mr. Bowman, he's short of 'em all de time, and can't get none. And down town the're jus' standin' 'roun' de corners in crowds. 'Pears like they don't wantter do nothin'. You asks 'em where the're workin'; and they says they aint workin' nowheres. You asks 'em if they wants a job; and they looks kind o' tired, and says, 'What kin' of a job?' An' when you tells 'em, they says they reckon they don't wan' to work jus' yet. They oughtter be an anti-loafin' law for them fellers—just as they was down in West Virginia whah I was raised. Aint good for nobody justter stand roun' all day on de corners."

"You are right there, Joe," I said. "Everybody ought to work at something."

"Yes, Sir, dat's what I says. I's been workin' since I was eight yeahs ol'. My father died then; an' my mother she wahnt no good, and I run away from home. Bime bye I was workin' for a man named Hoag, a white man. He had a farm. I thought he was awful hard on me. He made me get up at half-pas' four in de mornin', and water de stock and do de chores. I thought he was awful hard; makin' me do things all day long, tellin' me to do this and do that. But I come to know better. He taught me to work.

"I 'member when I was fourteen he says to me, 'Joe,' says he, 'you're too ol' a boy now to have me after yo' all de time, tellin' you what to do; tellin' you, do this and do that, pointin' out de wood pile as though you aint never seen one befo', or showin' you de corn needs hoein' as though you didn't know nothin' 'bout corn. You're too ol' a boy fo' such kind o' foolishness. You know what oughtter be done on this farm. *Now you go do it.*'

"I 'member studyin' 'bout that all day. It made me kind o' proud to think he'd trus' me that way; made me feel like I was a man, same as him. And so I begun to notice.

"He was a mighty good man, was Mr. Hoag. I aint never foun' a better. And mighty good to me. Yes, Sir, he taught me to work. Credit to whah credit's due, I says, and it was Mr. Hoag what taught me to work.

"It aint what all these fellers is lazy. Some of 'em is; but some of 'em aint. It's jus' what they aint never been taught when dey was young. Why, Sir, you see dat pipe by de run-way dere? It was stickin' right acrost, till I done move it. And them fellers would've let it lie all day long, stumblin' or steppin' over it whensumever dey go in or out —'less somebody tell 'em to move it. And all dey gotter do is put their

han' down and push it 'bout a foot one side. But would they do it without bein' tol'? No, Sir, not they. They'd let it lie jus' whah it was, till somebody tol' 'em. They aint got no gumption. They don't notice nothin'. An' what they does notice they thinks aint none of their business. They don't do nothin' 'less they gotter. They aint never been taught to work."

"Joe," I said, "that Mr. Hoag seems to have been a pretty wise man; and a pretty good friend of yours."

"Yes, Sir! He was that. He was a mighty good man. Credit to whah credit's due, says I. It was he what done taught me. And when I lef' him, to come No'th, he says, 'Joe,' says he, 'don't you depen' on nobody. You depen' on yourself; stan' on your own feet, and make your own way. But if you ever get sick, and aint got no money, and nowhars to go, you let me know. You just send a letter here to de farm.'

"I done what he tol' me; I earned my own way. An' I write to him, off and on; and he allus answers me. Some o' his letters is mighty fine. But I aint never had to write him that I's sick, and aint got no money, and nowhars to go. I earn my own way. An' if there aint no work fo' me here on de boiler, or on de machines, den I do mos' anythin'. I done clean streets, and carted ashes,—when there wahnt nothin' else. But dere's allus somethin'—if you done know how to work. I get up at de same time every day; half pas' five, winter and summer,—Sundays too. If you's got a day off dere's allus somethin' to be done; the cellar to clean up, or somethin' that needs fixin' 'bout the house. And if you've got a job, you oughtter get at it early, and see dat de boilers an' engines is all right; an' if you aint got a job, you oughtter get out and look fo' it, 'fo' it's done gone away.

"But what I don't understan' is why there aint an anti-loafin' law 'round here, just as there was whah I was raised. It aint good for nobody jus' to stan' roun' on de corners. Dat's whah my people gets into all dah trouble—jus' standin' roun' on de corners, and de saloon and de pool room. A man aint a man 'less he's workin'.

"An' there oughtter be somebody to whom they can go fo' work—whose business 'tis to see they don't jus' loaf roun'. Down at Youngstown, or Charlottesville, somebody meets you 'most as soon as you get off de cars, an' says to you, 'You a stranger roun' here?' An' you says, 'Yes, Sir, I's a stranger.' An' he says, 'Goin' to work fo' somebody?' An' you says, 'Don' know nobody here yet, Sir.' An' he says, 'There's a steel mill, over there. They wan' men.' Next day, if he sees you roun' de street, he comes right up and says, 'Workin' fo' somebody yet? Got a job?' An' if you says, 'Not yet, Sir,' he tells you again, 'There's a steel mill over there; they want men. And there's a farm up de pike what wants hands; and Jim Smith wants a man to look after his horses. You'd better go see 'em.' Then if de third day he sees yo' hangin' roun' de corner, he just says, 'You come with me.'

And he takes yo' out to de stone piles on de pike—where you gotter work.

"Yes, Sir, I don' see why they aint got an anti-loafin' law 'roun' here. De poor man he needs it—when he aint been taught to work."

"Yes, Joe," I answered, marvelling at such doctrine from such a source, and wishing to draw him out further, "but why 'poor man'? Surely, it doesn't matter whether one is rich or poor. Unless a man works at something, he is, as you said, not a man at all. We all of us need to work; and need to be taught to work, if we haven't learned."

"Yes, Sir, dat's right. But it's most specially de poor man what needs it,—an' needs it fo' his boy. De rich man can bring his son up different; but de poor man has gotter bring his son up to work—or he wont 'mount to nothin' at all. An' it's just in hangin' 'roun' de corners dat he gets in wrong at de start; an' den it 'pears he can't never get in right. It's most specially de poor man what needs de anti-loafin' law. And it's most specialliest my people what needs it."

"Why your people, Joe?"

" 'Cose 'less they been taught to work, they won't work, 'less they gotter. If they's got twenty-five dollars in their pocket, or maybe only five dollars, or one dollar, they don' know whether they'll go to work or not. They don' know whether they'll get up in the mornin' or sleep some more. S'long as they's got any money they don' wantter work. They won't look fo' a job. All they wantter do is to buy a new pair of yaller shoes, what's mos'ly too small for 'em, and hang 'round de corner."

I began to wish I could add Joe to the Department of Sociology and Political Economy at some University. He would be a much needed leaven. Indeed, I was of the opinion that were the lessons he could teach really mastered, the rest of the department might be dispensed with; for the problems they dealt with would for the most part have ceased to exist. But I was still curious as to his ideas of rich and poor; and as to just what he would include as "work." I was about to ask him a question on this, when he went on of his own accord.

"I don't say all o' my people is dat way. But there's a mighty lot of 'em what is. An' it 'pears like the young ones—who has had de mos' schoolin'—is de worstest. 'Pears like der aint nobody to teach 'em to work—dat dey gotter work; dat dey aint men, when dey just hang 'roun' an' do nothin'. They need de anti-loafin' law; an' I don' see why we aint got it. Them what works won' be touched by it; and them what don't work needs it. They needs it bad—my people."

"Joe," I said, "everybody needs it, white and black, rich and poor. Everybody ought to work at something. And unless the rich man brings his son up to work—and teaches him how to work—he will go to the bad just as quick as any boy of your people. The only difference is the kind of work. Some can do one thing and some another. Some work with their hands and some with their heads. Most of us have to

work with both. Surely you don't think that the only kind of work is what you do with your hands."

"No, Sir! I don' think any foolishness like that. How could I? What would I be doing here with dis boiler, 'less my boss had figured out de job for me? An' 'less he kept hustling roun' to get jobs, wouldn't be none for me, would there? Don't you think I knows dat? Would any o' these fellers be workin' here if it wahnt for what Mr. Bowman does—when he aint here at all, but figurin' in de office?

"Why it was only de other day I done tol' Mr. Bowman dat—though he knows it, well as me. He keeps me to look after dis boiler and de machines,—and his automobile sometimes, too. De brake wahnt right on dat automobile. It needed a new linin', an' I done tol' him so. But 'peared like he could never spare it long enough to get it fixed right. And de other day he was goin' down a hill with it, and it wouldn't hol'. He tried to throw in de engine, but dat didn't hol' either; and 'fore he could do anythin' he run into de ditch. He wahnt hurted none. But he might ha' been. And I beg him to go and get it fixed right. Fo' if anythin' happen to him, then somethin' happen to me too. Somethin' mighty serious happen to me. Credit to whah credit's due, says I, and if Mr. Bowman didn't do what he does, I couldn't do what I does, could I?"

"No you couldn't, Joe. But you're a wise man to know it. If the rest of the country knew it as well as you do, we would all be a great deal better off. But I am afraid they won't learn until they have been taught; and that the lesson will be pretty painful to everybody concerned."

"Yes, Sir, dat's what I say. You gotter teach people. You can't expect people to know things just of theirselves, without ever bein' taught. But 'pears like there aint nobody to teach people to work, leastwise, not 'roun' here. Dat's why I says there oughtter be an anti-loafin' law.

"I got a boy. He's seventeen years ol'; an' last June he grajated from de High School. I tried to teach him to work 'roun' de house when he was littler. He's a good boy. But he run with de other fellers at his school; an' I studied a lot what I could do with him. So when he was done with school I wen' to see a man I knows—a Mr. Johnson, a white man fo' whom I worked onct. I tol' him 'bout my boy; an' de way he was beginnin' to stand 'roun' on de corners. An' I ast him couldn't he fin' a place for my boy, somewhahs on a farm—whah he'd be taught to work, same as I was. An' Mr. Johnson said he didn't know, but he'd see. An' bime bye he wrote me dah was a place on a farm near Ithaca. That's in New York State, but all farm lan'. I was mighty glad to get dat letter. I tol' my boy 'bout it. He was kin' o' silent. He didn't wantter go none. But he's a good boy; an' he went,—I reckon 'cose I tol' him to. But I got letters

from him now what says you couldn't pull him from dat farm, not with a team of horses. He's a good boy, an' he knows he's learnin' to be a man.

"Yes, Sir, we's all workin' now, I, an' my boy, an' my girl—for I's got a girl too. She's twenty. She's workin' down town fo' a Miss Brown—who's a dressmaker. She's doin' well, too.

"There's Mr. Bowman now, Sir. Over by de bank. He mus' have come up de other way. I done thought he mus' have gone ter de other job first; else he'd ha' been here an hour ago.

"No, Sir, I don' smoke." He waved away the cigarette I had offered. "Don' either smoke or chaw, but I thanks you just as much. You go roun' to de left here, and there's a path right up de bank. Mr. Bowman, he'll do anythin' he can fo' you; but I reckon he can't give you no men. 'Pears dere are mighty few men roun' here, these days."

"I suspect that is so, Joe," I said, "but at all events I have found one, even if I can't get him."

Mr. Bowman could not, or would not—I was not sure which—do anything for me. Neither stone nor men could be had from him. And when I asked him where else I might apply, and hope to fare better, his answer was little more than a paraphrase of Mr. Hoag's parting counsel to Joe: "Don't you depen' on nobody; you depen' on yourself." If my road was to be mended, it was for me to mend it; and if I needed men or stone, it was for me to find them. He had all he could do to look after his own affairs.

I was no further forward than before in mending my road to the Farm. But Joe had given where Bowman had refused; and it would be my own fault if I were not further forward in mending my road to the Kingdom of Heaven. For here, from the lips of this negro boiler-tender, ringing true in every word and stamped with the hall-mark of the Lodge from which it came, I had been given the message that I most needed. *"You know what ought to be done on this farm. Now you go do it."*

Like Joe, as I walked home, I kept "studyin' over" these words. They could bring no pride to me, at over forty, as they had to Joe at fourteen; for with me there had been the long years between, in which their lesson had been endlessly repeated to deaf, because unwilling, ears. How often had I thought my spiritual directors "awful hard" on me, when, besides telling me to "do this" and "do that," they seemed to hold me responsible for all the undone things of which no word had been said! How often had I sunk into self-pity, when those who loved me would have helped me to be a man by treating me as one!

No, those words could bring me no pride. Lodge messages are not sent to feed one's vanity. But they could bring salutary self-examination and amendment. Inwardly and outwardly they were the

admonition that I needed. How many times a day, as I went about the Farm, did I not see things which needed to be done, and yet pass on, leaving them undone—as though they were no business of mine, because no one had *told* me to do them? The fallen twigs upon the path I traversed, the faded blooms on the rose bushes beside it, the weed I had watched grow tall among the phlox, a tool left out of place, the box left crooked on the shelf,—was my time so precious that I could not have paused to right these things as I passed by? It was my business to right them. Must some one be forever "pointin' out de wood pile as though I aint never seen one before, or showin' me de corn needs hoein', as though I didn't know nothin' 'bout corn"?

And in my inner life how many ends of pipe lay across my pathway, rank rubbish, as well as material once needed or awaiting future use, but now left untidily littering my mind and psychic nature, causing me to trip or turn aside whenever I went in or out about the Master's work? All I needed to do was to "put my han' down an' push it 'bout a foot one side." Yet there it lay, cumbering the ground, choking the runway, because, forsooth, no one had told me to remove that special litter—having told me, day after day and year after year, that all litter must be removed and never be permitted to accumulate. I was far "too ol' fo' such kin' o' foolishness." I knew what ought to be done. It was for me to "go do it."

Why was it that I had not learned the lesson long ago? Why had I so long refused, where Joe had at once responded? "Sloth," was the easy answer; but it was a very superficial one, and even as it rose to my mind I smiled to note how clearly it had been pointed out that I must look deeper. Sloth is but Tamas, a quality of nature. Like the inertia of a heavy fly-wheel it resists acceleration. But its resistance is there to be overcome, and its inertia to be turned into momentum. It was in Joe, even as in me; indeed it was more natively dominant in Joe than in me. Among the colours its correspondence is black; and of all the races of men it is most marked in the negro. It was a negro who had been made the bearer of this message to me. I must look deeper than sloth, to see why sloth had not been overcome. "It aint what all these fellers is lazy. Some of 'em is; but some of 'em aint. It's jus' what they aint never been taught when dey was young. . . . They aint got no gumption. They don't notice nothin'. An' what they does notice they thinks aint none of their business." Why had I resisted teaching?

I knew the answer,—as a man must know the enemy he has fought all his life, at whose hands he has suffered fall after fall, injury upon injury, betrayals innumerable. But always it is a hidden enemy, working masked and from ambush, or coming to us in the guise of a friend. Cloak after cloak is stripped from it, yet others remain. Perhaps only in the last and great initiation shall I see my enemy face

to face, with no veil between. Perhaps there is no enemy, other than these living veils woven from the fibre and the tissue of my own being; for all evil is in essence *maya*. Yet there are the veils, and within or behind them is the enemy who tricks and deludes. It concerns no one but myself and those who guide me to know what part each veil, each new disguise, has contributed to my daily failures. But with the message that Joe had brought me there rose the memory of another, "written for all disciples," to which the words are added, "Attend you to them."

"Before the eyes can see they must be incapable of tears. Before the ear can hear it must have lost its sensitiveness."

There lies part of the cause, at least: this curse of self-love, so sensitive that at a hint of blame all aspiration and forward vision are lost in self-pity, all apprehension of the truth swamped in the clamorous surge of self-excuse; the self-love, too sensitive for reality, that substitutes for the will to attain the desire to be deemed and to deem itself already in possession of attainment. It is strange how long it takes some of us to master those first four aphorisms of *Light on the Path*, those primary rules written at the very entrance of the way. It would seem so obvious that before one could be a disciple one must become a *man*.

There was the key to the difference between us: Joe, at fourteen, had been more of a man than I at more than twice his age. Some day perhaps, as a reward for their long suffering patience with such as I, my spiritual directors will be assigned some good, honest black man, like Joe, instead of the lily-livered specimens who pride themselves upon the whiteness of their skin. What endless comfort he would be to them! "We want *men* to work for us, not mummies! . . . Be vigorous, be strong, not passive! I get so tired of these humble washed-out disciples, who have not strength enough to stand on their own feet, and who simply shut their eyes ecstatically and sit there! What will they ever accomplish? Nothing, until they are waked up and shaken out of that condition."

Yes, Joe was a better man than I. I lit the cigarette he had refused. He neither "smoked nor chawed," nor was he wholly unconscious of his virtue. I would not rob him of all superiority. I would continue to draw the line at "chawing." But I knew "what ought to be done on this farm," and I purposed to "go do it."

CHEERFUL SOUTHGATE.

Obedience is the courtesy due to Kings.—TENNYSON.

SUFIISM

"I died as mineral and became a plant,
I died as plant and rose to animal,
I died as animal and I was man.
Why should I fear? When was I less by dying?
Yet once more I shall die as man, to soar
With angels blest; but even from angelhood
I must pass on: all except God doth perish.
When I have sacrificed my angel soul,
I shall become what no mind ere conceived.
Oh, let me not exist! For non-existence
Proclaims in organ tones, 'To Him we shall return.'"

JALÁLU'D-DÍN-RÚMÍ.

EVEN a very limited study of the different religions, ancient and modern, impresses one almost from the beginning with the similarity, in many cases the identity, of the fundamental principles in all. The radical points of difference are limited, for the most part, to mere outward form and expression, and where an evident lack of harmony appears, usually what is needed is to seek deeper for the underlying unity. Mohammedanism—the teachings of the Prophet and the interpretation of them by Mohammedan theologians—is apparently an exception or a contradiction to this rule, and, for the underlying unity here, we must look to Sufiism, which in many ways suggests a later effort on the part of the Lodge to counteract the undesirable tendencies which the Islamitic revelation had engendered.

Sufiism is often called the esotericism of Mohammedanism. It is above all else a religion of beauty and of love. It has been said that of the Platonic trinity—wisdom, beauty, goodness—Hinduism laid greatest stress on wisdom, Christianity laid greatest stress on goodness, while Sufiism specially emphasized beauty. Fundamentally, of course, these are all one, for perfection in one direction means perfection in all. The beauty of earthly things was to the Sufi only a reflection, a reminder, of the Divine beauty. And love, the rapturous love of the soul for God—which was really one aspect of the love of God for the soul—was the means of union, of perfect at-onement with the Divine.

"Love thrilled the chord of love in my soul's lute,
And changed me all to love from head to foot."

Sufiism began toward the end of the eighth century of our era, more or less as a reaction against certain of the teachings of Mohammed, and in its earliest form it was characterized chiefly by asceticism and quietism. The lurid hell and the forbidding conception of God, which were a part of every Mohammedan's faith, had resulted in a religion of fear. God, to the average Mohammedan, was a purely transcendent being, infinite in power, a mighty will, stern, impersonal, unloving. Fear

of hellfire, fear of judgment, fear of the awful grandeur, or the still more awful wrath of Allah, had reduced the greater part of the true believers to a state of constant apprehension and dread. There was a phrase much used in the Mohammedan world, "I take refuge in God." And to certain kinds of minds this apparently afforded comfort. But to the earliest Sufis it seemed folly to repeat a mere formula, unless some corresponding action were taken. They compared such a course to meeting a lion in the desert, and then, while standing motionless, saying repeatedly, "I take refuge in that fort." Accordingly, they turned, though ascetic practices were frowned upon in Islam, to asceticism and quietism as affording the only possible way out of the difficulty. Their ideas met a widely felt want, and many adopted their mode of life. King and beggar alike renounced whatever he had of earthly possessions, and took to the simple woollen garment of the Sufi.

As might be expected, asceticism in these early days went to fanatical extremes, and the rigour with which their theories were applied to daily life is attested by many a story which has been handed down. One such account tells of a man who, after a long life of piety, failed to escape hellfire because he owned two shirts, while his neighbour, though possessed of less merit, was more fortunate because of a scantier wardrobe. Another story from the early period is indicative not only of the extreme of asceticism, but also of the real depth of feeling which lay beneath it. A Sufi teacher is speaking: "After having endured the rigours of asceticism for forty years, one night I found myself before the doors and curtains which hide the throne of God. 'For pity's sake,' I exclaimed, groaning, 'let me pass.' 'O Bayazid,' cried a Voice, 'you still possess a pitcher and an old cloak; you cannot pass.' Then I cast away the pitcher and the cloak, and I heard the Voice again address me, 'O Bayazid, go and say to those who do not know: "Behold, for forty years I have practised rigorous asceticism. Well, till I cast away my broken pitcher and torn cloak, I could not find access to God; and you, who are entangled in the ties of worldly interests, how shall you discover Him?"'" This view of renunciation underwent a gradual change, and at a later period it was applied to true poverty of spirit—a renunciation of every interest which could divert the mind from God. At the same time, a corresponding change took place in the attitude toward worldly possessions: wealth, when possessed by the Sufi, came to be regarded as a special gift from God, a shield to hide from the profane the piety of his saints.

Little by little, out of the early austerity, mysticism developed. In place of the former abject fear of God, there grew up an implicit confidence in His goodness and benevolence. "Grant me mercy for all men," prays one; and then, "I lifted up mine eyes, and I saw that the Most High was far more inclined to have mercy on His servants than I." Renunciation, no longer with the paramount idea of escaping retribution and attaining salvation, was practised now for love of God and

with the sole intent to please Him. Instead of mere passive resignation, there appears genuine acceptance of the Divine will. Humility, selflessness, and all the lovelier virtues follow; and in Rabia, one of the early and much revered Sufi saints, we find the complete self-abandonment and lofty devotion of a Saint Teresa of Avila. Life or death, heaven or hell are alike acceptable, since God made all; what state He decrees matters not, if He vouchsafe His love and care. "Whence comest thou?" was asked her one day. "From the other world," she answered. "And whither goest thou?" "Into the other world." "And what doest thou in this world?" "I jest with it by eating its bread and doing the works of the other world in it."

With the third century of Islam, there came a change in the nature of Sufiism. Concerning the man whose thinking produced the change—Dhu 'l-Nún al-Misri, is the name by which he is best known—comparatively little information is available. During his lifetime nothing was recorded; a century later a Sufi of prominence visited the village where he had lived, and gathered from the natives their traditions of his life and work. He is surrounded by just enough of mystery to suggest that much is left untold. The son of a Copt or Nubian, he was brought up in an Egyptian home and spent much of his life in Egypt. For his education he was sent to the Hijaz, where he studied under an Imam of rank, and made a profitable contact with the learning and culture of the day. During all his life in Egypt, he spent much time among the ancient ruined temples, studying the figures and deciphering the inscriptions. He was versed in the Greek mysteries, knew the "mystery of the Great Name" (possessing which, a man, it was said, could dispense with all other mysteries), and was familiar with the secrets of astrology, alchemy and other occult sciences. From this time on, Sufiism abounds in ideas which suggest the influence of other faiths—Christianity, Buddhism, Gnosticism, Neo-Platonism, Greek, Indian and Persian teachings, all show striking analogies. Whether this be the result of actual infiltration from the various sources is doubtful. The probability is, rather, that the correspondences and analogies are more the result of the universality of the great spiritual truths underlying all.

Under the influence of Dhu 'l-Nún, Sufiism developed into a theosophy. He taught that above the knowledge of scientists and learned men, there is a still higher kind,—the knowledge of the attributes of unity, which is possessed by those who "see God in their hearts." He taught also that "true praise of God is absorption of the worshipper in the object of worship."

From now on, the Sufi's aim and effort was to *know* God. And to know Him, he must seek Him in the depths of his own being, for what is not *in* man, man cannot know. "Look in your own heart, for the kingdom of God is within you." In strong contrast to the Mohammedan conception of Allah—one in essence, qualities, and acts, unique and

separate from all else—there developed the Sufi conception of One Real Being, immanent in, pervading all things. He dwelt, not on a golden throne in a distant and splendid heaven, but in the hearts of humble men. The Sufis found Him in the rippling of water or the songs of birds; in the murmuring wind or the crashing thunder. And they turned to Him with an intimacy of devotion that can only be expressed in their own figure of the lover and the Beloved. "O my God, I invoke Thee in public as lords are invoked, but in private as loved ones are invoked. Publicly I say, 'O my God!' but privately I say, 'O my Beloved!'" Much of the exquisite lyric poetry of Persia, the natural outpouring of the devotional ecstasy, employs this figure of the lover and the Beloved, and, through a complete misunderstanding, has been pronounced, by certain western critics, sensuous in the extreme. Take, for instance, one splendid poem on the creation, which represents the Beloved, from all eternity, unveiling His beauty with no eye but His own to survey it; desiring that His qualities be displayed in a mirror, He decrees that Creation, which hitherto "lay cradled in the sleep of non-existence," show forth His perfections; and thereafter—

"The cypress gave a hint of His comely stature, the rose gave tidings of His beauteous countenance.
Wherever Beauty peeped out, Love appeared beside it; wherever Beauty shone in a rosy cheek, Love lit his torch from that flame.
Wherever Beauty dwelt in dark tresses, Love came and found a heart entangled in their coils.
Beauty and Love are as body and soul; Beauty is the mine and Love the precious stone."

In the same way, the simile of wine and the wine cup, as symbolical of the spirit, abounds in all their poetry; and, through a like misunderstanding, has won for it the term bacchanalian. The constant possibility of persecution, and the added fact that the teachings were esoteric and not to be too openly revealed, are reasons, though only partial reasons, it is true, for the adoption of this phraseology.

Intimacy of devotion, with the Sufi, meant in no way a belief in a personal God as that term is usually employed. To lose the self in the Self was his desire; to come forth from the personal self "as a snake from its skin," and, having lost the personal, to find the Universal Self, to become a part of the ocean of Divinity. "Dost thou hear how there comes a voice from the brooks of running water? But when they reach the sea they are quiet, and the sea is neither augmented by their in-coming nor diminished by their out-going."

Pantheism,—in some cases an extreme pantheism,—was, as has already been suggested, a part of their belief. Ordinarily, it was modified by the idea that *in the world of unification*, lover, Beloved, and love are one. "Thirty years the high God was my mirror," said one Sufi teacher, "now I am my own mirror—i. e., that which I was I am no more, for

'I' and 'God' is a denial of the unity of God. Since I am no more, the high God is His own mirror. Lo, I say that God is the mirror of myself, for he speaks with my tongue and I have vanished." And the same thought is expressed by another, in a slightly different way—

"I am He whom I love, and He whom I love is I:
We are two spirits dwelling in one body.
If thou seest me, thou seest Him,
And if thou seest Him, thou seest us both."

This doctrine, when held to be true not only in the world of unification but in the external world as well, was so completely in violation of the orthodox Mohammedan views, that certain of its adherents were put to death with horrible tortures. For the most part, however, the Sufis were free from persecution. Their belief was that in God's sight, all religions are right and acceptable; creed and dogma mattering little, and the heart being the true criterion.

"Love is where the glory falls
Of Thy face—on convent walls
Or on tavern floors, the same
Unextinguishable flame.

"Where the turbaned anchorite
Chanteth Allah day and night,
Church bells ring the call to prayer
And the Cross of Christ is there."

Among themselves they held several especially interesting tenets, as, for instance, that there never fails to be, on earth, *one* great theosophist, who is, in the nature of things, the true Caliph or representative of God. He may hold political power, exercising it publicly, in which case the age becomes illumined. Or he may be what they termed the "mystical pole," his rule being, perforce, a secret one, in which case the world is in a state of darkness and unenlightenment. Added to this, they taught the existence of an invisible hierarchy of saints on which the order of the world depends. Then there is a whole range of teachings, suggested by such a statement as that they possessed certain portions of the Chaldean lore, or that the whirling dance, still performed by the Mevlevi dervishes, is representative of the circling of the spheres. Outwardly, however, the Sufis accepted the recognized authorities, embraced the religion of the Prophet with a completeness varying in the cases of different individuals, and, for the most part, kept all the outward observances required of the "faithful," investing them with a new spirit and meaning.

One view of Sufiism, and a particularly clear and suggestive one, is contained in the doctrine of the seventy thousand veils, a doctrine which is common to Gnosticism as well:

"Seventy thousand veils separate Allah, the One Reality, from the

world of matter and of sense. And every soul passes before his birth through these seventy thousand. The inner half of these are veils of light: the outer half, veils of darkness. For every one of the veils of light passed through, in this journey towards birth, the soul puts off a divine quality: and for every one of the dark veils, it puts *on* an earthly quality. Thus the child is born *weeping*, for the soul knows its separation from Allah, the One Reality. And when the child cries in its sleep, it is because the soul remembers something of what it has lost. Otherwise, the passage through the veils has brought with it forgetfulness (*nisyān*): and for this reason man is called *insān*. He is now, as it were, in prison in his body, separated by these thick curtains from Allah."

To tear away the veils, and, freeing himself from the prison house of the body, regain union with the Divine, was the object of the Sufi,—the goal, distant though it might be, toward which he strove. There is in their literature, a beautiful reference to "the branch of the narcissus of union" laid on the hand of hope;—"And seven thousand years have passed, and that narcissus is still fresh and blooming: never has the hand of any hope attained thereto." It is suggestive of that phrase from *Light on the Path*, "You will enter the light, but you will never touch the flame."

The Sufis, at their best, were little interested in philosophical and metaphysical speculation. Later men occupied themselves in this way, and also made an effort to reconcile the pure Sufi teachings, the Mohammedan traditions, and their own speculations. But the earlier Sufis devoted their attention, instead, to working out for themselves a science of living, a school of saintship. Contrary to the custom of Islam, monasticism became a part of their system, together with many minor religious observances that were foreign to the teachings of the Prophet. The Sufi was regarded as a traveller on the Path. The novice in Sufiism was known as a *murid*. On entering the Path, he was first subjected to a period of discipline, lasting three years (there are instances of a seven-year period); the first devoted to serving others, regarding himself as the servant of all men; the second to service of God, cutting himself off entirely from all selfish interests; the third to watching over his own heart, endeavouring to dismiss from his mind every consideration but aspiration and communion. During this probation, he was required to live the life of an ordinary mortal in every particular. He was not encouraged to turn away from the lot to which he had been born, for true religion lay in the right performance of duty, and only when the obligations of duty had been fulfilled, could revelation be looked for. He must exemplify, in his daily living, charity, sympathy, forgiveness toward all; self-sacrifice, brotherliness (no Sufi was worthy the name who did not genuinely regard the whole human family as one great brotherhood). And his consideration must extend not only to his human brothers, but to every living creature. Eradication of self-will and absolute trust in God were further requirements.

The discipline was such as would aid him in ridding himself of all evil thoughts and desires; extricating himself from all selfish interests, and purifying mind and heart. "All *self* abandon, ye who enter here," was written over the gate of Repentance. And elsewhere, "Until thou ignorest thyself body and soul, thou canst not know the object which deserves thy love." And as he went through the process of purgation, he was at the same time "irrigated" with the good influences resulting from his kindly services to others, and strengthened by training in the loftiest moral principles and most sublime ideals. To help him on the Path, he was given a *pir* or past-master in Sufiism, to whom he gave absolute obedience. This master led him in the Path shown in turn by *his* master, and so on up to the Prophet himself. The master acted not only as instructor, but as adviser and guide, helping him immeasurably by his own piety and spiritual strength. In the final stages of the way, the master "threw a magnetic inspiration" on the opened mind of his disciples.

There is an analysis of the Path which comes from one of the oldest Sufi treatises now extant. The close analogy which it bears to the Purgative, Illuminative, and Unitive way of the Christian mystics will at once be apparent. It states that there are seven stages in the Way of the Sufi: 1, repentance; 2, abstinence; 3, renunciation; 4, poverty; 5, patience; 6, trust in God; 7, satisfaction. Each of these, one growing out of the other, the Sufi must pass through; and each is open to him, his progress depending entirely on his own effort. As a concomitant to the seven stages, there is a similar chain of "states," ten in number: meditation, nearness to God, love, fear, hope, longing, intimacy, tranquillity, contemplation, and certainty. The states he may experience only as they are granted to him, for they are gifts from God over which he has no least control. The utmost he can do is to make of himself a safe repository for such as are vouchsafed him.

Great importance was, of course, attached to meditation, and *dhikr,* as the first stage was called, was extensively practised. There is a description of the latter, taken from the work of Ghazali, a comparatively late Sufi writer, which will be interesting and possibly suggestive to anyone who has made an effort to practise a similar form. He begins by explaining that the Seeker must sit alone, effacing from mind and heart all thought of everything save God, the Most High. "Then, as he sits in solitude, let him not cease saying continuously with his tongue, *'Allah, Allah,'* keeping his thought on it. At last he will reach a state where the motion of his tongue will cease, and it will seem as though the word flowed from it. Let him persevere in this until all trace of motion is removed from his tongue, and he finds his heart persevering in the thought. Let him still persevere until the form of the word, its letters and shape, is removed from his heart, and there remains the idea alone, as though clinging to his heart, inseparable from it. So far, all is

dependent upon his will and choice; but to bring the mercy of God does not stand in his will or choice. He has now laid himself bare to the breathings of that mercy, and nothing remains but to await what God will open to him, as God has done after this manner to prophets and saints. If he follows the above course, he may be sure that the light of the Real will shine out in his heart. At first unstable, like a flash of lightning, it turns and returns; though sometimes it hangs back. And if it returns, sometimes it abides and sometimes it is momentary. And if it abides, sometimes its abiding is long, and sometimes short."

This is, of course, only preparatory to the higher stages of meditation and contemplation in which the "vision of the heart" becomes operative —for only the eye of the heart can see God—and the soul enters into union with the Divine. Of this final rapt state of the contemplative, there has been written an exquisite allegory of the butterflies, a picture of the soul's rapturous longing for God. The butterflies have gathered in conclave, filled with a great yearning to unite themselves with the candle flame. After consulting together, one of their number is sent to discover for them what the flame is like. Flying swiftly, he approaches near to where a candle sheds its beams in the darkness, and having seen the light returns in haste. But his message fails to convince his hearers. Another butterfly is sent forth. This one draws so near to the candle, that the tips of his soft wings are caught by the flame, yet he, too, on his return, can satisfy only partially the longing of his fellows. Straightway, a third rises on swift wing, and he, drawing near to the light, is so overcome with the ecstasy of his love, that he casts himself into the fire and is consumed, his body turned to the same glowing colour as the flame itself. His companions seeing that the flame has communicated to him some of its own quality, agree that he has learned what they all long to know, but he alone can understand.

It need scarcely be said that Sufiism was a life, not a creed or a sect. This being the case, it is impossible here to present it in its fullness, but only to give one aspect of it, since there must have been as many kinds of Sufiism as there were men who lived it. It had, of course, its less pleasing aspects. Many failed, far short of the goal; in some cases madness resulted; in many cases psychism of various kinds. During recent centuries, its followers have been less and less concerned with moral elevation and spiritual progress, and have turned more and more to outward observances and the following of "masters" who ply their trade for pay—a mere caricature of true Sufiism. But however ugly the dead form may be, the life and spirit that once animated it were a thing of beauty and loveliness. And in reviewing its development, perhaps its greatest significance lies in the fact that that life, to-day, is our own for the asking, open to every member of the Society who desires it. And for us, the lesson that it points is (to borrow the gist of a Sufi saying), be not content to study but *do* the works of holy men.

JULIA CHICKERING.

THE FEAR OF DEATH

WHEN the religious man says "I am not afraid to die," he means exactly what he says, but he does *not* mean that he regards death lightly. On the contrary he faces the thought of death with a reverential awe which is akin to fear, and this is well, for it is a part of that "Fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom." This reverential awe grows deeper with the life of prayer and of spiritual aspiration, and on its flood tide the soul should be swept into the presence of its Maker.

But there is another attitude toward death which is the very antithesis of this holy fear—a sort of black nervous horror, which drives its victims to a shuddering ignoring of death's imminence, to a postponement of all preparation for it until too late, and, too often, to a practical as well as a theoretical doubt of the Love at the heart of life. This bastard terror is natural to our flesh and blood, it gnaws like a worm at the courage of the race, it is pitiful and dangerous beyond words,—to leave it unattacked were to discount Calvary.

The subject piques because one deals here with an incalculable thing. Humanity cannot be simply divided into the sheep and the goats—the fearless and the fearful. All obvious logic is defied. Should all religious people be brave, and the irreligious cowards? But it is not so. How logical, for instance, if those who only ask to eat, drink, and be merry should swerve from a veiled angel in the path. But most of them do not. They escape by looking the other way—until their moment comes. They refuse to be bothered. They say "time enough" and "sufficient unto the day" and things like that. If one rose from the dead in their interests, it would not avail. No, this fear lurks in silent places; it haunts the very young and the very old; it poisons the lives of the inexpressive, the lonely, and the timid, of the Master's potential but strayed lovers.

One could not dare to call oneself a student of the Divine Wisdom and lack the persuasion that things will finally be well with us—for God is Love; nor the perception that they are not well yet—for He is Justice. By sin came death into the world and the cup must be drained, and drained again, till every jot and tittle of the law be fulfilled; and yet—is there not triumph? And if so—*who* triumphs? Who dares to challenge death for its sting, the grave for its victory? Who dares to shout "Praise be to God Who giveth *us* the victory"? If the antidote to fear be faith, then the saints are conquerors here by divine right; their vision, born of slowly garnered inner prescience, cannot fail them. They triumph not only in life, but through that hour of mortal strife—"that masterful negation and collapse of all that makes me man" (into

Thy Hands, O Lord, into Thy Hands!), while they move (oh swiftly! swiftly!) to where stands waiting the "great Angel of the Agony," and thence "dart with the intemperate energy of love (ah! grant them this!) to those dear feet" where purgatory, that solace of the redeemed, awaits them. No! you cannot phase the saints. For His sake they are willing to die all day long if you like, for who shall separate them from the love of God? *Not* Death—nor any other creature. The fear of the saints is braided through and through with golden hope, and Death is swallowed up in Victory. "Praised be the Lord for our Sister, the Death of the body."

But after all there are not so very many saints, but a great multitude of those cryptically irrational people who count themselves among the religious, who are "members in good standing" of one church or another, who subscribe punctually to "the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting," and who repudiate, with rage born of terror, any suggestion that they will probably die some day. The most tragic figures in the house of life are the aborted saints—they invoke so much and use so little. In shocking company they both believe and tremble. One is irresistibly reminded of the story of the two ladies, one of whom, greatly to the distaste of the other, wished to discuss the after life. The harassed one, failing to change the subject, finally said, "If you insist, of course I believe that we all go to everlasting bliss, but I wish you would not drag in such unpleasant topics."

One summer this writer lived next door to a house in which a young girl was slowly dying of tuberculosis. Everyone recognized the fact, including the poor child herself, but utter panic possessed the entire family. They refused to admit the clergyman on the ground that "it would put ideas into her head"; but day by day the writer was hurriedly sent for, implored to "speak to her," and then as hurriedly dismissed in their demoralization of terror,—"No, wait, she is too frightened to-day"; or "She is worse to-day, come again to-morrow"; or "She is better to-day, we will wait a little." Then the last day came and it was too late. The questions in her beautiful haunted eyes can never be forgotten.

Contrast with this the little children of a household ruled by the Divine Wisdom, who run to their mother, after cross-examining the new gardener, with "Oh, Mother, *isn't* the new man funny—he doesn't think it is nice to die." This episode is particularly reassuring, because one can but suspect that much of this panic fear in later life is traceable to a mishandling of the subject where little children are concerned.

Fighting men and, in varying degrees, the poets, would seem to have some insight here. Death as a subject has always allured the poets, who have treated of it from every imaginable aspect, most of them quite foreign to the purpose of this article, which intends itself for a plea that death should be prepared for with humble faith and met

with humble courage. They have sometimes availed themselves of the possibilities of the subject by falling below its possibilities, and have disembarrassed themselves of a deal of subjective rhyming—the magazines teem with young poets announcing the sentiments they consider appropriate to their *own* demise—often done with really beautiful and poignant art. There is also much wilful choosing of the stuff of morbidity to work with. Maeterlinck's *Death of Tintagel* jumps to the mind, in which a group of women prowl about a dim stage for hours, excitedly whispering to each other in their eternal passings and repassings that "the old Queen" (Death) is about to seize a new victim—that presently someone is *going to die!* It is the *reductio ad absurdum;* one feels after an hour or two of it like Talleyrand, with the young man who argued that he *must* live,—*Je ne vois pas la nécessité.*

Still, on the whole, the poets ring true, and the volume of tonic as well as consolatory poetry about death is as large as it is splendid. It was a poet who said,

> "No array of terms can say how much I am at peace
> about God, and about death."

It was a poet who prayed,

> "Let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
> The heroes of old."

And a poet who prayed,

> "My wages taken and in my heart some late lark singing,
> Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
> The sunset splendid and serene—Death."

While poets have always known that heaven was for lovers' meetings—

> "Would that I were with thee emparadised,
> White Angels around Christ;
> That by the borders of the eternal sea,
> Singing, I too might be."

The War has thrown strong light on another aspect of all this. Just as we note inexplicable fear in one direction, so we find inexplicable courage in another. Given a Cause, given discipline, and the young men of the world go laughing out, and "their lives are in their hands for any man to take." Is it that, for the moment, under the spur of the splendid necessity, the Angel takes possession, and saint and soldier share the same vision? Listen to Masefield telling how the English sailed from the Greek port, out to Gallipoli:

"Ship after ship moved slowly out of harbor . . . and the beauty and the exaltation of the youth upon them made them like sacred things as they moved away. These men . . . had said good-bye to home that they might offer their lives in the cause we stand for. In a few hours at most, as they well knew, perhaps a tenth of them would

have looked their last on the sun. . . . But this was but the end they asked, the reward they had come for, the unseen cross upon the breast. All that they felt was a gladness of exultation that their young courage was to be used. *They went like kings in a pageant to the imminent death.* . . . As they passed on their way to the sea their feeling that they had done with life welled up in those battalions; they cheered till the harbor rang with cheering . . . till all the life in the harbor was giving thanks that it could go to death rejoicing. All was beautiful in that gladness of men about to die, but the most moving thing was the greatness of their generous hearts. . . . No one who heard this tumult of cheering will ever forget it, or think of it unshaken. It broke the hearts of all there with pity and pride; it went beyond the guard of the English heart."

Yes, the saints know, the fighting men know, the poets know. Sometimes we have all three in one. Take Joyce Kilmer's letters from the other side, and search them,—you shall find a spirituality so woven into the fibre of the man that his rollicking fun, his utter love of life and all life's gifts, his utter willingness to give them up, are all one thing. Then turn to the account of William Blake's last hours—the poet with the mystic vision. Read how he sat propped up in bed at the last, advising his wife as to her future, but between times singing and shouting great songs of delight that he had been sent for:

"Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home!"

Sometimes it is in the most astounding places that one encounters perception of what death may mean and how it may be faced. At the risk of straining credulity, it is a temptation to tell how this was once done at the New York Hippodrome. Some years ago that place of entertainment could boast a stage manager with an imagination, a sense of beauty, a vision. It may do so still, but anticlimaxes are disagreeable —it is wise not to risk one. This particular time, when the last elephant had ambled off and the last clown had followed it, beauty came into its own, death was shown us, death—heroic, uplifted, robbed of its sting, and shorn of its victory. By some clever stage illusion, the tank used in the final tableau became a vast body of still water. Some bedizened Oriental potentate (presumably) sat enthroned above; below him the wide flights of steps terracing to the water's edge were thronged with the flower of his kingdom—a great multitude of splendid youth. Their number does not matter—the point is they *looked* like "ten thousand times ten thousand"—young men and women in robes of white and silver. They were marking time to music, and laughing and singing for delight of their sacrifice, for they were about to die. At a signal they marched in close platoons to the water's edge, then into the water—to knees, to breast, to singing lips, and so down under, as the throngs pressed on behind them. There was no break in the gallant laughter, no pause in the gay song, no faltering step, no hint of refraining in all the

shining ranks. We had forgotten in those days of peace how high-heartedly men could die; had forgotten that it could be done "heads up, eyes right!" Never mind the great wooden Hippodrome, never mind the trick which underlay the illusion (some idiot behind was explaining the theory of the diving bell), never mind the silly legend,—"theirs but to do and die": that *was* the legend; nothing else mattered. If the illusion had been less perfect, if there had been one shirking eye, one faltering step, one hint of unwilling sacrifice, the thing would have turned to farce before us and we must have laughed. But no one laughed: death was there and these youths were fain of it, and five thousand people held their breath with the splendor of it. Only a circus thriller, it is true, but ennobled by its perfect discipline and its gleam of intuition.

In his *Varieties of Religious Experience,* William James has this to say: "Mankind's common instinct for reality has always held the world to be essentially a theatre for heroism. In heroism, we feel, life's supreme mystery is hidden. We tolerate no one who has no capacity whatever for it in any direction. On the other hand, no matter what a man's frailties otherwise may be, if he be willing to risk death, and still more if he suffer it heroically, in the service he has chosen, the fact consecrates him forever. Inferior to ourselves in this or that way, if yet we cling to life, and he is able 'to fling it away like a flower' as caring nothing for it, we account him in the deepest way our born superior. Each of us in his own person feels that a high-hearted indifference to life would expiate his shortcomings." "Greater love hath no man than this."

It is a curious subject; in any light only small corners are illumined. We talk about "the instinct to live," but Metchnikoff, the French scientist, tells us that in the old the "instinct to die" is the normal; and yet how seldom we see it. We talk about *joie de vivre,* but life is clung to most determinedly by those who have none. A physician in charge of a Catholic Home for the Aged says that he has never seen such frenzied clinging to mere existence as on the part of these poor things who have so little to live for. The Sisters in charge welcome each approaching death with smiling cheerfulness—here is one more soul departing life, fortified by the rites of the Church; one more bed ready for another patient. Not so the poor old people themselves, who beseech for "something" to stave off the dread moment. Zest of life would seem to have little or nothing to do with it. Perhaps the spirit of adventure is a factor here? This spirit finds it difficult to believe that life can cease—and here is the Great Adventure. The saints, who are life's adults, apply this spiritually and have the best of it, as usual. But life's little children, of any age, do not like bedtime.

An Angel speaks: *It is bedtime—come, children!*

No, no, we are not ready—come back by and by.

I am afraid of the dark!

And *I* want my teddy bear!

An Angel speaks: *Come, children; it is time—a bath for all, a whipping for most, and then rest,—sleep—dreams!*

It is the end—we shall not wake!

Twice two *are* five—I learned it.

An Angel speaks: *Well, well, never mind now; it is time to sleep —so much to do to-morrow.*

To sleep! to dream! Perchance to dream?

An Angel speaks: *Assuredly to dream—dream true at last! Many mansions—stately castles, tiny doll's houses—dream true!*

Cleansed at last from stains of work and play, asleep at last; the angels bend over the tired little children of earth and then draw back in reverent awe. Among them does One pace and pause? One with scarred feet and tender eyes? Ah, surely yes, for the weary tear-stained faces bloom into a smiling peace that passeth understanding. "Sleep! Rest! Dream true! And try again to-morrow. Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." S.

O ye souls that desire to walk in the midst of consolation and security, if only ye knew how acceptable to God is suffering for His love, and how great a means it is to arrive at every other spiritual good, ye would never seek for consolation in anything, but ye would rather rejoice when ye bear the cross after your Lord.—ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

TWO years, measured by ordinary standards, do not seem a very long time. The average man's method of thought and of living does not change materially during that period, and his point of view has not altered sufficiently to make it difficult to recall his state of mind and heart, two, five and even ten years previously. But when a man comes into contact with a vital force which takes possession of him heart and soul, his entire conception of the meaning of life is transformed from a dead, or at most an inert thing, into an inspiring, vibrant, glorious vision of infinite beauty, strength, and joy. If he may not presume to liken himself to a butterfly that has burst its chrysalis and left the dead shell forever, he can at least think of himself as a prisoner released from his cell, to whom the world was never so beautiful, the sky so blue, the air so soft and balmy, the sunshine so glorious; to whom God's handiwork seemed never so lovely, nor God Himself so kind and good. After tasting these new and unaccustomed delights, the man's thoughts turn in loving gratitude to the influence which has brought release from his darkness and ignorance, and entrance into the light of the new and beautiful world he has found. When a man has received so great a boon he feels impelled to express something of the gratitude that is in his heart. While the causes which led up to his deliverance are very vivid in his mind, he finds it difficult, if not impossible, to picture to himself his former pitiable state, for, having been permitted to catch a glimpse of the Eternal, he is indeed living in a new world; nothing appears the same, nothing is the same, unless it be his lower nature, of which the awakening of his higher nature has made him painfully aware, and which as yet is but little changed, but which he now knows it is his duty to set about changing and transforming.

Reared by God-fearing parents in a strict, orthodox manner, I "joined the Church" at sixteen years of age. This step was decidedly against my inclinations, as I did not consider myself "good enough," but, being strongly urged by my parents, who explained that it simply meant that I desired to live a better life, "accepted Christ as my Saviour," and was willing to confess Him before men, I consented, partly in deference to their wishes, and partly because of a desire to escape the consequences of sin—eternal damnation. (Oh, the scores of sermons on this subject through which I wriggled and writhed in my youth!) That "Christ died for our sins" meant to me that He died to save us from the consequences of sin, and I was given to understand that all one had to do to be "saved," was to "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" by "accepting" Him and the

sacrifice which He made for our redemption. (How repugnant to the ideals of Theosophy is such "belief" without action! For, "this idea of passing one's whole life in moral idleness, and having one's hardest work and duty done by another—whether God or man—is most degrading to human dignity.") In my earlier years I was the victim of much intolerance toward others whose form of religious belief differed from my own. This was superseded in later years by what I flattered myself was a broad-minded tolerance. Hell became a myth, or at most a place reserved for incorrigibles; life was an easy-going sort of an adventure; the sins of others were still hideous—my own were small things, as men go, and I was quite as good a Christian as most people who professed to be such. My religious life consisted mainly in attendance at numerous services, and taking an active part in Church and Sunday-school work; later, in social work with boys' clubs and the like.

Meanwhile, I began to hear the word "Theosophy" mentioned by one near and dear to me, who rather timidly informed me of having attended meetings and, finally, of having joined the T. S. I would have none of it; it was all queer and "spooky." Occultism meant black arts and nothing else. I listened condescendingly until one statement arrested my attention: "A member of the T. S. can believe what he likes, need have no belief at all, in fact, 'all members are expected to accord to the beliefs of others the same tolerance which they desire for their own.'" This interested me, and I listened with increasing attention to further remarks dropped from time to time, seemingly casual, almost careless. (I have since learned that they were most carefully and prayerfully considered.) Respect for the source of the crumbs of information let fall, was heightened immeasurably by a remarkable change in my personal surroundings and in the atmosphere of my home. "There may be something in this Theosophy business, after all," I thought; for I was beginning to be conscious that I lacked something in my life that I could not afford to be without, and to feel a sort of envy of this earnest striving towards an ideal with a faith and devotion which I knew I did not possess. Then the Great War came. Deeply stirred, but still confused as to the inner meaning of it all, I finally attended a meeting of the T. S., and was at once profoundly impressed by the attitude towards the war taken by the speakers at this meeting. Their words were so right, they rang so true, disclosing a wisdom, insight, and courage which commanded instant and deep admiration. Later, I discovered that their attitude towards the war was but one aspect of the vision of the leaders of the Society into the meaning and purpose of life; that the war was simply an outward manifestation of the perpetual inner conflict between the forces of good and evil. The keenest disappointment of my life occurred when I was debarred from entering active service in the war. Men who were eager to enter the fray, but who had found that their duty lay in remaining at home, must have been immensely comforted and encouraged, as I was,

by the theosophical statement that it was the duty as well as the privilege of each one of us to aid the cause of the Masters in the war by doing everything in our power to combat the forces of evil in the world, beginning with those within our own natures.

At the meetings of the Society, which I now attended regularly, I listened to sound common-sense in respect to right thinking and right living; wise and convincing answers to questions of every conceivable kind; evidence of deep spiritual insight; a loving sympathy and a desire to help others to gain something of that insight through their own efforts to conquer their lower and build up their higher nature. Then I found the most illuminating, practical, and helpful suggestions in articles in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY as to how to go about doing the things I had heard discussed in the meetings, and I soon learned that the members were bending all the energy of their being upon putting these principles into practice, and that they were consequently speaking from a knowledge born of experience. The true test of any belief or system of thought lies in its effect upon the life. Having been privileged to observe the effects of the application of theosophical principles upon the lives of a number of members of the Society, I perceived that this test was being systematically, unremittingly applied with a devotion and concentration that was a revelation. The secret lay in the development of the inner, or spiritual, nature and life of man, which was nothing more or less than practical occultism,—my bugbear of a few months before. Thus I became aware that I had come into contact with a group of people who had a philosophy of life which could and did explain the many riddles which I had long ago ceased trying to solve, attributing them to the "inscrutable workings of Providence" which no man could fathom. It became clear to me that, apart from Theosophy, there is no scientific or accurate knowledge accessible in the West, and no conception of what real occultism means; that the much-vaunted "civilization" of the West was the product of a development of the purely material aspect of the universe in all lines of study, research or other human endeavor; and that a smug complacency over the material progress attained had buried deep the consciousness of eternal truths which were so well-known and understood centuries ago in the East. Also, I learned that "Theosophy is not a body of dogmas, for truth cannot be cramped into formulas and dogmas." It is "practically a method, intellectually an attitude, ethically a spirit, and religiously a life." It "would have each man follow his own highest light till it leads him to his own Master and his own immortality." The theosophical ideal opens a wealth of thought and inspiration, stupendous in its grandeur and power; reveals as the only means of true spiritual progress the path of discipleship and all that it entails of conquest of self and the elimination of everything that hampers the lifting of the soul to the Light and holding it there steadfastly; provides a motive that transcends

self in the desire that the Masters of Wisdom shall be served—those Elder Brothers who are yearning so passionately that man shall recognize and claim his divinity, shall learn and obey the law that all life is one and tends to one goal,—union with the Divine. Thus the Society seeks to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of humanity upon the spiritual or occult plane, whose members strive and long for the salvation of the race through this union. How different is this ideal from the false and perverted ideas of brotherhood so prevalent in our day!

There had come into my life what seemed an insurmountable difficulty—a stone wall—in connection with something which it was obviously my duty to attempt to solve. This was a cross, a misfortune, which in my blindness and ignorance of the workings of Karma—the Divine Law, "poetic justice"—I was unable to understand, still less to cope with. Finally I sought advice and help from one of the older members of the T. S., whose marvellous sympathy, wisdom, and insight, re-enforced by an astonishingly generous offer of practical help and co-operation in the solution of my problem, I shall never forget or cease to be grateful for. Time has proved that the solution of the difficulty was the only one possible; further, that it could not have been made, or the means for working it out furnished by anyone else in the whole wide world! What in my ignorance I had deemed a cross, like all crosses when we accept them, has proved to be the greatest blessing, with infinitely far-reaching results. Upon this occasion, which was during the period when the mind and heart were still shackled by the habit of years, blinding one to the vision or restraining one from embracing it, a remark was made which disclosed the principle underlying the motive for my having been so miraculously blessed. It is, I think, one of the corner-stones upon which the whole teaching rests: "Whenever there is a real need or hunger of the soul, it is *always* met."

H.

Tribulation is the King's highway, beaten and tracked with the sacred steps of the Master, and with a countless number of Saints, who all of them have made their affliction the degrees of their glory.—CASSIAN.

SOAMES AND THE UNIVERSE

SOAMES was alone with the Universe. Soames was desperately lonely. There was so much to do, and he, alone, to do it all. So great was his task that, in large and small matters alike, he was frequently forced to neglect some duty. Despite all his energy, international policies would go off the track. Despite his advice, his mother-in-law would buy bonnets which were unsuitable. It pained Soames to see the consequences of his unavoidable neglect. So many things which should be done well, were done poorly. It was certainly impossible for one human man to do it all alone. There were times when Soames could not sleep from keen realization of the crying needs of the Universe, and of his own utter inadequacy to rise to all the calls for his intervention. Soames was conscientiously courageous, however. Soames did his best to do what he knew he should do.

Soames found it hard for one human brain to know all that should be known in order that he might do his work. Here and there he turned eagerly for knowledge: now dipping into science; now into philosophy; again into religion. Yet, all the time Soames felt the hopelessness of this endeavour. Despite the recognition of the need that there was for him to know all, that he might the better serve, he could not succeed in knowing all. He had to neglect the Universe. He regretted the necessity, for he saw what was happening to the Universe from his inability to meet each emergency. He saw the suffering and errors from his unavoidable neglect of his stupendous task.

In time the Universe itself also recognized his neglect. Then it rose in indignation. It smote Soames.

When the Universe acts, it takes no half measures. Soames discovered, as a penalty for his inability to run the Universe, that his own little business jealously resented his not giving himself up to it, just as if it were the Universe itself. In other words, Soames' business failed. His family, as Soames recognized, sensed their own desperate need for his specific attention. Because he was unable to give it to them, they too, in narrow selfishness, turned from him in their disappointment over not receiving his exclusive attention. This recognition of the impossibility of his responding to their need spread from his family to his friends. Soames discovered that he was unpopular; even not beloved of those closest to him. Yet the Universe needed him so desperately that he accepted his martyrdom.

Soames was undismayed and courageous. He fought on to help the Universe, despite these trivial, yet trying, failures. Soames did his best, but the Universe was a jealous mistress. Each single phase of it unmistakably was calling for his exclusive attention. He could not

satisfy all. This was not understood. The time came when Soames felt the bitterness of ingratitude from the Universe. He admitted complete failure.

Soames was truly alone in the Universe. He felt so utterly alone that he even felt outside of it. This gave Soames time and opportunity to observe the Universe; even himself. As he observed, fragments of old studies came back to him. For the first time, Soames began to wonder if he really was the sole source of inspiration in the Universe; its only hope; its one dependence.

Soames still remembers how this startling thought first came to him. He had been sitting at home for several days. He had been facing his responsibility to the Universe for not having done what he should have done. Meanwhile his wife had been urging him to go forth and make money, because butcher and baker and candlestick maker were growing unpleasantly urgent that their bills should be paid. Soames had attempted to make the dear woman understand. Patiently he had tried to show her that he was not blameworthy, merely because the Universe had resented his utter inability to be all things to all men in all ways. Mrs. Soames could not understand. She became even annoyingly persistent. Soames took refuge with a file of QUARTERLIES. They had been part of the reading he had undertaken in the days when he was seeking to equip himself to rise to his grave and great responsibilities. For a time this re-reading strengthened Soames' concept of the Universe and of his own importance therein. As he went on reading, however, an uneasy something arose in him, which, in his earlier and salad days, Soames would have called "conscience." Whatever it was, it decided him to take pity upon his wife. However childish her point of view, he would try to enter into it to soothe her. He would take her into the Universe with him, he decided, so he began considering how she would regard the Universe.

"If a man really comprehends the Universe, he should comprehend anything therein." Thus Soames argued to himself. Therefore, he felt, he should comprehend his wife's point of view; even try to comply with it. "To a woman's mind her family is the Universe. Naturally she feels they deserve exclusive attention. So be it!"

Soames rose from his chair and went into the next room. "Well, Matilda," he said, "if you really feel that it is more important that I should devote myself to my own family rather than to helping my fellowmen, who need me so, I will go right down town and see Rawlinson. He told me he would like to have me go to work for him. It will prevent my doing much that should be done. Still, if you feel that it is right for me to sacrifice myself and others, I will be glad to do anything to stop your being so unhappy. I find I cannot do the thinking that I should do, while you are so unhappy, so I am going right down town."

"Sylvanus, I am so glad," cried Mrs. Soames, "and do you know, I am old-fashioned. I do not believe that the Lord wants you to try to do His work and to fulfil His obligations, and not to do your own and fulfil yours."

Soames' second test of his intention to sacrifice himself was to keep silent. He could, so easily, have proved to his wife that his real duty and obligation was to the Universe.

Soames saw Rawlinson and went to work. In his bitterness towards the ingratitude of the Universe, Soames decided that he would turn his back upon it to punish it. He devoted himself exclusively to the interests of the Soames family. Time went on. Mrs. Soames wore new dresses. The children wore whole shoes. Soames' equity in the house, into which he had moved, steadily grew.

Soames even forgot the Universe. Nevertheless Soames prospered. More than that, Soames became prosperous. People looked up to him. His family were proud of him. He became popular. He was urged to run for alderman. He refused. He said he would be glad to help any good movement, but that a man's first duty lay in doing his own duty. He said he was not yet in a position to take time from his family needs to help the public.

One night there came in the mail for Soames the cancelled mortgage of his house. As he sat alone in his comfortable study, and looked at the mortgage, Soames thought of the Universe.

Suddenly Soames realized that he had once more discovered the Universe. More than that: Soames found that the Universe is controlled by loving wisdom, and that when a man bows his head to the yoke and pulls loyally down the furrow, the Universe rewards the effort.

Soames went down stairs to where his wife was sitting. "Do you know, Matilda," he said, "I have made a discovery. Since the Universe is infinite, every part of it must contain the whole. The duty that a man owes to the Universe is done when he does his own duty."

"Sylvanus," said Mrs. Soames, "you have certainly done your duty. You have made us all happy, and I do not know any more popular man."

"I am glad you feel that way," said Soames, "because I am so happy myself that I like to have others share it." There was a moment's silence. Then, suddenly, Mrs. Soames said:

"Have you ever stopped to think, Sylvanus, how much happier and more prosperous we have been since you put the Golden Rule into operation?"

"Just what do you mean by that?" asked Soames, feeling puzzled, because he could see no connection in what his wife said.

"I mean since you gave up what you wanted to do, and went down to see Mr. Rawlinson, just because it was what I wanted you to do for the sake of the children."

"I don't see," said Soames, "what that has to do with the Golden Rule?"

"Why, Sylvanus, dear, don't you know that for years you wanted everybody to sacrifice themselves for you, and it was not until you sacrificed yourself for others that our luck turned?"

"M-M-M," murmured Soames, "that makes me think of two sentences that I have just found in the QUARTERLY: 'Everything is founded upon sacrifice. God set the example when he created the Universe.'"

"Well," said Mrs. Soames, "you ought to feel satisfied at last, because doesn't that make you a partner with God?"

Soames went to sleep that night feeling that he was no longer alone in the Universe, but a part of it.

SYLVANUS SOAMES.

In the prayer of rapture, man is effaced from self, so that he is not conscious of his body, nor of things outward and inward. From these he is rapt, journeying first to his Lord, then in his Lord. If it occur to him that he is effaced from self it is a defect. The highest state is to be effaced from effacement.—GHAZZALI.

POST WAR PROBLEMS

LABOUR AND THE CHURCH

A Workman's Retrospect

I.

"AND you will pray for the Church; that He may divinely enkindle, and strengthen and guide it."

These words, as nearly as I remember them, and simple enough in themselves—were yet brimful of inner and outer meaning to me, when I recalled them, together with qualifying and associate sentences, as I slowly left the Church that Sunday morning: my mind filled with the morning's theme and with a new sense of worship in my heart.

Our thoughts had been turned to post-war problems—"reconstruction." Pre-turned, perhaps I should say, as the end was not then in sight. It was about the time when the second series of great Marne battles were being fought; when Paris was for the second time in danger of becoming a German stronghold—and the key-city to German world-dominion; when we, here at home, had either to face the possibility of a German invasion—German pillage, brutality, filth, and outrage upon our own soil—or to send to Europe hurriedly, in greater numbers, the fittest of our sons.

Some of the worshippers had doubtless been thinking of this. The war and its incidents of cleansing pain and sacrifice had been made the subject of inquiring prayer; and the feeling at times had been so heart-felt, so intense, that one could almost hear the booming of guns, and feel the near and distant clarified atmosphere; while one or two of us, I knew, had felt the deeper and more fateful inner issues which concern rather the souls of nations. We felt that in the end we, as a nation, would be adjudged by divine ideas alone—by God's own sense of justice and right in the matter—and not by any democratic thesis or dethroning of kings.

The service hour was early, while it was yet cool; before the sun rose high. And it may be, too, that the earlier morning air is naturally more rarefied inwardly; just as in the morning's early hours our hearts and minds are said to be more intuitively receptive to the higher and diviner things of life. Our rector, I remember, once spoke of this,—"Father" Banning, some of us would more intimately call him, although, so far as I know, it is only a courtesy, in recognition of his corrective love and care. His hair has whitened, but not so much with years as by events in his personal life, as I had come to know; and the effect that morning was heightened by the sheen white of his surplice and of the altar furnishings in the morning sunlight, as it streamed untinted through the chancel's opened windows.

The "father," as I prefer to call him, is thin and ascetic looking, yet his figure is sinuous and erect, suggestive of reserved vigour. There are times when he reminds me more of the French soldier-priests, fighting in the trenches, and of the asceticism of the battlefield, rather than of solitude and the cloister, though signs of the contemplative—the inner warrior-contemplative—are not lacking in his face. His earnest request to us—to pray—had in it something of imperativeness, almost of command.

Whenever the Church was mentioned there were certain inflections in the father's voice, familiar to me as expressive of inner awakening concern, as if, in this soul-searching hour, he were more keenly conscious of the Church's inner and outer responsibilities and its vast opportunity. He had often spoken to me of the saints of the Roman Church, the most notable amongst them and catholic in the wider sense, such as St. Teresa of Jesus, and St. Francis of Assisi, St. Catherine of Siena, and some of the great saint-scholars whom he sometimes quoted. He said the liberated spiritual energies of these were not yet spent, nor had their love and labours ceased to uplift us. By those who would listen, their voices might still be heard; and we needed their positive example of forceful and virtuous living as never before. And, although I am only beginning to understand these things, and to know the father intimately, I am inclined to think that some of those thoughts returned to him in that service hour.

This call for special prayer, daily and in our own homes, came after a brief recital of some of the father's highest hopes for the Church's immediate future. It followed a brief description of a few re-dedicated wayside shrines in France, which for many years had stood unused and unheeded, save to serve as marks for German guns in the first months of the war. As I remember, they indicate the cross-roads, as well as where the devout would be likely to assemble. When some of our own boys were passing on their way to the front, and there was less danger of German shells, some little French children were seen to gather at one of those shrines and were overheard to pray, in words too simple and full of perfect faith for me to repeat, for a blessing upon American mothers and fathers.

And in England, too, here and there, where for centuries none had stood, wayside shrines were at that time springing up, as it were, overnight. Perchance some tired, though tenacious munition worker might reverently bare and bow his head in prayer or silent recollection of the newly found Living Christ, whom his wounded soldier-shopmates declared they had seen face to face as they fought and fell. And it was commonly believed among both the French and the English that those who would never return, who had made the greater sacrifice, were led on by Him still fighting: on, past death's invisible front line to their part in the Allied nations' and His own inner victory—farther "West"!

Our boys were then quietly digging themselves in, preparatory to

our share in the fighting. Yet there were no shrines on our own roadsides, that the father knew of, from whence we, too, might prayerfully aid them, except it be in our own hearts.

Father Banning's principal theme, however, was more militant than devout, as that word is generally understood. As I listened, full, clear, and true came that higher spiritual keynote we need so much at this time; that we need at all times, and just as much in our normal life as when we are fighting. But we shall need it especially in the work of reconstruction, immediately before us, if that is to be made the spiritual awakening which we, in our rarer moments of war-time inspiration, have desired it to be, and not the administrative, specious world dream, and spiritual lethe, which it is in danger of becoming! It is for this vital reason that I am endeavouring to repeat the father's theme, to impart something of its inner stimulus and teaching, as I now recall it, even though imperfectly, in broken sentences, and in my own diction.

Incidentally, the father in his discourse likened the times we are living in to some great lenten period, in the early spring of one of God's greater years. As in the lesser, truly observed lent—our own periodic inner and outer struggle—so now was God bringing to light and life and to instant action the more potent and widespread, hidden motives, both high and low,—laying bare powers devilish, and also the loftiest of human passions. In nations and men there is taking place a world-wide sifting of the wheat from the chaff in human life and its institutions. In the fullness of this greater springtime, as on some great Easter Morn —men, too, would say they had seen Him, that He had walked and talked with them upon the way.

And he spoke of Him as Paul, the great post-lenten disciple, would have us know Him,—as soldier, priest and king! Using Paul's similitudes of perfection in sovereignty and holy orders, he spoke of Him as after that archaic Order of Melchisedec; kings of righteousness and of peace beyond our present human understanding; royal priests of the Most High, themselves the sacrifice, immortal, divine—of beginningless and endless life, like unto the Sons of God; kingly priests and priestly kings of old, sacred and mysterious personages of which we can learn so little.* But beyond this, as the conqueror of the world's evil, He was the Soldier Immortal, the divine exemplar in Paul's own fight. "The Master and disciple—soldier, priest, and king," slowly reiterated the father; "A divine fruition of their ideal human counterparts in our midst. Here to remain, maybe, in purer and ever purer forms, until the eternal principles they would symbolize to us shall have become woven into our common inner life and being."

To elucidate further points, he used the symbol of a fully armed and

* It is recorded, too, that these kings of the Order of Melchisedec were the great administrators of justice among the Jewish and surrounding Arab nations in Abraham's time, presumably of clear-seeing, never-failing, never-faltering justice, as God Himself would have it. They were arbiters of the issues of battle also; and from this we might well infer that they were combatants themselves in righteous war!

armoured knight, in ceaseless action. Our moral and physical courage and willing obedience; our well-fulfilled duties; our faith and enthusiasm, and our inner endeavours and prayers and love for Him, in so far as these are pure and virile and strong, may be said to be as a keen-edged, well-tempered sword in His and our hands, for our country's immediate inner and outer defense.

Moreover, these—to follow our knightly symbol still closer—were a silent and direct challenge to the remaining evil in our own hearts, as to every would-be wrong-doer in our midst, in the tourney lists of life within and around us, as, conversely, our self-seeking will and sin were accumulative for our own and our nation's moral and spiritual weakness and eternal defeat. And under one of God's own laws, for the safe-guarding of His will and purposes, every just war was the outcome of a similar inner challenge, similarly given,—perhaps long before, silently gathering in strength meanwhile, till its opposer and the moment for decisive action came, when a would-be righteous nation closes its visor—and mobilizes its fighting forces, munitions and men.

The father reminded us that none could serve two masters, nor serve simultaneously under opposing generals in these days; nor love Christ and His enemies at the same time, as some of us were vainly trying to do.

As that knightly spiritual symbol grew more and more luminous and clear to me, the Master's life and light and love shining through it; I knew it in my heart to be the radiant image of the soul. The soul itself is essentially a fighter: this was the great fact the war had revealed to us, the knowledge the German nether-soul had forced upon us.

II.

Our church is small and the worshippers were few that morning, and as I walked along my thoughts went out to some of them.

There were some well-to-do people amongst us, and by one of those seeming paradoxes in life I was attracted to and interested in them. We approached one another, and the church door, from opposite directions, as it were, from the opposite extremes of social and material life, yet the inner obstacles we had each to overcome were akin. Through long, wearisome years, as I have reason to know, some of those people had been slowly learning that wealth is, after all, only an asset, a "talent," moral, spiritual, or material, as we make it, and not a power in itself. While, as a poor man, it had been as slowly and finely ground into me, by hard-earned experiences, that toil and poverty and hardships, and heavy burdens of responsibility are necessary to the moral and spiritual redemption of the vast majority of my class.

Thus we entered the church where, through Father Banning's "medieval notions" of daily prayer and religious exercises, we had begun to find that only in so far as we reach to the soul in ourselves can we hope to bring it to life in others.

Among those of our church is one whose great wish is that Science,

its tireless efforts turned inwards, should discover, symbolized in its researches, the Way of the Cross: that the scientist with eyes undimmed by self and sin, or by nature's material false reflections, might see the glorified human soul he has so often failed to extricate from his laboratories and experiments.

And there is one, I know, whose heart's desire it is to make new designs for the chancel's stained-glass windows, which shall typify the vicarious fighting from Mons, Verdun, and the Marne; he would have the White Comrade there, tending the wounded and dying, His own hands and feet and side not yet healed. There should be place also for St. George, the English St. Michael, leading his deathless and invincible angel hosts, brigaded with the fighting souls of the war's first dead, at Mons; for Jeanne d'Arc, warrior-saint and disciple, battling now as never before for the spiritual sovereignty of France, the Sacred Heart upon her banners; and for humble Lieutenant Péricard's exalted deed at the Bois Brulé—"Rise, ye dead men!" and the dead and dying as they arose, their souls aflame with the fire of conflict.

He would have some representation of the evil thing, beast-like and monstrous, with which this still unfinished struggle has been fought; and he would include a scene of crucified prisoner-soldiers, silhouetted against a darkened sky, or, returning home, branded and maimed and leprosy-infected at the hands of dexterous German surgeons; the iridescent inner spiritual light of these to illumine the high altar, and their blackening shadows there to stay, lest we as a nation forget, or should again look on and wait.

III.

But there is also my own post-war problem: I am a workman, and my thoughts turn naturally to those whose daily lives and predilections I share. As I now look out upon forty odd years of a workshop life, not yet ended, I can see more or less clearly some of the ameliorative efforts, made during that time, to redeem us, as a class. There were the developments from the endeavours of such men as Maurice and Kingsley, in England, to smooth the working-class pathway with middle-class cultural refinements, middle-class paintings, poetry, music, and social amenities,—all of these of doubtful uplifting value, inasmuch as none of them, so far as I could see, had made any deep spiritual impress upon the middle-class itself. Out of those efforts, as my memory serves me, sprang the university settlement-houses and the workingmen's colleges of England's large cities,—that English working-class men and women might breathe for a brief evening's space the rarefied air of Oxford and Cambridge and other large English universities; perchance that, as a class, they might visibly rise thereby to higher spiritual levels. And I have seen many such benignly intentioned efforts come westward, to be newly energized or reborn here among our own people.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, and the increasing political power that has been given to us, it appears to me that, as a class, we should have

been little further advanced, spiritually, but for the recent stirrings of inner life that the war has brought to some of us. Nay, more, where the lines of class demarcation and cleavage have not for the time been swept away by the war's common demands, they have become more visible and sharply defined; while the two hemispheres are seething with working-class discontent, and Society is being stealthily undermined with Bolshevism, as the war's aftermath. In Europe, particularly, the working people's idea would seem to be either to absorb the upper classes in a grotesque attempt to deprive them of their legitimate functions and to copy their vices; or, as "self-determinedly" to destroy them, and to leave no trace, except the wreckage, as witness to the crime.

In our own country, when the exigencies of the war were forcing men of all classes to assume many new political and personal, moral and spiritual responsibilities,—the head of the great Steel Corporation, in discussing the modern labour movement, declared that by the outwardly levelling process now in progress—"call it socialism, social revolution, bolshevism, what you will, . . . the workman without property who labours with his hands is going to be the man who will dominate the world." As a government high official, moreover, at that crucial time, he, seemingly, sought to placate this ruling power-to-be, by going from shipyard to shipyard morally cudgelling and coaxing the men to greater efforts, to realization of the country's war needs; and, by smoothly spoken words, to appease, if possible, the leading few whose avowed aim was permanently to force up wages by inducing the workers to "go slow" while this propitious, war-created opportunity lasted.

The president of the American Federation of Labor has himself since openly declared for world-government by the combined forces of internationally organized labour, as we now know them. While some time previous to this, as if to show, perhaps, the ethical foundations upon which it is intended that labour should build, a less known political labour leader, who was chosen by our Federal Government to handle labour and capital disputes for the period of the war, addressed the following words to a wildly applauding audience of delegated representatives of iron-ship building trades' workers:

> "It is not a mere question of being behind President Wilson. . . . The question is, are you behind yourself? We took advantage of the situation abroad, . . . (and) before war was declared by the United States we saw to it that organized labour was going to get proper recognition, and that conditions of employment and standards of living would not be interfered with. . . . Nothing can be done, unless we are consulted and practically give our consent to it. . . . You have the ship-building. And we are not talking about getting a penny an hour now. . . . We are striking for dollars. We have forgot that there is such a thing on the market as a penny any more. . . . All are asking for dollars,—two dollars a day increase, three dollars a day increase. We are just coming together and going to get dollars now instead of pennies. . . . I want you to get that into your heads. For the first time in the history of the United States Government, . . . Uncle Sam is paying the expenses of union committees to come to Washington to meet

> the employers. Isn't that a pretty good union agreement? That is only the beginning. I hope the convention here will get in their minds that beautiful thought of more. Place your officers in a position to go out and demand. . . . And in this crisis, instead of our power being lessened, we will come out after the war is over bigger and greater than we ever were before."

This abandoned appeal to class selfishness was made in the fourth year of the war,—on the eve of its decisive battles, when our troops were hurriedly embarking for the front in British ships! For aught these men knew, and seemingly cared, they would have sacrificed their own sons, if not the country, to add a digit to their paychecks, or for a few hours' less work a week.

Some have even dared to suggest that the Church cast aside its "mysteries," which they evidently do not understand, and prostitute its potentially divine energies in an alliance with organized labour; that labour might gain thereby some few outer benefits, earned or unearned, merited or unmerited, that it may desire. Absurd as this proposition may seem to some, it is to me by no means impossible that organized labour, with its purely selfish and material aims, may seek to live and thrive, vampire-like, on the Church's spiritual vitality. If conjoined, their energies might give abortive birth to some of those wildly inchoate "Christian" socialistic schemes of an industrial, earthly paradise, familiar to us by many names,—possibly to yield a harvest of more or less violence as the promised richer results from these are not forthcoming. For spiritual nemesis follows swiftly its causes in these days, as we may have seen.

What of the so-called Christian Labor Guilds of Germany?—founded at the express request of the Kaiser, some twenty odd years before the war? These church and labour unions comprise both Catholics and Protestants, and were formerly intended, not so much to give sanctity or lower-class religious feeling to the world-Germanizing movement, as to prepare the German working people themselves for their necessary and due part in the plan, as subsequent events have shown to be the case.

In accordance with the well known character of Vatican traditions, the inner and actively perverted side to these was, evidently, either secretly endorsed or silently consented to by Rome until 1912, when their conduct and continued existence, as a recognized part of the Roman Church, were placed before Pope Pius X. He advised, in the *Singulari quadam*, September 24th of that year, that they be "tolerated," and allowed, so far as their Catholic members were concerned, to remain under diocesan rule, side by side with other and purely Roman Catholic church and labour organizations, formed later, to avoid, if possible, the incessant personal strife, hitherto engendered. Neither the Vatican nor the German Emperor, nor the German people, were disappointed in their common protégé, or in the help and promise those guilds gave to Germany's still unrelinquished attempt at world-wide spiritual destruction.

The clerically sponsored labour unions of Germany, with their representatives in the Reichstag, have almost from their birth fought

the purer forms of catholicism and protestantism, and have compounded with the socialist to incite and carry on German interclass warfare; they have stood, openly or secretly, back of the Vatican and of Prussian intrigues for world-conquest and temporal power, and have been as solidly behind the German armies of occupation, with their murdering, pillaging, and outraging. A glimpse of this may be obtained from *Pan-Germanism versus Christendom*, by Réné Johannes. André Cheradame, in his *The Essentials of Enduring Peace*, also mentions that one of these guilds, a few weeks before the armistice, called for the retention of the stolen coal-fields of Longwy-Briey. With such things as these in mind, I have sometimes wondered what part Luther's had been in Germany's downfall,—what the effect of his violent political councils, and his pulpit-advocacy of libertinism, along with his broken Augustinian vows!

Whenever such church and labour alliances as the above are advocated, we should be wise to remember how it was when the Master himself worked outwardly among men. There was the multitude,—the common people who in the beginning heard him gladly, whose sick he healed, whose dead he raised to life—whom he loved. Was it not they who became incensed when he would no longer miraculously feed them, and refused either to help them to political power or to free them from Cæsar's yoke, by becoming their constitutional king? And was it not they who at the Passover Festival—their yearly thanksgiving for deliverance from Egyptian fetters—were stirred to final and overwhelming reaction by their leaders, and cried "crucify him"? The divine life-energies he had so abundantly and continuously poured out upon them were in the end, almost in an instant, turned against him. And so it would inevitably be as between the Church and the labouring class, were they to enter into such a compact as here described.

IV.

"And how would you have us regard labour, my son?" said Father Banning to me, after listening patiently to some of the opinions I have expressed above.

"Just the same as you would any other individual, Father!" I replied

"We may have the whole social, industrial, political and economic structure remodelled to suit our requirements; may have every æsthetic and emotional want satisfied, but I have yet to see that this would necessarily raise us morally, or bring us any nearer to Christ and the inner world,—as so many preachers and would-be uplifters seem to imply. In the absence of any more marked signs of repentance than we, as a class, now show, I do not see how satisfying all our demands will change us inwardly. Neither do I see that it can free us from the direct consequences of the industrial sins we continue, wilfully or unknowingly, to commit in common life together, and which must be atoned for at some time in our common workaday life. No outwardly ameliorative measure, no change in state organization and law, can ever

exempt us from those penalties, it seems to me, any more than we can be absolved, by a word, from the sins we, as individuals, daily and hourly fall into; and which, you know, are only wiped out by suffering—our own and our Master's.

"I hardly need to remind you that the mistake, as I see it, is not in seeking to safeguard our worldly interests, nor in caring for our mental and emotional health and physical well-being. No, it lies in working so exclusively for these, thinking thereby to supply our inner needs, or that it would by chance lead us up to something ethically higher and finer in life, if not to our moral and spiritual regeneration.

"Our present-time mood, resentful of moral restraint the world over, and our self-assertive tendencies to revolt more or less aimlessly and with sinister purpose, regardless of others, should make this mistake perfectly clear. Even the German industrial workers, you will remember, were reputed to be amongst the best educated and best cared-for working people in all Europe:—with what spiritual result we may see by following their trail through Belgium and France.

"There are some God-given industrial laws as inexorable and exacting as that of supply and demand, and as soul-saving, in a way, as any of those which seem to us to apply only to the things of our immortal life. So long as these are disobeyed, any social, economic, and political defenses we may attempt to put around ourselves will, in time, be demolished.

"We need a more spiritual motive-force in our common working life. On the employers' side some higher and nobler impulse than greed of gain, or mere love of business strategy and money-making tactics for their own sakes,—something industrially akin to the old spirit of *noblesse oblige*. And for ourselves we need a more redeeming incentive than feeling compelled to work for a living, while envying the rich, and ambitious to become one of them, but lacking the ability. We need to put out more self-regenerative effort and honest work—to feel and to live up more to our class responsibilities, obligations, and duty—on both sides.

"We have heard much of the self-seeking and useless lives of the upper classes, and almost every sin possible to an employer has been made known to us by publicists in the past twenty or thirty years. It has yet to be as commonly and clearly recognized by those who really wish to help us, that employer and workman are pretty much alike at heart; that, when we are put to the moral test, there is little to choose between us; that, as many of us have learned by experience, the small employer, who has risen from our own ranks, is usually the very worst man for whom to work.

"To put our own case in its most favorable light, making the most of the burdens that selfish and unscrupulous employers and financiers have put upon us,—the fact remains that for material services, for the most part sparingly, listlessly, and often sullenly rendered, we have

constantly demanded, as a class, the spiritual reward of lasting liberty and happiness; whereas our right to these can only come to us, like our wages, as we earn them. That we reap what we sow is my beliêf, as it is yours, Father," I continued.

"But our great need is to live cleaner lives on both sides. By far the most enslaving force we meet is one seldom recognized by social reformers,—it is that morally fetid air, the by-product of our personal lives, which hangs like a malarial vapour about most workshops, factories, and offices. Intangible as it is, it is made almost visible by the degenerate anecdotes, similes and innuendoes in common use.

"Wherever you find spiritual life springing up amongst us, life which is industrially self-redemptive, spontaneously generous and forgiving, honest and clean, you will see very little of this coming from any extraneous efforts on our behalf, and little indeed, even, from evangelistic work among us. You will see it mostly as the fruits of pain and sorrow, sacrifice and suffering, poverty and increasing burdens of duty and responsibility in our private and common lives. However we may put our feelings into words, in our hearts we know industry to be a form of devotion, the companion of religion in common life. Dimly, and in our various ways, we see industry as evidencing the human soul struggling upward by self-devised efforts, through divinely imposed tasks, to free itself; and it is, therefore, divinely ordained—a necessary part in the Master's great plan for the western world.

"Here, almost in a word, is the Church's task, the Church labour problem—to make of modern industry the companion of religion in modern life. Can such an end be furthered by those misleading emotional sympathies and religio-economic utterances which come from many pulpits? No, these have but helped to enervate us spiritually, morally, and physically,—have fed our vanity and self-importance, and hastened us to the point where we are now practically demanding to be given the world's balance of power. These have been to us as a stone, given instead of the bread of inner life for which some of us are hungering. Have they not been even as a poison in the communion cup that has been handed to us?

"Our real and most pressing need is for moral and spiritual instruction and guidance. We need the moral and spiritual daily food which we can assimilate, both as individuals and as a class; which it is the function of the Church to supply; and which will nourish our impoverished, underfed, moral and spiritual systems.

"There is an industrial way of the cross,—this I know. And maybe He, become divine workman for our sakes, has trodden and knows every inch of its path; but it does not begin and end at the factory door.

"Behind the crucified form, as you know, in a blaze of inner light stands the Master Himself, living and accessible. You are His servitor, Father, here as in other spiritual matters, if I may presume to say so. And where we, with our limitations, cannot reach up to Him directly, you must be as the link in that living vicarious chain of saints and preceptors that bind us to Him."

LABOURING LAYMAN.

STUDENTS' SCRAP BOOK

The Missing Link

IN *The Secret Doctrine,* written in the years following 1885, and published in 1888-89, it is very positively stated that no missing link between man and the anthropoid apes will ever be discovered, because no such link has ever existed. (*The Secret Doctrine,* Vol. II., page 200; 1893 edition.)

In the intervening thirty years abundant relics of prehistoric man have been added to those known when *The Secret Doctrine* was published; of these relics, two groups have been hailed as genuine "missing links" between the anthropoid apes and *homo sapiens,* intelligent man.

The first of these groups of bones was found in 1891, within a few months of Mme. H. P. Blavatsky's death, near the native hamlet of Trinil, on the left bank of the Bengawan River, in central Java. The relics consisted of a part of a skull and two teeth. The skull appears to have been low and depressed, with strong supraciliary ridges. The teeth are very large. A year later, in 1892, a femur or thigh bone was discovered by the same explorer, Dr. Eugene Dubois, of the Dutch army medical service, at a spot fifty feet away from the site of the first find. Dr. Dubois leaped to the conclusion that femur and skull belonged to the same individual. On the strength of the depressed skull, he called the newly discovered creature Pithecanthropus, or "ape-man"; on the strength of the thigh bone, which appears to be distinctly human, he added the specific name Erectus, "standing upright."

In his *Prehistoric Man,* 1915, Professor J. F. Scott Elliot records, concerning Pithecanthropus Erectus, one of those instances of harmony among men of science which rejoiced the heart of the author of *The Secret Doctrine:* "The skull is considered a human skull by six of these celebrated authorities, who are, for the most part, English. It is thought to be a missing link, that is intermediate, by eight, mostly French; it is considered an ape's skull by six others, who are mostly German. Only one authority makes the femur that of an ape, thirteen consider it human, and six make it out intermediate." With unconscious humor Professor Scott Elliot says that these authorities are "all scientists whose opinion would be taken as final in any ordinary dispute."

In the autumn of 1911, at Piltdown, near Fletching, in Sussex, England, Mr. Charles Dawson found parts of a skull, for which also has been claimed the title of missing link. The right half of a lower jaw was later discovered in the same bed of gravel. As in the case of Pithecanthropus Erectus, Mr. Dawson at once leaped to the conclusion that the skull and the jaw had belonged to the same individual, of a new, pre-human species, for which was invented the name Eoanthropus,

"Man of the Dawn." And, since the jaw had characteristics resembling those of certain apes, while the skull was distinctly human, it was proclaimed that a new missing link had been found between the apes and man; and reconstructions of this ape-man, or, as Dr. Arthur Keith appears to think, ape-woman, have made their appearance in the museums.

It is interesting to find the same variety of opinion concerning Eoanthropus as has already been illustrated in the case of Pithecanthropus. On page 388 of Dr. Keith's *Antiquity of Man* are two reconstructions of the parts of the skull alone (without the jaw), one by Dr. Keith, the other by Dr. Smith Woodward, which suggest two widely different races, not merely two distinct individuals.

But the point of vital interest about the supposed Eoanthropus is this: Mr. Gerrit S. Miller, Jr., of the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, has published, in 1915 and 1918, two exceedingly able monographs, very lucid, though of necessity extremely technical, which appear to prove that Eoanthropus is a myth, for the very simple reason that the skull is the skull of a human being, while the jaw is the jaw of a prehistoric chimpanzee, overwhelmed, perhaps, in the same flood. So strong is Mr. Miller's case that, on the strength of the jaw, he has not hesitated to establish an early species of chimpanzee, which he calls Pan Vetus, Pan being the generic name of the chimpanzee, while vetus means simply "old."

An equally distinguished member of the Smithsonian staff, who has published many closely reasoned monographs on mammals, and has done excellent specialist work on the bones of the skull, confidently assured the writer of this study that "Pithecanthropus was nothing but a gigantic Gibbon," that is, an ape, pure and simple, with no human traits whatever, and therefore in no sense a "missing link."

It would seem, then, that neither Pithecanthropus nor Eoanthropus has any claim whatever to that title, and that the categorical statement in *The Secret Doctrine* has in no way been impugned.

C. J.

About Women

During the Red Cross "drive" in New York, many thousands of young girls served as collectors. They accosted men on the streets and asked them for money. They entered hotel lobbies and cafés, soliciting contributions. The writer saw one of them, unattended, enter for the same purpose a saloon in one of the less reputable neighborhoods of the city. These young girls were dressed in Red Cross garb. Occasionally they worked in pairs. But shall we be understood if we say that a day's work of that kind deprives a girl of something which—if she had not lost it previously—would have been one of her chief attractions

among men? Such an experience tends to make her bold, to toughen her. Men whom the fire of this war will purify, will not like bold, tough girls. A girl who has lost even a fraction of her modesty is to that extent less charming.

We read not long ago of a French girl, supposed (alas!) to be of the same descent as Jeanne d'Arc, and who was encountered by an American war correspondent driving an ambulance near the front. She wore trousers. She was smoking a big, black cigar. She crossed her legs. She had proved herself very efficient, very courageous. But a woman had been lost to the world, and—it is not fair to the men.

Jeanne d'Arc was not like that. She was a saint. She was modesty itself. And it is only saints who can do the work of men without losing their femininity. Ordinary women lose whatever they had to start with, which in some cases is so little that the loss may not be noticeable. Perhaps in that case it matters less, though it might be argued that it matters more. In any event, saintliness of motive and of manner will protect a woman from almost anything. But her saintliness must be consistent. It must increase as the result of every experience. It must grow the greater as she grows older. And how many real saints, such as that, are there in the world!

There are not men enough to do the work, it may be urged. Our reply is: there are men enough. For we do not suggest that women should do no manual labour. The work those girls were doing for the Red Cross was not manual. And if, as the result of their absence from the streets, the Red Cross had raised some twenty million dollars less than it did raise,—what of it? The total asked for was greatly oversubscribed. If more be needed later, it can and will be raised. The work of those girls was not needed. Nor do we believe that the work of women ever is needed when it is harmful. The universe is not governed that way. Granting that it is a woman's duty to do something, the doing of it is intended to ennoble and not to toughen her. Good women should not allow themselves to be stampeded into doing things against which their own instinct rebels, and, for the sake of their own sons and brothers, if not for the sake of womanhood in general, they ought not to countenance conduct in other women which detracts from modesty and which tends, in the end, to cheapen womanhood in the eyes of men.

GERMANY

The following is an extract from a letter written by a British officer who was a prisoner in Germany for three and a half years and who was then in Holland, having been "exchanged" for some German officer captured by the British.

In his first letter he said: "From the moment we crossed the frontier,

we were treated with the greatest kindness by everyone, the *first kindness* anyone had shown us in three and a half years."

Our correspondent adds:—"He writes with restraint, but the deepest bitterness of the Germans' treatment of our unfortunate prisoners, as he says there is no such thing as a decent German; they are an utterly uncivilized and barbarian nation, without an idea of truth and honour, and their word can never be trusted. No one knows them better than the prisoners, who have suffered so long and so terribly at their hands, and their testimony against the German nation is a terrible one."

Royalty

One of the more conservative New York newspapers, commenting on the reception of the Prince of Wales in Canada, reminds us that "the attendants of a queen bee bow and scrape as they retire from her presence, crawling backward." In that case, the newspaper adds, there is excuse for homage, because the queen bee is the mother of all the hive; but for mankind there is no excuse. Consequently, "homage to royalty is not so much super-human as infra-apian."

As usual, the man who writes reveals himself, and no more. The man who wrote that is a materialist. To a student of Theosophy, physical things are symbols of spiritual realities: more than that, they are the embodiment, though perhaps the very imperfect embodiment, of those realities. Ideally speaking, every word or act of man should be a sacrament, that is to say, "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace." Failure to recognize that as the ideal, and failure, therefore, to try to live up to it, results in sacrilege. Thus, marriage, which ought to be a sacrament, is in the vast majority of cases a sacrilege of the worst kind.

The student of Theosophy sees in royalty the reminder of that which used to be, and the promise of that which is to come,—namely, the reign of the Adept Kings, of those great beings who combine the dual function of Priest-Initiate and Ruler of men. He sees in royalty, therefore, the symbol, the promise, of his most passionate desire. But he sees more than that: he sees an expression in this world of the hierarchy of the Lodge; he sees "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace" actually bestowed on those who lawfully occupy thrones, by and through their birth in the first place, and, in the second place, as a result of their sacramental consecration.

Talleyrand, while still a Bishop, and about to celebrate Mass, appealed to a friend who was to be present, not to make him laugh. But though a sceptical mocking priest, or a dissipated priest, is horrible, nothing can be more repellant than royalty which prostitutes itself and turns sacrament into sacrilege. A.—Z.

ALSACE AND LORRAINE

Part III

Section III

France

THE spirit of a man—his soul, his enduring personality—is not to be discovered merely by the minute classification of his actions, thoughts, and feelings. These outer things are of the earth, earthy. Viewed from the inner world of permanent realities, they are at best stained, cramped, and distorted, because immersed in the crude materiality of an external, unspiritual medium. The spiritual man, —the Heavenly Man of St. Paul—is the essence of these outer manifestations of life and force,—that alone which has an element of immortality in them, that alone which, through them, obeys the fundamental laws of spiritual well-being. All else belongs to earth, and perishes when its cycle of existence ends.

The true individuality is the complete embodiment of a single purpose. The greatest men in history were those who stood for a certain principle, who worked towards a definite goal. It was that Cause to which they had dedicated their lives and which gave them a sure footing in the things of immortality, which has made them live for us long after the personality could survive. Great statesmen, great poets, great soldiers, and great saints who sometimes combined many of these functions, all flung ordinary life away, and raised themselves into an individual power able to identify itself with, and express, the nobler forces of life. So they have led the mass of humanity into the world's religions, they have saved oppressed peoples or destroyed tyrannies, they have founded religious orders, or created great works of art. And the thing in them which is imperishable is that which through all time endures, to inspire, to ennoble, to stimulate, to purify.

Properly to read history, properly to discover that which lies back of outer events and which reveals the purpose alike of individuals, or of societies, or of nations, one must be able to span more than the life of a single man, or of a dynasty, or even the comprehensive annals of a nation or a race. History will only be read aright when its unity lies revealed, when the eras and epochs fall into place as epi-cycles of the great days of God—which are as a thousand years, or as a day.

Thus, to understand France one must look within and behind the mass of historic detail. Outer events are symbols, and too often distorted, cryptic symbols, which veil the inner reality. To appreciate France one must read in terms of the larger life of the soul, in terms of epochs and cycles, in terms of national life and consciousness, rather than in terms

of single centuries, or even single lives. True it is that France is peculiarly rich in single lives, men and women who gave to France all that they were, and in turn embodied and expressed the purpose for which France—as an individual among nations—must herself be. But the true France is a larger and a nobler individuality than any one of her saints or kings, than any dynasty, or art, or literature, or historic event whatsoever.

The fabric of French national culture is woven of all these things, and something more. Out of the multifarious experiences of daily life, a man gradually evolves that self-conscious spiritual entity called by some the soul, by others the spirit in man, the Christ. And France, through her long past, has given birth to her own soul, her national spirit, her conscious and immortal Ego.

Because she has a soul, *is* a soul, her sons and daughters are overshadowed by the sense of her presence; they feel instinct within them the purpose of their existence; they sense their immortality, their youth, their vitality; they reach out after the beautiful in art, after truth in literature, after perfection in daily life. France to-day, and for decades of centuries, has not been merely a fortuitous conglomerate of stranger peoples, met together for shelter from the storms of war, for personal power, or for mutual commercial benefits. The "eternal traits of France," the "divine versatility of France," her marvellously coloured civilization, are fruits of a ripened individuality, are the realization in the world's outer life of the soul, stirring and speaking within.

More than any other nation, more than any other race, France is self-conscious. Her people recognize the permanent values which are her character and strength, which are knit into her deepest consciousness. "In each of us rests the whole of France, eager to expand in living deeds," writes Maurice Barrès; and he interprets truly the soul of France when he adds, "We are united in France because from the man of intellect to the humblest peasant we encounter the clear vision of something higher and nobler than our own trifling personal interests, and scent an instinct that the active sacrifice of ourselves for the glory of this ideal would be joyfully accepted. . . . All the traditions of the past, all the testimonials of to-day which I have gathered together, are one and all products of the same conception, made simple in France, which stands as the champion of well-being upon earth."[1]

The "champion of well-being upon earth"—that is the purpose of France, the key-note of her individual existence. She is the chosen nation. The world looks askance at that term. The Jews were a chosen people; and the Germans to-day have claimed, and may still be claiming for aught I know—to be God's own anointed. The Jews failed, they were unworthy. A "stiff-necked and rebellious people," they resisted all the special training of a thousand years, and when the hour of the fulfilment

[1] *Diverses familles spirituelles de la France;* trans. under the title *The Faith of France,* pp. 257, 254-5.

of their purpose was at hand, they stultified themselves, cast forth and sought to destroy the very centre of their soul's life, and hence, as a nation, destroyed themselves. Christ, son of the Father, and true King of the Jews, said to the leaders of the people, "Therefore I say unto you, the kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof."[1] A high privilege, their high calling, was taken from them, unworthy, and given to another.

Was it given to Germany? Germany, the perversion of things true and good, reflects in her muddy pool of psychic images such fragments of imperishable truth as pass before her face; and it is a proof of the existence of spiritual realities, and no real confusion, when psychic shadows and semblances spring up to ape and mock the truth which they reflect.

Essentially Germany is not a nation; she is a type of people, a race. She has never been united, she has never had a purpose, until Bismarck forced his own upon her. The many Germanys, the loosely bound German peoples of seventy years ago, galvanized by his force—an evil force—into a sudden concentrated burst of power, have shown the world what violence of effort may achieve. But this so-called German nation is no true nation, it has no true spirit, there is nothing immortal about it. Its infamy will endure a time, but even that will pass out from men's minds. "Gott mit uns"—God with us—say the Germans; and the Catholic priests of France invert this shadow, and reply, "Not God with us, but we with God. We do not bring God down to our level, but we strive to raise ourselves to His."

That is the heart of France. To raise itself to God is the heart's desire, the ceaseless effort of the soul. Her people, because they have a soul, are growing toward discipleship. And her greatest quality is loyalty; —loyalty to the right, loyalty to the highest that she sees, loyalty to her mission amongst men and her high calling, loyalty to her saints and warriors and kings.

The War has revealed the soul of France, tried again in the fire of adversity. Roused by a great need, France, her sight dimmed by the blindness of many of her leaders, nevertheless stood, fought, and won. She proved loyal to her trust and she has reaped a harvest for herself and all the world. Passionately she accepted the sacrifices demanded of her—all the more passionately perhaps, because for a century her sight had been beclouded by German socialism and the German pseudo-democratic lust for individual liberty. But the need to save France herself showed her people once more the responsibility that was theirs, the duty that France owes to other nations and to God. France again took the lead, France again came into her own, and the French people renewed their faith in themselves and in their mission.

[1] *St. Matthew*, XXI. 43.

What nation is there that could express in good faith, and without self-conscious rhetoric, to-day's common creed of her young officers and men? One writes, "Many of the realities in the spiritual order, which up to now have been mere shadows, have through constantly recurrent experience, become visualized and vital. I am learning to live." [3] Many might say the same, but for what does this nineteen year old Frenchman live? "I dream eternally of the France of to-morrow, of this young France which awaits her hour. She must be a France that is consecrated, where none will have any right to live except for duty. . . . Our duty is to become apostles." [4] Again he writes, "More and more, before those who have fought and who have died, in the presence of the supreme effort which has been undertaken, I think of the future France, of the divine France which is to be. I could not fight at all were I not persuaded that in the birth of this new France I shall be amply rewarded for having killed, and for having died for her." [5]

Another, eighteen years of age, Antoine Boisson, writes on New Year's Day, 1916, "I am proud of being a soldier, of being young, of feeling brave and full of life; I am proud of serving my country, of serving France; loyalty to the flag, love of my native land, respect for a spoken pledge, a sense of honour, are not mere idle words, empty of meaning; they resound in my heart of eighteen like a clarion call; and it is for them, should it be necessary, that I shall press forward to the very limit of sacrifice." [6]

These Frenchmen have a religion, because they have France. What does young Jean Rival mean when he includes France in his dying testament, if it be not a something of the spiritual order, a great Soul to which his individual soul reaches up in worship and adoration? "Should I die, I will die as a Christian and as a Frenchman. I believe in God, in France, in victory. I believe in beauty, in youth, in life. May God protect me to the end. Yet, should the shedding of my blood aid towards victory, my God, Thy will be done." [7]

It is a spirit such as this, embosomed in countless Frenchmen, which has created and re-creates "eternal France." The growth and fruition of that consciousness may be traced through the centuries; and it is the purpose of this section to outline briefly the position of France in the civilization of Europe, both as revealed by the general sweep of her history, and as seen by her historians, poets, and philosophers. Then we shall be in a position to decide if Alsace-Lorraine really belong to France —are bone of her bone, and one spirit with her.

If it should be objected that it is grossly unfair to place the best of France—conceived in some such way—beside the worst of Germany, as revealed in preceding sections, the answer is, first, that we are endeavouring to discover what it is that Alsatians and Lorrainers mean when

[3] Alfred Cazalis in Barrès, op. cit., p. 227. [4] p. 225. [5] p. 209. [6] p 212. [7] p. 241.

they claim to be, and claim in the past to have become, integral parts of the French national spirit. These Provinces talk in terms of national feeling, of national consciousness, of *La Patrie,* and therefore we must use the same terms. Their claim to kinship with France will be considered later. Second, Germany in this War revealed what it *is,* just as France revealed herself. Facts are facts, and cannot be escaped. If Germany can show a virtue, a nobility, a spirit comparable with that of any of the Allied nations—let alone France—and such as all high-minded men may recognize as virtue, let it do so. What it has *done,* however, all men know. The fruits of two thousand years of German civilization can be measured in terms of unrepented crimes; of works of art irremediably destroyed; of an unnumbered list of dead, mutilated, and demoralized; of dishonour that has bred distrust, and infamy that has bred contempt. It is not these things which Alsace and Lorraine mean when they speak of their soul and the soul of France. It is such things that Alsace and Lorraine, through four hundred years of struggle, have sought to separate themselves from,—to escape.

Duruy, in his Preface to the *Histoire de France,* says that "there is always one point at which the general life is most intense and rich, a focus in which civilization concentrates its scattered rays," [8]—that is, France. This, as Guizot points out, is because "France did not enter into the arena of political liberty until she had made immense progress in civilization." [9] The criterion of things French, is civilization. "L'art de bien vivre"—the art of right living—is the mainspring of France's endeavour. "For more than twelve centuries, indeed, France seems to have acted, fought, and conquered or suffered, for the whole world. It has been her singular privilege that nothing of importance has been accomplished in Europe without her having a hand in it; no great political or social experiment has been tried that has not first been worked out within her borders; and her history is a summary and abstract of the whole history of modern civilization. Such was the part played by Athens in the Greek world, and later, in the third age of ancient civilization, that of Rome." [10] Thus writes Duruy; and, a student of the Greek state, he knew how much of Greece was transported direct to the very soil of France. Greek language, Greek arts, the Greek atmosphere, Greek civilization flourished more in the southern and eastern half of France than anywhere else along the Mediterranean. So that it was not merely Roman civilization that was established in Gaul, but ancient Greece as well.

This fact of the early influence of Greek ideas in France has never received the attention it deserves. The reason is simple. Literary men alone, like the learned savant C. C. Fauriel, who were concerned with the sources of Provençal poetry, have discovered how deep-rooted a hold Greek customs have had in France. The ordinary historian, surveying

[8] p. iii, ed. of 1888. [9] *Essai sur l'histoire de France,* p. v, 1847. [10] loc cit.

the periods of German barbarism, seeing the decline of learning, the disappearance of Greek schools and the Greek language, and finding no pronounced Greek culture in France until its re-introduction during the Renaissance, naturally concluded that the early Greek efflorescence succumbed entirely to German barbarism. Sismondi, Guizot, Martin, and their followers, one and all mention Greek influence, but without attaching to it a more than passing interest, as of a forgotten relic.

But this influx of Greek culture has a very special significance. In the "Notes and Comments" for April, 1913, readers of the QUARTERLY will recall these words, that "on the authority of an ancient tradition" the Master Christ, looking forward to his coming incarnation, "had at first planned to come to birth in Greece, and that the Egyptian Lodge had for centuries been preparing the way for his Greek birth, while a second field was being prepared in Palestine, through the work of the Hebrew Prophets and mystics. Owing, it was said, to the degeneration and corruption of Greece, the Avatar's incarnation there became impossible or inadvisable, and the Jewish field was chosen instead, in spite of the many and critical dangers which were seen to beset it."

Does this not explain the Greek mysteries? Is this not reason for the beauty and immortal glory of Greek art? The special outpouring of the Lodge, of the Masters, gave Greece unique reflections of the divine attributes. But since Greece failed, her mysteries were lost, her art was turned downward and outward, and eventually both became reflections on the surface,—her mysteries disgusting orgies, her art a beautiful shell, no longer embodying the divine life within. Nevertheless there was behind them the divine impetus; there was stamped on them the divine seal of that which was their true creator and source. They had, mixed in with mortal clay, some of the bread of life, come down from heaven.

When the hour of the Incarnation was drawing nigh, the Lodge must have seen the inevitable failure of even the "second field," Palestine. The Master, it may be supposed, already foresaw what France might be, and he prepared the soil of France, he enriched the soul of France, with what he could transfer of all that had been poured out on Greece, so that the whole effort expended on the earlier civilization should not be lost. However this may be, Greek civilization was transported to the soil of France, and flourished there, not merely at the time of the Renaissance, but for a thousand years in Celtic days.

Sainte-Palaye, Raynouard, Fauriel, even Schlegel and Diez of the German school, and their literary followers, or Charles Lenthéric [11] on the geographical and monumental side, combine a mass of testimony to prove how deep-seated this Greek infusion was. Fauriel writes, "it is *impossible* to give an adequate and just conception of the civilization (whether general or literary) of the south of France during the Middle Age,

[11] *La Grèce et L'Orient en Provence*, 1878.

without first considering in what manner and to what extent it is linked to the civilization which preceded it."[12] The whole of Celtic Liguria, of Provençe, of the country of the Celtic Helvii (now the department of Ardèche), and that of ancient Volcæ Arecomici, across the Rhone from the Provincia—which included the famous cities of Arles, Nimes, Avignon, and Béziers, comprising five degrees of latitude and twenty-five cities,—all saw the establishment of Massilian (Marseilles) Greeks. "The Celtic name of Arles was changed to Thelini, by which the Massilians intended to indicate the fertility of its territory; and the use of the Greek language became so general in that city, that it continued to be spoken there until the town fell into the hands of the Barbarians. Nimes became likewise almost a Greek city. From inscriptions, which were found among its ruins, we learn that it had a Greek theatre under the Romans, and that it made use of Greek on monuments erected in honour of the emperors."[13] The early Phocean settlers, so named from Phocis in Ionia from whence they came, "preserved the genius, the manners, the laws and arts of their native land in all their purity."[14]

Turning for corroboration to the sources, Livy puts into the mouth of a Rhodian deputy, pleading before the Roman Senate for the same liberty and protection for the Asiatic Greek cities, as that afforded those of Greece or France, that "the cities standing on the original soil, are not more Grecian than their colonies . . . nor has change of country changed either their race or manners. . . . The Massilians [or inhabitants of Marseilles, i. e. the province, not merely the city] who, if the inherent endowments of nature could be overcome by the genus of the soil, would ere this have been rendered savage by the many barbarous tribes surrounding them, are deservedly held in as high honour and esteem by you as if they were inhabitants of the very centre of Greece. For they have preserved, not only the sound of the language, the mode of dress, and the usages; but, above all, the manners, the laws, and a mind, pure and untainted by contagion from their neighbours."[15]

Out of a score of passages in Cicero, one will suffice. In his defence of Flaccus, he says: "Nor do I pass over you, O Marseilles, you who have known Lucius Flaccus as soldier and as quæstor,—a city, the strict discipline and wisdom of which I do not know whether I might say was superior, not only to that of Greece, but to that of any nation whatever; a city which, though so far separated from the districts of all the Greeks, and from their fashions and language, and though placed in the extremity of the world and surrounded by tribes of Gauls, and washed with the waves of barbarism, is so regulated and governed by the counsels of its chief men, that there is no nation that does not find it easier to praise its institutions than to imitate them."[16]

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[12] *History of Provençal Poetry*, trans. from the French by G. J. Adler, New York, 1860. —p. 37. Italics ours.

[13] Op. cit., p. 41. [14] Op. cit., p. 42.

[15] *Historiarum Romanorum*, lib. xxxvii, cap. 54, 18-23. [16] Cicero *Pro Flacco*, cap. 26.

This Greek infusion leavened the whole of Gaul. The Druids, centre of Celtic culture, "use the Greek letters in their public and private transactions, and in almost all other matters," says Cæsar [17]; and Justin writes: "From them [the Greeks] therefore, the Gauls learnt both the use of a more polite way of life, their barbarity being laid aside and corrected, and the tillage of lands, and the enclosure of cities within walls. Then they became accustomed to live by laws, not arms; to cultivate the vine and plant olives: and so great a lustre was shed on men and things, that it did not seem as if Greece had been transplanted into Gaul, but that Gaul seemed transplanted into Greece." [18]

The Massilian navigators were famous, penetrating as far north as Norway, and traversing Gaul in every direction. "They had opened a road along the Rhone and the Loire, as far as the coast of Armorica [Brittany]. It was there where they obtained their tin and other productions from Great Britain, which they transported by the same way to the shores of the Mediterranean. They had also communication with the northeast of Gaul, and, to all appearances, with Germany. But it was especially with the tribes of their immediate vicinity, and with those of the valley of the Rhone, that they kept up habitual commercial relations. The direct effect of these relations on the culture and social conditions of these tribes is not of a nature to be appreciated or measured." [19] Strabo relates at some length that an oracle commanded them, when they were leaving Greece (c. 600 B. C.), "to take from Diana of Ephesus a conductor for their voyage." Aristarcha, priestess, was commanded by the oracle to accompany them, and "to take with her a plan of the temples and statues,"—a suggestive phrase, coming from the mouthpiece of the Greek mysteries 600 B. C. The Masillians built on their citadel rock "an Ephesium and the temple of the Delphian Apollo." [20] They founded cities in Iberia (Spain) "as a rampart against the Iberians, in which they introduced the worship of Diana of Ephesus, as practised in their fatherland, with the Grecian mode of sacrifice." Finally, of the city of Marseilles itself: "Thus this city for some time back has become a school for the barbarians, and has communicated such a taste for Greek literature, that they even write their contracts in Greek." [21]

The average historian, who has not made a special study of the subject, announces that the German invasions stamped out all this Greek culture. Despite the fact that Greek was still the language of Arles, Nice, Marseilles, Antipolis, and other cities of Phocean origin well on in the third century, so few direct traces of it remained by the tenth century, that the average historian is justified. But the ordinary historian does not consider the heritage which the soul reaps. The soul garners

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[17] *Commentaries*, Book vi, cap. 14. They had no other writing. Cf. in addition, Book I, cap. 29, "In the camp of the Helvetii (Swiss) were found, and brought to Cæsar, records written out in Greek letters," etc. Strabo says of the Swiss: "Some have thought that their brazen shields prove these people to be of Grecian origin." (*Geographicon*, Book iv, cap. 6, sec. 2).

[18] *Hist. Philipp*, lib. xliii, cap. 4. [19] Fauriel, Op. cit., p. 46.

[20] Strabo, *Geographicon*, Biba D, Keph. A, sec. 4. [21] Sec. 5.

imperishable experience, and the store-house of the spirit treasures immortal possessions. Nearly a thousand years of Greek culture in France *could not* be "lost." The intuition of French historians has divined this fact, which they can only express, however, in general terms, because strictly speaking they feel that it lies outside their province. But one may, even so, find such remarkable passages as the following, quoted at length from the preface to Henri Martin's seventeen volume *Histoire De France,* doubly extraordinary because Martin was "a free-thinking republican":

> "Descendants of the Gauls by birth and by character; descendants of the Romans by education; their life intensified by the medley of barbarian Germans just when the vitality of the ancient civilization was diminishing, united with Iberia and Greece by old alliances, we can see to-day that it is not chance which has added to our Gallic blood, the blood of all the great races of antiquity; which has directed the slow formation of the French people on this Gallic soil, placed in the centre of Europe, sharing all climates, producing everything, in touch with all peoples. Such was to be the theatre prepared by Providence for a nation destined to be the keystone of the European arch (le lien du faisceau européen), and the initiator of modern civilization; for a nation which was to combine with the most marked originality, a unique ability to express in herself the qualities and distinctive traits scattered among other peoples, and to become the epitome of Europe; finally, [prepared] for the nation at once supremely intelligent and supremely active, which, since its beginning has represented in the world the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, with the same grandeur that Judea represented the principle of the unity of God; which saved the Occident from Islamism; which raised and humbled papal theocracy; brought to light again, within her bosom, from beneath the gross stratum deposited by the German invasion, the glorious remains of Greece and Rome; which has been successively the home of Catholicism and the cradle of philosophy; and which has crowned her heroic labours by planting the flag of liberty and equality on the débris of the feudal world, imposing thus upon herself a new mission, in which God grant that she know not how to fail."[22]

In the light of this conception, in the light of such manifest preparation, in the light of the self-conscious revelation of her saints and kings and poets;—when we remember that from the first, St. John, Lazarus and the Marys came to France; that "in the charitable and trusting heart of the young girl" St. Genevieve, "burned the first spark of patriotism, which later in a like manner fired the heroic soul, and was the inspiration of Jeanne d'Arc"[23]; when we remember that Clovis and "all the people" shouted, "We reject mortal gods, and we are ready to serve the God whose immortality Remi preaches"[24]; that Charlemagne's was a Christian Empire; that St. Louis was a Christian King; that chivalry was of the essence of Christianity, and that finally the Master

[22] pp. viii & ix, ed. of 1861.
[23] Charles Lenient, *La Poésie Patriotique En France Au Moyen Age*, 1891, p. 3.
[24] Greg. Tur. *Hist. Francor.* lib. II, cap. xxxi.

himself said to France through Margaret Mary, "Tell my eldest son . . . that my heart desires to be painted on the standards of France, so that she may be victorious over all her enemies and all the enemies of holy Church,"—when we consider these things do we not discover in those earlier words of Christ a new purpose—"the kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof"?

Joseph de Maistre wrote truly when he said, "We are attached to the throne of the supreme Being by a supple chain that restrains without enslaving us" [25]; and he added: "Each nation, like each individual, has received a mission which she must accomplish. France exercises a veritable magistracy over Europe, which it would be useless to contest." [26] "Though thou art very strong, yet that verily is a gift to thee of God" [27], writes Homer; and as the cycles progress, and France remains true to her mission, she is a living witness of the chain that links this world to heaven, and of the strength vouchsafed to her, that should bring forth fruit an hundredfold.

Light on the Path says that "man, when he reaches his fruition, and civilization is at its height, stands between two fires. Could he but claim his great inheritance, the incumbrance of the mere animal life would fall away from him without difficulty. But he does not do this, and so the races of men flower and then droop and die and decay off the face of the earth, however splendid the bloom may have been. And it is left to the individual to make this great effort; to refuse to be terrified by his greater nature, to refuse to be drawn back by his lesser or more material self. Every individual who accomplishes this is a redeemer of the race."

There have been many such flowerings in the path of France, all in very minor cycles, but foreshadowing the reckoning of a final day. France's opportunity is to become the redeemer of the nations, and it may well be that only by a complete sacrifice may this be done. Between the apex of the cycles there are of necessity long periods of incubation; and the antecedents of one epoch are usually found coincident with the efflorescence of the preceding. So the origins of Rome were in gestation when the flaming dawn of Hellenism burst forth into the premature, material glory of Marathon, Salamis, and Thermopylæ; and the Incarnation planted its leaven when Roman Imperialism was dominant over the whole world. In France, the first faint flowering after the reflected greatness of Greece and Rome, and the forgotten mysteries of the Druids, gave to the world St. Denis, St. Martin, St. Remi, Clovis, St. Genevieve, and the long line of fighting priests, true mystics, nursed in the spiritual schools of St. Benedict. At that time Rome fell; and, outside France, Gregory the Great and St. Benedict alone succeeded in planting a seed whose growth could span the desolation made by savage conquest. What Gregory and Benedict could not do in their own time,

[25] *Considérations sur La France—Oeuvres Complètes*, Vol. I, p. 1.
[26] p. 8. [27] *Iliad*, I, 178.

Hildebrand and Cluny accomplished in the next cycle, reaping what had been sown for them; but, from Sylvester II through the long period of papal degradation, a series of German popes, backed by the German Ottos, had wrought for temporal, material ends. So, with Leo IX and Gregory VII, instead of the spiritual fruit from the seed of St. Benedict, there came a great and brilliant efflorescence of all the intellectual, mental, and material powers of the papacy, reaching its apex in the next century with Innocent III, Gregory IX, and Boniface VIII. But they reached the climax of a sensuous perfection; each was "drawn back by his lesser and more material self," and failed to grasp his heritage. It was a French King who was the saint; it was to France that one must look for spiritual fruitfulness, inside as well as outside the Church.

In France, while official religion strayed from its true course, Charlemagne arose, and, taking the fluctuating and undecided barbarian world in his powerful hands, gave it form and organization, and by making Rome its central point, showed that it must rest of necessity upon the ancient civilization, purified and transformed by Christianity. Charlemagne died, and his work dissolved; but the potency of his achievement remained imbedded in the heart of France, his genius for order and kingship giving unity to the scattered aspirations of his people, and standing as a landmark to which future generations strove to attain.

When the last desperate stand of barbarism was finally broken by Hugh Capet (987), and feudal society appeared, the era of modern civilization began; and its point of departure was again pre-eminently France. It was French feudalism which settled England under William I, which entered Italy with Robert Guiscard, Spain with Burgundian Henry, and even the Holy Land with Godfrey of Bouillon. It was French knights who called into existence the military orders, chivalry, and aristocratic nobility; who conceived the ideals of courage, purity, devotion, and gallantry which are the highest fulfilment of the Christian life. It was a French monk, St. Bernard, who governed all Europe, and who gave the constitution to the Knights Templars. Finally, the Crusades, which were to bring the full tide of the ancient and oriental civilizations back to Europe, were the response of chivalrous France to the rescue of a menaced Christianity and of a desecrated Holy Land. "It is a very striking fact that the First Crusade was almost entirely French in conception and execution. The idea was that of a French Pope; it was first preached in France, and its most inspiring preacher was a French hermit; its leaders and its language were both French; so was the bulk of the rank and file—so much so that, to an Eastern, Europeans were for centuries known simply as 'Franks.' But above all, the spirit of the Crusade was French. Beginning in France, it ended in the establishment of a veritable miniature France in the East."[28]

[28] *A History of France*, J. R. Moreton Macdonald, vol. I, p. 104.

The Crusades represent a culminating period in France, a distinct cyclic node. It was French unity and French fidelity which made this possible; and the outward causal manifestations were her religious unity, her language, and her royal dynasty of Capetians. The heart of her religion lay in the ideal of a knightly priest, a consecrated warrior, together with the devotion and vigour of her monastic orders. Her religion produced at once a Roland and a Godfrey of Bouillon, a St. Louis and a St. Bernard, an Albertus Magnus and a St. Thomas. Her orders on the secular side produced the Chansons de Gestes and the Grail legends; and the flawless Gothic cathedrals,—Rheims, Chartres, Paris, Amiens, and Bourges. It is hard to realize to-day that all that was finest in that civilization came from religious centres. But in every sphere—chivalry, poetry, art, kings and statesmen, popes, sainted bishops and monks, models of knighthood, poets, architects, sculptors, and artisans—all were stamped and enriched by the religious devotion which was at once catholic and French. The Crusades, which gave an ideal as well as practical direction to all this energy, brought to full consciousness the sense of national being. The consequent self-confidence and self-respect improved industrial development, effected the growth of schools and universities; and France may be said to have had the abiding sense that she was fulfilling her destiny and working out the purposes of her existence.

No single external factor acted more to establish French unity than her royal line of kings. The Capetians are unique for having an unbroken lineal succession, from father to son, for thirteen generations from the original founder; a period extending over 341 years;—which is a fact unparalleled in any other dynasty recorded in authentic history. Hugh Capet was descended from Pepin d'Heristal and Clovis, so he transmitted the royal blood of France. Three of his descendants are described as saints—Robert II, Louis VII, and the great Louis IX. "The royal house of France was distinguished above all other sovereign houses of the Christian world, not only for the scrupulous uprightness of its heads . . . but more still, for the very real qualities of a majority of the princes of the fleur de lys, as the princes of the XIV and XV centuries were called, who were a collateral line of the Capetian dynasty."[29] It is not generally known, moreover, that the kings of France were also priests—"a royal priesthood." They were, by right of an ancient tradition, canons of St. Martin; they wore the priestly dalmatic under their royal mantle at their coronation—or rather consecration—and they communicated in both kinds, as only priests are permitted to do in the Roman Church. "These ceremonials of consecration (du sacre)

[29] *Origines de la Nationalité Française*, Auguste Longnon, p. 85.

received practically no modification in France from the XIII century until the Revolution."[80]

It was Philip Augustus (1180-1226) who began to reap the first harvests for France. His father left him a kingdom neither very large, nor very rich, nor very well defined; he had said truly that "Nos in Francia nihil habemus nisi panem et vinum et gaudium"[81];—but Philip caught his spirit, and the time was ripe. He not only made his family during the forty-six years of his reign the richest in Europe, adding Artois, Amiens, Valois, Clermont, Normandy, Maine, Anjou, and Touraine directly to his crown; but he first seriously disputed with German kings the possession of Flanders and Alsace-Lorraine. In this he, and his successors, were frequently aided by the deliberate reversion of the local populace to the French dynasty, to whom alone unity of sentiment and loyalty could be given. France was an entity, had a spirit, stood for a principle, revealed a richness of creative genius and an authoritative culture which far surpassed anything that contact with Germany could give. When France was finally able once more to reach out after her outlying provinces, she revived in them the same age-old traditions of a past union under Celt and Greek and Roman that she herself had re-awakened in her own consciousness. That former union was a thing of the spirit. To it the heart of Alsace-Lorraine responded; and we see one of the bitterest and most prolonged of conflicts waged between the might of German princes and the crown of France for the rescue of this portion of the French domain.

The success of France in these wars, and the sentiments of Alsace-Lorrainers towards France, will be considered in the concluding section.

A. G.

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[80] *La Grande Encyclopédie.* Sacre, vol. 19, p. 33. Quicherat says, *Histoire du Costume En France,* p. 112, that Charles the Bald wore the dalmatic at his consecration (sacre) in 875, "dans le tenue de l'empereur de Constantinople." Cf. pp. 161 and 229—"Christine de Pisan l'a caractérisée par la double épithète, de royale et pontificale"—and 324. In a XII century document—*L'ordonnance à enoindre et à couronner le roy,* the statement is clearly made, in certainly one of its earliest forms, that "le roy et la royne doivent descendre de leurs eschaffaus et venir humblement à l'autel et prendre de la main à l'arcevesque *le corps et le sang* notre Seigneur." Cf. *Collection de Documents Inédits sur l'Histoire de France,* 1st Series, *Archives Administratives De La Ville De Reims,* by Varin;—tome I, (1[2]) p. 530. Cf. also Dom G. Marlot, *Histoire de la Ville, Cité, et Université de Reims,* tome III, p. 790, and N. R. Camus-Daras, *Essai Historiques Sur La Ville de Rheims,* 1823, pp. 418 & 423.

[81] "We in France have nothing but bread, wine, and joy."

(To be concluded)

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

"THERE are two kinds of reality," said the Sage. "There is the reality of the physical world and there is the reality of the spiritual world. Between them, there is the psychic world, the world of fancy, of glamour, of illusion. Yet there are not two realities, but one reality."

"It sounds like the Athanasian Creed," remarked the Youth, with a grin.

The Sage laughed. We had been discussing the League of Nations. The Sage had described it as a "psychic counterfeit." Now he was explaining.

"The physical world, when uncontaminated by man, although it has not yet evolved to the point of expressing perfectly the spiritual fact to which it approximates, is none the less an approximation and not a perversion. A flower, for instance, may express with extraordinary fidelity in the substance of this plane, that real flower which is itself in the spiritual world, and which, in the spiritual world, is an entity, manifesting some fraction of the divine life."

"One moment," interrupted the Student. "Do you mean that the flower on this plane does not manifest some fraction of the divine life?"

"I do not," replied the Sage. "Quite the contrary. I mean that the physical flower does manifest the divine life in the substance of the physical plane. A child is a reality. Yet a child is not a man. Potential manhood is latent within the child, and some day, should the child live, full manhood may manifest through him. To imagine that the child is a man; to expect of the child that which you have a right to expect of a man—in conduct and understanding and sense of responsibility—would obviously be a failure to recognize fact as fact, and, if done sincerely, would be due to psychic illusion."

"Most students of eastern philosophies make a serious mistake at that very point," commented the Orientalist. "Told to discriminate between the real and the unreal, they imagine the material world is included in the unreal, and then try to rid themselves of belief in its reality. No one has more respect for a fact than the true oriental philosopher, though the Orient is full of those who try to persuade themselves that everything on this side of Brahman is an illusion. But please continue," he added apologetically, turning to the Sage.

"My point is," replied the Sage, "that the physical world is real, although undeveloped. The spiritual world is real, and is fully developed,—except in so far as it is in process of obtaining full expression in and through the substance of the physical world. It is the psychic world which is wholly illusory, and which projects over the facts of the physical world a distortion of something real in the spiritual

world. Every so-called temptation of any kind is a psychic glamour and no more. We are never 'tempted' by a fact. It is the imagination that something is a fact, which in truth is not a fact, which 'tempts' us. This imagination is the product of a distorted reflection from the spiritual world, projected on and, as it were, plastered over a fact of the physical world."

"Are you using imagination as synonymous with fancy?" asked the Student.

"I am afraid I am, and, strictly speaking, I have no business to do so. The imagination, the 'image-making faculty,' which, as you will remember, is spoken of as Kriyashakti in the *Secret Doctrine*, is one of the greatest powers we possess. It is so rarely used, however; there are so few who deliberately visualize their ideal, and who then use the power of Kundalini to give that visualization concrete expression in this world,—that the term 'imagination' has come to be employed, though wrongly, as practically synonymous with its psychic counterfeit, that is to say, with fancy."

"I want to go back," said the Youth, "to a place where I interrupted. What do you mean, please, when you say that there are not two realities but one reality?"

"I mean," replied the Sage, "that spiritual life and physical life are one,—one as life and one as world; that the psychic world—in essence delusion—divides them; and that the division is therefore an illusion also. When a man has risen above the psychic world, has torn its veils aside, he beholds finally and forever the one reality. More than that, perhaps, he is aware of it in himself.

"Because a man does not identify himself with his coat, we are not justified in presuming that he denies the existence of the coat, or the usefulness of the coat, or his need of it. So of the body; and of all that belongs to the *substance* of material life. When a man sees this not merely theoretically, but in actual sustained consciousness, he is freed from the illusions of the psychic world. It has been said of these that they shall never taste of death. How can that die which at all points and at all times knows itself to be alive?"

"I wish you would give a practical instance of the process you were describing," said the Student.

"Well," replied the Sage, "there is always the League of Nations. In that case you have on the one hand a spiritual fact,—the identity of all souls with the Oversoul. You have the Lodge, and the hierarchy of those who belong to it. You have, on the other hand, the world as at present constituted, made up of people whose natures and whose duties are totally different from those who are in the Lodge. Between these two worlds (though I must repeat that in fact there are not two worlds but one world) you have the psychic world, or the world of the average man's mind. He catches a glimpse of the spiritual reality,

as reflected and distorted on the surface of his psychic nature. That same psychic nature projects this distortion over the facts of the physical world. Making no allowances for difference of nature and of duty; failing to realize that what is suitable for a grown man is often most unsuitable for an infant,—the psychic nature jumps to the conclusion that that which it has recognized as an ideal must immediately be applicable in all directions, regardless of circumstances, and of course regardless of facts. It is exactly the same process as that which takes place in the case of some very young man, who sees an actress on the stage, and whose psychic nature envelops her with all the charms and virtues which he has sensed as existing in the ideal woman of his dreams."

"What do you mean when you say that the duties of people in the physical world are not the same as the duties of those in the Lodge?"

"This: the government of a nation is in the position of a trustee. The government does not own the nation. The wealth and the lives of the governed are not the property of the Executive. If I am appointed trustee of a large estate, the property of a friend who has intrusted me with his possessions so that I may conserve and use them for the benefit of his children, surely I would not be justified in adopting the attitude that now, at last, I have my chance to contribute large sums of money, out of my friend's estate, for the relief, let us say, of the Jews in Palestine or of the poor of New York City. I am a trustee; and my sole duty is to protect the interests of the children of my friend. Is it not evident that the Executive of a nation is in exactly the same position? England and France, at the present time, are being called "grasping" by irresponsible writers in this country. It is alleged, for instance, that England has obtained commercial advantages as the result of her government of India. It is intimated that if the British Government had been actuated by proper motives, care would have been taken that no advantage whatsoever would have resulted from the government of India. But the fact is that it would be absolutely unjustifiable for the British Government to govern India at the expense of the British people. To govern justly, and in such a way that the people governed are truly benefited, is of course essential. But to confuse a trusteeship with a charitable institution, and to attempt to impose any such standard of conduct on the governments of the world, results in hopeless confusion and in positive wrong-doing. For instance, at the present time, British troops are being withdrawn from Armenia. The dreamers of the United States Government have insisted so emphatically that no nation may derive commercial or other practical benefits from the occupation of foreign territory, that they have made it impossible for the Government of Great Britain to justify the expenditure of money or the sacrifice of life which would be involved in maintaining an army in Armenia. Fifty years ago, that army would have been left there; would have saved the

Armenians from massacre by the Turks; would have established a just government and would have reimbursed the estate of which it was agent by using the great oil wells of Baku for the benefit of the British nation and people. In other words, fifty years ago, the British Government would have justified the occupation of Armenia as a sound commercial investment,—and on no other conceivable basis could there be warrant for the expenditure of life and treasure out of trust funds.

"The dreamers of the American Government, whose psychic natures have perverted their time sense, and who see things as possible to-day which will not be possible until humanity as a whole desires to emulate the spirit and methods of the Lodge, have claimed credit for confusing their function with that of a charitable institution. They seem to think that it is their duty to spend the life and treasure of the American people in any part of the world and at any time, as their own "consciences" may dictate. They probably took part in the Great War on just that basis. If so, they were wrong. An individual, as such, has a perfect right to give his life or his wealth for any purpose which he regards as worthy of such a sacrifice. Hundreds of thousands of Americans took part in the war, in that spirit and with that ideal in mind. But the Government of the nation had no business to participate unless convinced that it was necessary in order to preserve the life of the nation or in any case its best interests: because a government is a trustee.

"Now the Lodge, on the other hand, *is* a charitable institution. It works for all men equally. This does not mean that it gives to all men equally, any more than it receives from all men equally. None the less, it exists for the benefit of humanity as a whole, while the government of a nation is supposed to exist for the benefit of the nation governed. If the father of a family becomes so 'international' in spirit as to consider that all the other children on his street are just as much his concern and responsibility as his own children, he is quite obviously taking to himself a function which is not his. If he should attempt to perform it, the probability is that his neighbours will not thank him for his 'ideals'!"

"But if the Lodge can work for all men equally, and the Lodge is the ideal, why should not the nations model themselves on that ideal? Why would not the League of Nations be a step toward such an ideal?" The Youth put the question.

"When the children are grown up, they can and must take upon them the responsibilities of men," responded the Sage. "When the nations see as the Lodge sees, when the psychic veils are rent; when the psychic faculties are atrophied, and the spiritual faculties in perfect function, then, as in the Lodge, we shall have one Empire composed of many Kingdoms, all as fixed in their obedience as the stars in heaven,—the perfect order of a perfect discipline and a completed understanding.

Then shall we have again the rule of Adept-Kings, but in an age more golden than any the world has known; and the humblest peasant ploughing in his field shall be a disciple, following the guidance of his Master as he plows."

There was a silence after this was said. Something of the splendour of the promise stirred the group of friends, and brought a whiff of higher air.

Then the Historian spoke: "It seems to me that you have suggested the explanation of Bolshevism. Assuming that there are some sincere people among the Bolsheviki, their illusions must be due to psychic glamour. They have projected over the facts of life an image of their own imagination or fancy, and they are behaving in consequence as men always do behave in those circumstances. Even the French Revolution was the result of a psychic perversion of Universal Brotherhood."

"Do not forget, either, that lack of restraint is of the very essence of the psychic nature." This was said by the Philosopher, who had been listening attentively, and who, I knew, had been awaiting his chance to contribute. "The green young man whom the Sage used as an awful example, notoriously goes off his head if he permits his psychic imagination to run away with him. He throws overboard his self-restraint; loses all sense of proportion, and is prepared to sell his birth-right, both temporary and eternal, for the mess of pottage which he fancies is the nectar of the gods. Whether it be explained as a reaction from the high tension of the war, or as a reaction from the failure to fight the war to a finish, we all know that at the present time the spirit of Bolshevism is present everywhere. A man is a fool who does not recognize it in himself, and who is not doubly suspicious of his own fancies and desires and moods. License always begins in the imagination. If it be not checked there, it will inevitably result in action.

"Self-indulgence is undoubtedly the path by which psychic glamour approaches us. Even the green youth could not be carried away by his fancy unless previous small self-indulgences had thrown open the door of his nature to the inrush of those psychic waters. Naturally, also, further self-indulgence strengthens the grip of glamour over him, so that he easily persuades himself that his sin and folly are justifiable and perhaps heroic. His will being set wrongly, drags out of the psychic world a reason, a persuasion, to justify itself."

"Speaking of calf-intoxication," said the Historian, "suggests that all matters of sex are being discussed and treated on Bolshevist principles by people who have no least idea of what they are doing, as well as by those who know perfectly. Eugenics is only another name for the nationalization of sex. Birth control is only another name for legitimized license. The first means the degradation of slavery; the second means degradation by indulgence,—the abandonment of self-restraint and the escape, by prostituted Science, from consequences."

"What do you think of the modern fad for 'sex instruction'?" asked the Student.

"Detestable," the Philosopher replied. "The excuse for it is that children are certain to sin in any case, so it is the duty of parents and of the State to teach them how to do so with the least damage to their physical health. You might as well argue that as every child is going to steal as soon as he has the chance, it is the duty of his parents to teach him how to do so without getting into trouble with the police."

"But," commented the Student, "there are those who urge that young girls especially should be told a great deal, so that they may be in a position to protect themselves,—so that they may not be ignorant of certain dangers."

"I know," the Philosopher answered. "Yet that again is a theory based upon desire for self-indulgence: the self-indulgence of parents who are too lazy or too pleasure-loving to be willing to look after their daughters; the self-indulgence of daughters, who resent restraint and who make life at home intolerable unless they are allowed to do as they choose."

"I have seen parents well snubbed by their children," commented the Orientalist, "for having dared to ask them where they had been and what they had done! And the question had been asked, not from a sense of responsibility, but with mild and rather timid interest. To blame the children would be ridiculous. The parents, though eminently respectable people in the eyes of the world, in the eyes of the gods were criminals."

"Bolshevism, after all, is only a term," remarked the Sage at this point. "It has come into general use because never in the history of the world, so far as we know it, have the spirit of anarchy, the spirit of rebellion, the spirit of class hatred and the spirit of unbridled greed and lust and envy, found such free expression as through the Bolsheviki in Russia. But the same spirit is found in many quarters where the Bolsheviki are denounced. It is found, as you have been saying, in nearly all matters pertaining to sex,—rebellion against restraint and against self-restraint, being two of the forms it is taking. But in the world of industry (to use an absurd misnomer), and in trade unions which officially denounce Bolshevism, the spirit of the thing is paramount. Trade unionism is rapidly becoming organized pillage. During the war the trade unions of England and America, while professing to co-operate with their respective Governments, actually 'held them up,' and, by a system of blackmail, formed themselves into a 'government within the government.' This was done, not for the benefit of the poorer classes—for it is the poor, ultimately, who suffer most by the increased cost of production; and not even for the benefit of the different trades, but solely for the benefit of the unions and of their relatively small membership."

"Did you notice, by the way," asked the Historian, "that Dean Inge, at a recent meeting of the People's League in London, is reported to have said that he was not hostile to trade unions, but that they had

become 'huge capitalistic concerns which were engaged in financing raids upon the people'? He went on to say that 'with them it is not a struggle between rich and poor; it is open brigandage against the community. They are a new privileged class, determined that those privileges shall not go outside themselves. They are shutting down employment, not only against discharged soldiers, but wounded men.'"

"I am glad he said it," responded the Sage. "The Church has been characteristically sentimental and weak in its attitude toward labour —full of fancies and notions, and hopelessly devoid of insight. If Inge is waking up, he may wake up others. I know a clergyman in this country who is famous for his supposed sympathy for the poor, but who never enters a working man's house if he can avoid it, because he declares that it makes him ill: he cannot stand the sight of poverty; it lacerates his feelings. The explanation is that his idol is his own comfort. He loves luxury, and beautiful and costly surroundings. He has the most intense horror of poverty for himself. He sees it in terms of horror. A curious interpretation, if it be one, of Christ's attitude toward it!"

"What will be the outcome of it all?" asked the Youth, rather dejectedly. "I am beginning to wish that I were old instead of young, because if heaven amount to anything at all, it must be preferable to the everlasting mix-up on earth."

We were distinctly amused. The Youth saw himself dealing single-handed with all these problems, the rest of us comfortably watching him from heaven. Incidentally it was a compliment,—although, for that matter, he had expressed equal confidence about his own destination.

But the Sage took him seriously. "What will be the outcome?" he repeated. "Why, the world will become so tired of 'the intolerable burden of its own will' (you remember that phrase of St. Bernard's?), that it will appeal at last to whatever gods there be to come down and govern it. Yes—it will appeal long and often, in sore distress and with bitter wailing. And though the high gods will not come, they will send; and later they will come, and then, as I said before, we shall have the rule of the Adept-Kings, and peace. But now, with most men worshipping nothing but their own wills, and incapable of seeing that the cause of all their misery lies in that,—they must have time and more time in which to pile up the agony of their discontent, until discontent with circumstances becomes discontent with self, and discontent with self is cast, as our one possession, at the feet of God."

There was a movement to adjourn. "Before we break up," said the Ancient, "I should like to say something which has special application to students of Theosophy in Germany, but which should throw some light also, I think, on the opportunity and responsibility of members of the Society everywhere. . . . A French newspaper correspondent, after visiting Berlin, reports that an unusually enlightened German, an artist, remarked to him: 'We still live enchained by the falsities of the past. We are incapable of judging this past or of conceiving of a future different from it. We must put ourselves in the school of life's realities.'

"There, clearly set forth, is a function which students of Theosophy in Germany ought to be able to perform. They ought to be able to see and to understand thoroughly the mistakes their people have made; the cause of those mistakes; the deeply-seated wickedness which is that cause, and, seeing these things from the very beginning of the war, they ought to-day to be leading their nation in insight and in right revolt against the German past. Looking back over fifty years, they should be able to see the development of all those tendencies in their people which culminated in the immoral savagery with which Germany let loose and conducted her war for world dominion. They have no excuse for ignorance. The QUARTERLY has told them all they need to know,—though they should have known it even without the help of the QUARTERLY, just from an understanding of theosophical principles. It is the opportunity of their lives. More important than that, it is the supreme opportunity, through them, of Theosophy in Germany. If, even to-day, they are unable to see the truth, and their duty; if, for instance, the German artist I have quoted sees more clearly than they do,—must it not follow that they have never understood the elements of Theosophy and, for that reason, have never, in the real sense, been members of the Society? What a chance they have! What endless good they might do! A brave declaration of principles; a fearless insistence that sin must be expiated, that obedience to divine law is the only salvation for nations as for individuals,—would make of them the leaven which might rouse the deadened conscience of thousands of their people."

"But suppose they do not understand?" the Objector questioned.

The Youth answered. "There are many things which I do not understand," he said. "But I have learned that faith will sometimes see one through when understanding fails. Students of Theosophy in Germany, whether members or not, can never say that they lacked leadership when their test came. They might have had faith enough in certain writers for the QUARTERLY, whom they knew as old and tried members and as pupils of Mr. Judge, to have lifted them over the pitfall of racial prejudice and to have given them all the light they needed. If they fail, it will be due quite as much to lack of faith as to lack of understanding. And it need not have been blind faith either. A young and inexperienced doctor does not feel humiliated but thankful when, bewildered by symptoms, the root condition is pointed out to him by some old consultant."

"You are right," said the Sage. "But you presuppose a one-pointed desire for the truth, regardless of consequences to self, and regardless also of pride, prejudice, and preconception."

"I know I do," the Youth answered. "But allowing for the initial impulse of such lower motives, surely, once we recognise our mistakes, it is altogether contemptible to be unwilling to admit them."

"It is," said the Sage. And thereupon the meeting adjourned.

T.

LETTERS TO STUDENTS

September 17th, 1910

DEAR ———

Please let me begin with what I fear is my usual apology for writing to you on the type-writer and for the delay in replying. It is the truth, however, that I have been exceptionally busy all this summer, so much so that I have been unable to get away at all and I do not know when the pressure will let up.

I should like to begin by commenting on a purely incidental point in your letter. You speak of the appalling amount of misery which one sees around one. Yes, there is an appalling amount of misery in the world, but we can err in our attitude toward it if we are not careful. We should never forget that it is put there deliberately by the great and loving powers of the universe for the good which it does. We should look upon it as we do upon the pain which a surgeon inflicts when performing a necessary operation. It is deplorable, it wrings our hearts, but we would not have it otherwise, and above all, we must not let our sympathy for the patient in any way whatever prevent his getting the good of the operation. We have a righteous contempt for the person who is so sentimental that he cannot stand the sight of suffering and can be of no use in a sick room. So we must not let this idea of the suffering in the world shake our calm; disturb our ability to do what we can to correct it.

The old saying that whom the gods love dies young, can be paraphrased in occultism by whom the gods help most, suffers most. We ought not to wish it otherwise if we could. And the fact that much of this suffering seems to us useless because of the ignorance of the sufferers, arises from our ignorance, from our limited point of view.

It is appalling to think how little we can do to help all this, and that, I think, is the reason why we ourselves should try so hard to grow to a point where our force and knowledge and power will be a great influence for good. Therefore let this idea of the suffering in the world be a constant stimulus to us; let it fill our hearts so full of a burning desire to help that it will burst the trammels of our natures and remove the restrictions which are now limiting our powers of usefulness. Unless we do use the feelings which the contemplation of suffering gives rise to in some such way as this, I think we waste much power in a meaningless and sentimental sympathy.

I should like to take immediate exception to your statement that you cannot in this life or in many lives hope to become a chela, still less an adept. Please pardon me if I flatly contradict you. You can become a chela in this life, and you should try to do so. You, for all I know, may be able to become an adept in this life also. Both things are possible and no one who is not familiar with the accumulated Karma of your past can possibly tell whether you can do these things or not. For all you know you may have almost reached chelahood in the past;

there may be only one small obstacle keeping you back from a complete realization of your hopes, and that obstacle may melt away and be eliminated by the next effort of will which you are called upon to make. It is more likely that you have much still to overcome, many powers to acquire; but there is no reason to suppose that you cannot overcome these faults, cannot acquire these powers in this life. On the contrary, you should always assume that you can and that you will. You should act from moment to moment as if the very next moment would see you standing in the presence of the Master, to receive his congratulations upon the successful accomplishment of your age-long task. You cannot tell, and it would not be well for you to know. It may come in this next minute, in a week, a year, ten years, ten lives; but what difference does it make. Always assume that it is going to be very soon, and live in that thought and from that point of view. Otherwise you will never be ready. Remember that the way to become a chela is to act as if you already were one.

You answer your own question about killing the lunar body. It *is* the body of desire which we build up gradually by our low desires. We must not only stop having these desires, which is what is meant by cleaning the mind and heart, but we must actually destroy the body which our old desires have created. Fortunately for us, this killing of the desire body is done automatically. It goes on as we transmute the substance of the lunar body, and that is done by living the life faithfully and consciously as we all know very well how to do.

With kindest regards, I am,

Very sincerely yours,
C. A. GRISCOM.

November 26th, 1910

DEAR ———

I was much interested in your letter of the 11th. As usual, you suggest the answers to your own questions, which is as it should be, for we never really acquire knowledge from another. We must work it all out for ourselves. Another may confirm a belief, or may suggest a side issue which was overlooked by the querent; but we are all incapable of understanding anything until we are that thing in our own lives.

Just one word about meditation. Do not forget that the personality cannot meditate. It is only the soul. We should keep this idea in the mind, or in the consciousness, when we try to meditate; we should deliberately try to do it with the highest part of us which we can reach up to. If we do not try some such method, we shall pass the time of meditation in more or less badly controlled mental activity. It is of course the mind which interferes with us in meditation. "The mind is the slayer of the real." The disciple must learn to "slay the slayer." And the way to do this is, as a rule, not to face it and try to dominate it, but to slide past and ignore it.

With reference to your question about Karma. It is instant in the

sense that the minute we commit some fault or break some law, the readjusting force begins to act. If we eat imprudently, we instantly engage the forces needed to digest the difficult food. We may have enough of such force to digest that food that time, and many other times, but we have used up that force nevertheless, and the time will come when it is all used up and we begin to suffer from indigestion. It would be quite incorrect in one sense to say that Karma only began to act in this matter when we began to suffer, and yet that is the usual way of referring to it. It is obviously at every instant that we violate the laws of the universe, that the opposing force begins to act; but it depends upon countless circumstances when that opposing force will work out in some observable way. It may be in a few minutes, or not for many lives; but in either case it began on the instant and worked ceaselessly until the cause was exhausted. Often it will never work out on the physical plane, but will be neutralized by some opposing force on the inner planes, just as, in the homely illustration I have used, it will be possible, by exercise and outdoor work, to neutralize the harm of improper eating. But we had to work off the harm just the same. My illustration is faulty, as are most illustrations, because we have left out the moral question involved; but the same law works there.

I must stop now and go out, so please pardon an abrupt ending of my letter.

With kindest regards, I am, Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

May 28th, 1911

DEAR ———

* * * * * * * *

I wonder whether you have realized while reading this, that the train of thought which prompted it all is the conviction that this is not the first time we have been associated together, have worked together in the only kind of work that makes life worth living? For it is so, I am sure.

I do not mean in what I have said above, to limit your connection with the present work to me in any way. I have no doubt that you are quite as closely connected with several of the others as you are with me, and I am by no means certain that such connection may not be even more intimate with some of the others; but the fact that we have worked directly has tended to bring that side of it out first.

All of which is useful only if it has something in it of inspiration for the future, as I believe it has. I know of no stimulus equal to the knowledge of a long line of similar efforts, of no tie equal to that based upon relations which go back several incarnations, of no inspiration greater than the consciousness that what we are doing now is what we have been trying to do for five thousand years and is what we shall be doing for the next millennium. . . .

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

November 7th, 1911

DEAR ———

* * * * * * * *

There are two general types of disciples: monks and knights (with of course their feminine counterparts). We have all had incarnations during which we developed the qualities essential to one or the other of these two types, and we have had many incarnations of each. Not all of the members of the T. S. of course. I am speaking of the "flowers of the flock." The work of self-development, when in either kind of incarnation, has of course been greatly hampered by lack of consciousness of what we really were, and were trying to do. This is particularly the case when we have incarnated for a knightly incarnation, for the calls of the world pull more heavily in such an environment. It is a sacrifice we have often made deliberately because the world needed that kind of work at that time.

This time we are not monks and nuns, but the trend of the incarnation, for all of us, is in the purely devotional direction, with the very important difference from ordinary times that we know what we are about. This is the great work which the survival of the Movement has made possible. For the first time in history it is possible to try to amalgamate the militant with the purely devotional ideal, and to create in the world a body of people more like the old military orders of monks, which were attempts to establish a real ideal. We must combine in our persons the devotion, self-sacrifice and self-surrender of the monk, with the fighting qualities, courage and hardihood of the knight, both to be tempered by gentleness, courtesy, and the dignity which comes from a consciousness that we are the servants and warriors of the Master. Is it not an inspiring and an appealing ideal?

The regeneration of the western world and the success of Christianity itself are wrapped up in our ability to make this ideal live in our hearts and become externalized in our actions and our lives. It is a trumpet call to battle which should appeal to the highest and the best which is in each one of us.

With kindest regards, I am

Very sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

P. S. This letter is written from the masculine point of view. A woman should not, of course, try to develop in herself the masculine qualities of knighthood. A queen of chivalry is more the ideal which would correspond to the knightly ideal: gentleness, courtesy and dignity of course; courage, yes, but also sweetness, femininity,—the power to inspire the knight, to give him his high ideal.

REVIEWS

Living Bayonets, by Coningsby Dawson, published by John Lane.—The books by this author have always been reviewed in the QUARTERLY, so that extensive notice of this one would entail too much of repetition. We can only comment again on the splendid spirit and vitality of the man as shown in his letters,—this book being, in the style of *Carry On,* letters sent his family from the front. Many of us have found no books, in English, written on the war as satisfactory as these. They express the high water mark of the Englishman's splendid sense of good sport, of honour, of responsibility; courage, cheerfulness, a high ideal of duty.

I was amazed one day to hear them characterized as "sentimental," and I wondered (though I really should have spared myself the pains) if the critic had the least conception of the way he illustrated a certain phase of American cheapness.

There is a deepening of tone in this book. One sees the maturing effect of war experience. The indulgence for the Hun has passed: he can no longer be considered as an "enemy," and therefore entitled to all the courtesies of war. He has proved himself a horror in the world, something to be exterminated. "After four years of gallant smiling," Lieutenant Dawson writes in well turned phrase, "our soldiers have attained a righteous anger—a determination to exact a just revenge. They no longer make lenient discriminations between Germany and her rulers. They know now that the breath of every individual German is tainted with the odour of carnage." It took England long to learn that lesson—it goes against the English grain:—pray heaven it may take her longer to forget it. America, save in isolated instances, has not learned it at all; the commercial instinct is too strong, the love of pleasure stronger still.

These are the closing lines of the book (if only they could be read by people in high places here, without deaf ears!): "If at the first whimpering our hearts are touched and we allow the evil to escape its punishment, it will sneak off with a cunning leer about its mouth to lick its wounds into health that it may take a future generation unawares. Mercy at this juncture would be spiritual slovenliness. God has given the Allies a task to accomplish; He has made us His avengers that, when our work is ended, He may create a new heaven and earth." In that light, how does the armistice appear, or the abortive "peace"? A new heaven and earth of God's creating, and in place of that we chose—Bolshevism! Barabbas for the Christ again. Only he who loses his life can save it. Some of the soldiers learned this lesson, the foundation of Christianity, of Occultism, of life; the politicians,—never!

There is another aspect of these books of great interest to all students of Theosophy, the religious aspect, and the way the subject of religion is approached. It is sincere, ever-present, reverent, almost devout. There is no doubt that the young man is a "believer"; that his faith sustained and strengthened him in what he had to endure. But, I was going to say, that is the amazing part of it—a faith so abstract, so nebulous! A Law, a Principle, "a divine, far off event,"—one wonders how terror and thirst and carnage and wounds were endured on metaphysics. Honour indeed to those who stood the test. But it is not strange that many did not, and wandered into the hands of the Catholic priests who gave them warmth and substance with which to meet the agony of their days. The Catholic has always brought this reproach against the Protestant, and rightly. The Catholic

is human in his faith, and in his recognition of human needs. The Protestant is too detached, too angelic; faith and daily living are too far separated. God, as an all pervading spirit, is too far away for simple homely needs, or for times of bitter pain; and, as a result, faith and practice are too often widely different. Yet those who can find sustenance in that rarefied atmosphere, do well. Theosophy, combining both, offers the solution. A marked contrast to this detached religious outlook is found in many of the French books on the war,—and Lieutenant Dawson does not understand the French, for all his admiration of them.

There is one thing that jars, and jars in all the Dawson books—their unreserve, the extent to which the general public is taken into the intimacies of private and domestic life. That is a serious flaw in taste; but otherwise one can find only praise and gratitude. G.

Patriotism and Religion, by Shailer Matthews, Dean of the Divinity School, Chicago, published by The Macmillan Company, $1.25; *Christian Internationalism,* by William P. Merrill, published by The Macmillan Company, $1.50.

Professor Matthews' book is the less provocative of the two. It is a sincere attempt to bring Patriotism and Religion together,—an achievement singularly difficult (and with reason) for the modern and "democratic" mind. He shares the wide-spread feeling that: "This passion of service, this readiness to sacrifice health and life for national ideals—what is it but a counterpart of religion?" (p. 5); he sees also that: "Patriotism and religion alike are the expression of a nation's inner life. If the morale of an army is a key to victory or defeat, the national soul is the explanation of national futures and international struggles" (p. 6).

But, "patriotism and religion are both the product of social history." . . . "Only where the spirit of democracy is working is there creative religious thinking. Only there is the union of patriotism and the religion of to-morrow. For in democracy alone can the immanence of God be expressed in the terms of human experience" (p. 32). These are indeed startling statements emanating from a divinity school.

The Reverend Mr. Merrill, a prominent Presbyterian, who went to the Peace Conference at Constance in 1914, exalts his concept of democracy in a kindred field, and maintains that this divine righteousness of democracy, as we might call it, is the only practical basis of right national relationships. "The man cannot be wholly Christian," he premises, "until the world in which he lives is subject to the rule of Christ" (p. 13). Epictetus, a "heathen," knew better than that! It naturally follows: "Now this matter of democracy is a sacred matter. We come nearer to the rule of God and the will of God through ascertaining the will of the people and trusting the rule of the people than in any other way" (p. 72). "Certainly we never hear *vox dei* more surely than when it speaks through *vox populi.* A real democracy would be the best expression we could get of the rule of God on earth. . . . Religion flourishes best when democracy is purest" (p. 73).

These statements, from two such well-known writers, actually form the intellectual basis for religion, for patriotism, and for international relationships, in the minds of perhaps the majority to-day. Mr. Merrill's book particularly, which is clearly, succinctly, and popularly written, expresses the thoughts one sees reflected in the daily papers, and interprets the average mind. Democracy, for the majority, has become a symbol for the millennium, just as the League of Nations is a poor, perverted vision of the Kingdom of Christ. These representative Christian writers are seeking a remedy for the evils in the world; and they turn to fallen human nature, grown self-conscious and with the added power of a more or less united voice—the ballot and the press—to redeem its own failures. They never suggest turning to the Master.

Mr. Merrill inverts the true principles of life in almost every conception of his book. It is not merely that he seeks the will of God in the ballot, and not

in the heart, where the Master said the kingdom was to be established, but he states that "the cause of the people is the cause of God, and leads directly on to the establishment of an international order" (p. 182). Mr. Merrill seems to mean that he feels he would be doing God's will if he carried out the mandates of the people. But his own conscience belies him when he criticises the Russian bolsheviki, because his conscience will not let him, apparently, accept their recent fratricidal self-determinism as the will of God. Nor does he believe that the manifest unity of the German people in wrongdoing was the will of God, because he condemns Germany's conduct of the War. His typical argument that God's voice is most surely heard in the will of the majority certainly fails, for sheer lack of numbers, to support his own thesis that what the world wants most to-day, what lies nearest to the hearts of the people of the whole world, is a League of Nations, founded on his Christian democracy. For one thing, the Turks and Germans seek to enter the League. Nor does he face the issue that on his own premises, God's will is limited to the intelligence, education and integrity of the average, which is not even a high standard from the ordinary point of view. There is the added difficulty, that as the desires of different majorities in different countries are diametrically opposed, therefore, apparently, God's will is pitted against itself—which Christ disproved. Christ did not say that we should go to the people for the will of God, but said that those who knew *him*, knew the Father.

Thinking founded on what seems to us to be a complete lack of logic, and based on what appear as inversions of true principle, cannot carry conviction even when certain conclusions are unequivocal. Thus, when Professor Matthews divides patriotism into two kinds—that of democracy and that of autocracy, or Allied and German respectively—and then deduces that the Allies should fight the Germans because "love has stern duties just because it is love; not to fulfil these duties is injustice to the victims of organized injustice" (p. 144),—the reader feels that he has been trapped, unless he happen to have a modern mind.

Both books deserve the attention of QUARTERLY readers if they wish to see what many to-day are thinking, and how they succeed in doing it.

MARION HALE.

Personal Christianity: A Science, being the doctrines of Jacob Boehme, the "God-taught philosopher," with an Introduction and Notes by Dr. Franz Hartmann, is republished by the Macoy Publishing Company, New York, with a Preface by B. Harding.

We notice that the writer of the Preface, a friend and associate of many years ago, is entered as owner of the copyright. The probability is, therefore, that he is responsible for this republication,—a valuable contribution to the literature of the theosophical movement, for which we owe him congratulations and thanks.

Boehme declared, in 1624, as Mr. Harding reminds us, that his writings, after being rejected by his fatherland, would "in future days joyfully be taken up by foreign nations." To say that his prophecy has already been fulfilled might seem to suggest that he is popular. And he is not. We doubt if he ever will be. He is difficult to read. But he was among the first to attempt a theosophic interpretation of Christian symbolism. There is much in his writing that is truly inspired. It is recorded of Charles I. of England that, after reading a translation of Boehme's "Answers to Forty Questions," he exclaimed: "God be praised that there are still men in existence who are able to give from their own experience a living testimony of God and His Word." Claude de Saint Martin had the highest opinion of him, writing to Kirchberger,—"I am not worthy to unloose the shoestrings of that wonderful man." Students of Theosophy, not already familiar with Boehme's writings, can appraise his spirit and method by this passage from his *Six Points:* "Our whole doctrine is nothing else but an instruction to show how man may create a Kingdom of light within himself. . . . He in whom this spring of divine power flows, carries within himself the divine image and the celestial substantiality. In him is Jesus born from the Virgin, and he will not die in eternity." E. T. H.



QUESTION No. 237.—*We hear much to-day of "Internationalism" and "Leagues of Peace" that, after the war, are to break down the "barriers" between nations and make of all mankind one divisionless brotherhood. What is a nation in the real world as—let us say—the Lodge sees it, and what should be its true functions? Can illustrations be given of the true purpose, functions, and destiny of existing nations?*

ANSWER.—"Internationalism" and "Leagues of Peace" surely must be included among verbal tokens: they have their value just as money and cowrie shells have theirs. But until the spiritual fact of Brotherhood is given a working reality among men, the divisions between the nations will be accentuated by every increase in material efficiency and prosperity. All these counters have their value in the point of view from which one looks at them. And if the standard is that of self-seeking and material prosperity, there will always be barriers between man and man, and between nation and nation. It requires the sacrifice of self in obedience to higher motives to enable a nation or an individual to enter a higher world, such as that in which the Lodge lives and works. Consequently the Lodge views a nation, surely, as the result and effect of the ideals which move and unite it, in place of the interests which separate it. It requires more knowledge than I possess to give such illustrations, but the student of history can estimate what ideals of devotion and self-sacrifice the nations have arisen with and striven for.

A. K.

ANSWER.—What a nation is in the real world—"as the Lodge sees it"—I do not know, but I will mention what I think about it.

As the real world is within or hid in the physical world, and as the real man is within or hid in the physical man, so the real nations are within or hid in the nations of the material world, the physical being the gross counterpart of the real.

And as there is an individuality or soul for each personality, so there is an individuality or soul for each nation. This latter individuality is one in many, a collective soul, consisting of all souls engaged in incarnation in that nation. And in addition to the soul there is, in the real world, for each personality, and for each nation, a Guardian Angel, who is ministering to the needs of the soul according to the will of the presiding Deity. It is this Deity, the Superintendent of all evolution, who by His ministers, the Guardians and Masters and Members of the Lodge—and according to the Great Law or Karma—is dividing mankind in races, tribes, nations, families and personalities, in order to provide such circumstances, opportunities and responsibilities as are necessary and most promote the purpose of the soul, whether collective or separate.

And as a queen-bee leaves one hive, followed by many of her nation, settles in another place and forms a new hive, a new bee-nation, so one part of a nation may declare its independence and form a new nation, a small one maybe, but all the same a nation. But the declaration of independence has already been settled in the real world, or else it could never have come to pass. Even a single person-

ality cannot alter his nationality unless it has, for some reason or purpose, been approved in the real world. Remember that "the hairs of your head are all numbered."

The nations are different fields parcelled out in families and their members. In due time and season, and according to the Law, the different seeds are sown in the proper soil by the heavenly husbandmen in order to bring forth fruit abundantly. The crops may be rich or poor, or there may be no crops at all, according to the will and work of the personality, whose purpose it is, at this stage of evolution, to develop the divine power of discernment between good and evil, between the immortal and the mortal, and of its own free will to choose between the misery of the ephemeral life of the little self, wrapped up in the selfishness of separate existence, and the bliss of immortal life in union with all other selves in the One Universal Self. And the means to attain to this goal are the repeated incarnations of the individuality under different circumstances in different races, nations, families, castes, and among people of different creeds. It depends on the needs of the soul, and the fruit brought home to it by the successive personalities, if a new personality is to be developed, what its character will be, and in what soil its seed is to be sown.

"The true purpose, functions and destiny of existing nations" seem therefore to be to serve as one of the means by which souls are unified, thus preparing mankind for the realization of the Universal Brotherhood on earth. And at the same time the reincarnating egos are again and again offered an opportunity to work out their salvation, or to seek union with the Over-Soul. When this union is perfect the egos are no longer bound to return to this field of action, but can as immortals remain forever in the real world. T. H. K.

ANSWER.—It has been said that "a true individuality is the complete embodiment of a single purpose." This must be as true of a nation as of a man, and perhaps we can get light on the true function of a nation in the eyes of the Lodge by trying to imagine the true function of an individual as the Lodge sees it.

It may help with the parallel to remember what Mr. Judge says of each one of us being made up of countless "lives" for which we are responsible. Each atom within us has life and consciousness of its own, yet each of us feels himself to be one and has no desire in the name of "brotherhood" to melt his personality into a conglomerate mass of atoms with his neighbors, and turn mankind into one great jelly-fish. J. M.

QUESTION No. 238.—*Is not the Karma of hopeless insanity very hard to understand? We know that the path is always open for the sinner to turn, but mental trouble seems like a door shut in the face.*

ANSWER.—It would be impossible to understand without the doctrine of reincarnation. Really "hopeless" insanity with no lucid intervals means the complete withdrawal of the soul from that personality. It is very hard on those who are left but it may be a great relief to a soul that has long struggled to maintain a slender and precarious hold on an untamed and abnormal personality. T. B.



JANUARY, 1920

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

The Purpose and Principles of The Theosophical Society

IT is wise from time to time to re-define the principles and purpose of The Theosophical Society, to call vividly to mind our methods and ultimate goal. Two sets of circumstances have recently arisen, which provide a natural occasion for doing this: the first has to do with the great war and Germany; the second, with proposals made by members of the Adyar organization, which still persists in calling itself a Theosophical Society. Before we try to follow these out in detail, let us seek to reach a general view of the true purpose of The Theosophical Society, its final objective, as it appears to us; premising, as always, that The Theosophical Society, as such, is in no way bound by this definition.

The Theosophical Society exists, it seems to us, for the sake of humanity, and in particular for the sake of the soul, the spiritual principle, in humanity; for mankind's immortal potencies, to foster and further these. Whatever helps the spiritual life in mankind, or in individual men and women and children, is, for that reason, entitled to the active support of The Theosophical Society. Whatever hinders man's spiritual life must, for the same reason, be an object of attack. If, then, the dogmatic attitude of certain religious bodies is seen to fetter and dwarf the souls of their adherents, this dogmatism must be actively assailed, as was done by the illustrious author of *Isis Unveiled,* in what was the first book of the present epoch of the Theosophical movement. If the materialistic attitude of Science, or, to speak more truly, of certain purblind followers of Science, is seen to deaden the soul, to threaten the spiritual intuitions with atrophy, then this "scientific materialism," and its high-priests, become proper targets for criticism by members of The Theosophical Society; not, be it understood, in any personal sense, or in a spirit of personal resentment, but rather on principle, because they are endangering that most holy thing, the spiritual welfare of mankind.

In exactly the same way, and for exactly the same reason, if a nation like Germany, at once dogmatic, in the narrowest and most obnoxious sense—the dogmatism of blind and swollen vanity,—and intensely materialistic, should plan, as Germany did, to attack and stifle the spiritual life of other nations, and ultimately of mankind, it becomes the instant and imperative duty of The Theosophical Society, and of its members, with every grain of spiritual force that is in them, to resist that attack by force, and, as a most effective means of resistance, to make clear the spiritual menace that lies in that attack, and the fundamental principle of evil that inspires it.

Exactly this was done, as every one of its readers is well aware, by writers in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, accompanied by clear-cut corporate action at our Conventions. It was done as a matter of principle, of imperative moral duty; we should in fact have forfeited our right to call ourselves The Theosophical Society, had we followed any other course. We have assigned to us, by most august authorities, as many of us believe, a vital duty, the duty of safeguarding in certain ways the immortal interests of mankind, and we have done our best, and shall, in the future, do our best to measure up to that high responsibility. As to the principle, we are in no doubt at all. Whatever makes for the spiritual well-being of mankind is imperatively our business, whether it lead to support of forces of good or to active resistance to forces of evil.

That the German nation, as a whole, has any sense at all of the foulness of the evil which it planned and tried to carry out, there is not a particle of evidence. Should it, as many things suggest, determine to continue, as a nation, in the same path of evil, merely substituting treachery and hypocrisy for open violence, until the opportune hour for violence once more arrives, then it would seem that Germany will invite and evoke the fate of earlier votaries of evil among the nations, the fate of ultimate and final extinction, such as befell the Atlanteans as a race. The welfare of mankind will demand that; and that high and holy Destiny which guards the welfare of mankind will bring it about. But, just as The Theosophical Society, as a whole, exists for the spiritual welfare of mankind, to guard and foster mankind's immortal destiny, so on the German members of The Theosophical Society is laid, by the fact of their membership in The Theosophical Society, the arduous duty of working for the moral restoration of all Germany, if that be possible; or at least for their own moral restoration, that they may, so far as in them lies, discharge the heavy debt which they have incurred to all mankind, by their share in Germany's plans and Germany's crimes. It is a terribly difficult task; it is, for just that reason, a tremendous spiritual opportunity.

It is of high importance, first of all for themselves, and then for their nation, that some members of The Theosophical Society in Germany and what, before the war, was Austria, are coming to see these facts

in something of their nakedness, and are taking the first steps toward moral restoration. Some of the documents that illustrate this awakening will be here set forth in order, both as forming a very important part of the Theosophical record, and as illustrating vital moral principles.

The earliest of these documents will show, what is of considerable Karmic import, that, even during the war, there were members of The Theosophical Society within the Central Empires who saw, if not all the truth, at least a vital part of the truth, and who had the courage to put their insight officially on record. This first document was addressed to The Theosophical Society in Convention assembled, by the Branch in Aussig (Bohemia), and is dated March 10, 1916. The essential parts of the document follow:

"Our heartiest greetings and most sincere good wishes! More than in other years we feel impelled to express to our brothers and sisters in America our especial thanks for the support and help given to us.

"With the conviction that the leaders of the Society to whom, long ago, we gave our fullest trust, will and can give us at this time help more than ever, we seek to make ourselves receptive to this help.

"By a loving and friendly study of the QUARTERLY and a living, devoted faith in the direction of The Theosophical Society, we grow in insight and understanding, and hope that in virtue of this attitude, through our common work, light will be given us on those points which are not yet clear to us.

"One of these points refers to the question whether the Resolutions at the Convention of 1915, which were expressed by Mr. Hargrove, ought not to be taken formally *as an expression of The Theosophical Society*.

"Those of our members (six in number) who were able to accept the situation, *personally* share the view of Mr. Hargrove. It is less clear to them whether this view should be taken as the conclusion of The Theosophical Society as such.

"Our Branch numbers at present ten members, of whom four are in the field. The Branch work is carried on by those remaining behind, in sympathy with those who are fighting, and it has brought us two new members. . . .

"May our love of the Master grow so strong that our strength may suffice to solve our problems, which are terribly difficult, in the Master's spirit!"

The question raised in this letter—whether it was the duty of The Theosophical Society as such to go on record in the Convention Resolutions,—has been already answered: whatever makes for the spiritual well-being of mankind is the duty of The Theosophical Society, as a Society.

The second document is of quite recent date. It was addressed on July 23, 1919, to the Chairman of the Executive Committee of The

Theosophical Society, by a member in Berlin. The essential parts of the letter follow:

"At last the way is free and the possibility of correspondence has returned. I at once make use of the long desired opportunity to ask for your friendly help.

"For us who are German members of the T.S., the great war was a test of mutual trust. I fear that this test was not met.

"The violation of Belgium and its thorough-going condemnation in the QUARTERLY led to a division of minds here and to a many-sided inner contest. On both sides, the motive was, to prevent the failure of the T.S.

"By a study of the QUARTERLY articles on the war, I reached the conviction that the T.S. in each nation must be the articulate conscience of that nation, that it must not keep silence, especially when there is a question of a national crime which has violated the principles of brotherhood and righteousness, as was the case with the crime against Belgium.

"When, in a lecture before the Berlin Branch in November 1918, I condemned this violation, it was indicated to me by some of the oldest members that I had violated By-law 35 of the T.S. and had brought politics into the Society. For we must condemn crimes, corrupt systems and so forth, only 'in the abstract'; that is, in the view of those who criticised me. We must condemn only in general, murder, breach of treaties, tyranny, disloyalty and so forth, but that in The Theosophical Society we must not refer to actual crimes and must not consider and condemn these.

"I request you to give me your views on the meaning and practical application of the phrase 'in the abstract.' I am of the opinion that the meaning is, that we must also condemn evil acts, so long as they do not affect us personally, in order to comply with abstract righteousness, without regard to our personal advantage or disadvantage. I am far from wishing to violate By-law 35, or to drag the T.S. into politics. But should it not also be said in the T.S. that the sphere of politics must not become a playground of the devil? Since we do not live in cloistered solitude, but must be the leaven which is to permeate the whole of social life, there is, in my view, no region of life, the consideration of which, from the standpoint of the Theosophical ideal, should be forbidden in The Theosophical Society. The differences in view on this point in the Berlin Branch are very great; and, while a part of the members are very thankful for the article in the QUARTERLY, other members condemn it in the sharpest terms, as a sign of the failure of the T.S. The difficulty appears to me to be this, that we, as the T.S., are standing before new and wider views of brotherhood, and that we are sunk too deeply in the old ruts to find the new way passable.

"What are we, as members of the T.S., to do in order to help Germany in its present situation? I shall be very grateful to you for an answer to this question.

"I believe that the divine powers have withdrawn from our nation, and that they will not again draw near to it until sincere repentance for what has happened is felt at least by the Theosophists of Germany, and until they view their Theosophical work in the light of reparation, of atonement to the divine powers. Except in relation to Belgium, I believed, during the first years of the war, that we were waging defensive warfare, and that, as a nation, we stood on the side of Light; but now I know that the contrary was and is the case. I believe that we have failed to recognize that the Cause of the Master was at stake in our country. Alas, how dark it was, in and around us! . . . . ."

A reply to this letter was sent on October 4, 1919. The essential parts of this letter follow:

"I have received your letter of July 23rd and am sincerely glad to know that there are a few in Germany who are beginning to get some glimpse of the truth, and that you are among them.

"You are right in thinking that the Cause of the Masters was at stake in your country. Do you realize also, I wonder, that if a sufficient number of German members had understood *from the beginning* what the real issue was, they might have saved Germany from the completeness of her moral degradation? Even if powerless to control or to modify outer events, their understanding, their ability to see the truth, would have had the same effect as the three righteous men would have had on behalf of Sodom and Gomorrah.

"Yet, while it is too late to do all that might and should have been done, it is not too late to help Germany in its present situation.

"The answer to your question under this head is:—you can help by understanding clearly the principles at stake; by seeing clearly that the issue was between right and wrong, between the White Lodge and the Black. You can help by doing what you would advise a man to do if he came to you saying—'I am beginning to see that my associates committed outrages and that they stole and were guilty of murder for gain. I do not yet realize the full extent of their wrong or of my own responsibility for not having protested at that time. I do, however, want now to do what is right.'

"I am sure you would desire ardently to help such a man. You would realize at once, I believe, that the only way to help him would be to tell him the truth. As soon as he is able to see that, he will repent, and the more sincerely he repents, the more sincerely he will desire to atone. The desire to make restitution would be the test of his sincerity.

"Consequently, both my duty toward you, and your duty toward other German members, are plain; namely, to tell the truth so as to give opportunity for repentance and for increasing repentance, leading up to a deep desire to atone.

"Those, therefore, are the three stages: understanding (realization), repentance, and then the desire to atone, to make amends, for the wrong done, and to restore more, rather than less, than that which was stolen.

"We can influence others, and the nation of which we are a part, by *being* and *doing* what we know that others should be and do. Three or four of you (and I am hoping there will be more) may serve as a nucleus for the leaven which should leaven the whole lump.

"You have made a good beginning, in so far as you see now that the T.S. in each nation ought to be the articulate conscience of that nation, and in so far as you realize also that Theosophy, instead of remaining an inward abstraction, must be externalized until it controls every detail of our lives. What is the purpose of evolution, if not to bring all outer activities everywhere under the dominion of the Lodge? To speak of Theosophy as 'inward'—if it mean anything at all—suggests that it consists of fine ideas which we need not practise. Any such conception is a mockery, a perversion of spirituality. True spirituality is right action, springing from right motive. Otherwise, what is called 'spirituality' is psychic dreaming.

"Of course the T.S. must not, as a Society, take part in politics. The T.S. in this country, for instance, must not electioneer for the Republicans or for the Democrats or for any other party. The T.S. is far above political parties. But does anyone suppose that it should be indifferent to what is going on in the world, or that its members, at Branch meetings, should limit the expression of their opinions to colourless disapprobation of hypocrisy and of other sins in the abstract? That is not what H.P.B. did, or Mr. Judge! H.P.B. attacked the errors and sins of scientists and of religious bigots, and she named the wrong-doers one after another, from the Archbishop of Canterbury to most of the Professors of her day.

"Palestine, at the time of the Master Christ, was full of politics—the Roman party, the Herodian party, the party of the Scribes, of the Pharisees and so forth. Like the T.S., Christ was far above political parties. But what did he do?—He referred to Herod as 'that fox,' and he denounced the Scribes and Pharisees with loathing and contempt.

" 'In the abstract' means that we should be above personal feeling. Christ did not hate the Pharisees because they hated him, or because they had attacked and insulted him. He hated them because they were the enemies of God. He denounced them to their faces, 'in the abstract,' —that is, collectively; he denounced both their spirit and their practice. He did not have a quarrel with Rabbi This or Rabbi That, but, as a class, he knew they were base, and he said so.

"All of this, and much more regarding the war, both as to facts and principles, you will find set forth in detail, in back numbers of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, now on their way to you. German members should read and try to digest every word of what has been said on this subject since 1914.

"No one, I trust, will be so foolish as to imagine that the past is a dead issue. The past is not dead. The present is the outcome of the past, and the future will be the outcome of the past, modified, for good

or ill, by the present. Enormities have been committed by Germany under the influence of the Black Lodge. To escape from that influence completely, it will be necessary for German members to detach themselves, *thread by thread*, from the delusions of the past. A general and vague turning away will not be sufficient. So long as a single thread remains, evil will be transmitted and blindness will continue.

"Those who from the beginning until now have persisted in believing that Germany is in the right—those who have rejected all warnings and all the instruction offered them—have proved that they have never understood the elements of Theosophy, and that their membership has had no reality. They have put themselves outside the fellowship of those who have pledged themselves to the service of the Masters.

"You speak of 'new and wider views of brotherhood.' You will see, I hope, from what I have written, that these 'new and wider views' are not an innovation. They are the views which those who understood H.P.B. and Mr. Judge have always held. It is evident, however, that the teaching of H.P.B. and of Mr. Judge has been misunderstood in Germany, or in any case has been misrepresented, and that what is needed now is a better understanding of the old teaching. . . ."

So far, the situation, as it concerns the attitude of members of The Theosophical Society with regard to Germany. The lessons are sufficiently clear. The second group of circumstances, on which it is our purpose to comment, has arisen in the Adyar Society, and finds expression in an article by Mr. George S. Arundale, entitled "Why not Reconstruction in the Theosophical Society?"

The article is, in its way, both interesting and symptomatic. But we can quote only a paragraph or two, which seem to carry the heart of the matter. Thus we find the writer saying: "It might be argued that now that the world has responded to the striking of the note of Brotherhood, now that the principle of Universal Brotherhood may be regarded as generally accepted, ought not the Theosophical Society to begin to emphasize the next step—*i.e.*, to recognize the existence of a superhuman kingdom, of which are Those who are the Elders of the human family, who have long ago passed through the stages through which we are passing to-day, and who are the guides and rulers of the world? We might then ask whether the Theosophical Society should not begin to stand forth more openly as a channel between the Elder Brethren and Their younger comrades in the outer world? Might it not be well that we should learn to accept more formally Their nominations to the Presidency of the Theosophical Society than was possible in 1907? Further, might it not be desirable, in view of the above, that we should make each President hold office either for life or, at least, for a term of years longer than the seven which is now the rule? Again, to what extent is it desirable that the President of the Society should have more autocratic powers than at present possessed by the holder of that office?"

It is probable that readers of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY will

regard this curious paragraph first with amazement, then, perhaps, with some amusement, and finally with real indignation, that the high ideals of Theosophy should be so travestied. Briefly, this writer suggests that the existence of Masters should be "erected into a dogma;" that the President of the Adyar Society should be regarded as nominated and kept in office by Masters; and, finally, that this President should have "more autocratic powers."

Can it be necessary to say once more that The Theosophical Society has, and can have, no dogma whatsoever? Adherence to the principle of universal brotherhood, the one condition of membership, is in no sense dogmatic. Or need it be said that the last thing that would be credible of genuine Masters is, that they should permit themselves to be "erected into a dogma?" Finally, nothing is more foreign to the true ideal of The Theosophical Society than its dominance by an autocrat primed with doctrines and dogmas on every conceivable subject under heaven, and indeed extending to the seventh heaven and beyond; having power, one supposes, to impose these dogmas upon the members; for it is difficult to see in what other direction the autocratic powers postulated could be exercised.

It can hardly be necessary to consider these extravagances seriously. But the gravity of the matter lies, in our view, not so much in their having been proposed, as in the favour with which they have been received. Careful study of the subsequent numbers of the misnamed magazine in which this article appears, has not disclosed whether any official action has been taken as suggested; but it has brought to light the startling fact that these extraordinary proposals have been very favourably received.

For example, we find in the July number of the same magazine (*The Theosophist*) a letter, by Mr. D. H. Steward, which speaks with entire approval of "making belief in the Masters an obligatory condition of membership."

We spoke of this strange proposal as symptomatic. The same word may be applied, with even greater aptness, to certain verses which appear in the October number, together with more correspondence gravely approving the dogmas, the autocracy and all the rest. These verses deserve quotation:

> "Yours the clear eyes that see the world's old wrongs;
> Yours the undaunted heart, the endless strength;
> Yours the true voice that through the thickest fight
> Into our very inmost conscience rings.
>
> For you, how feeble are my finest songs,
> However apt, whatever be their length!
> For who am I to net the words of Light
> To praise one chosen of the King of Kings?"

". . . To net the words of Light to praise one chosen by the King of Kings!" . . . It is something of a shock to discover that this is not addressed to Parabrahm, or the Logos, or even a plenary Avatar, but "To our Chief: on the Occasion of Her Birthday!" It is a still greater shock to find the said Chief, as Editor of the magazine, gravely accepting and printing this tremendous flattery. One finds on the cover the honoured name of H. P. Blavatsky; one can imagine the scathing contempt, mingled, perhaps, with Homeric laughter, with which she would have received such a floral offering.

It is related that Joseph of Arimathæa was imprisoned by the Jews because he had begged the body of Jesus after the crucifixion. Joseph afterwards gave the following account of his release from prison:

"On the preparation, about the tenth hour, you locked me up, and I remained all the Sabbath. And at midnight, as I was standing and praying, the room where you locked me in was hung up by the four corners, and I saw a light like lightning into my eyes. And I was afraid, and fell to the ground. And some one took me by the hand, and removed me from the place where I had fallen; and moisture of water was poured from my head even to my feet, and a smell of perfumes came about my nostrils. And he wiped my face, and kissed me, and said to me, Fear not, Joseph; open thine eyes, and see who it is that speaks to thee. And looking up, I saw Jesus. And I trembled, and thought it was a phantom; and I said the commandments, and he said them with me. Even so you are not ignorant that a phantom, if it meet anybody, and hear the commandments, takes to flight. And seeing that he said them with me, I said to him, Rabbi Helias [Elijah]. And he said to me, I am not Helias. And I said to him, Who art thou, my lord? And he said to me, I am Jesus, whose body thou didst beg from Pilate; and thou didst clothe me with clean linen, and didst put a napkin on my face, and didst lay me in thy new tomb, and didst roll a great stone to the door of the tomb. And I said to him that was speaking to me, Show me the place where I laid thee. And he carried me away, and showed me the place where I laid him; and the linen cloth was lying in it, and the napkin for his face. And I knew that it was Jesus. And he took me by the hand, and placed me, though the doors were locked, in the middle of my house, and led me away to my bed, and said to me, Peace to thee! And he kissed me, and said to me, For forty days go not forth out of thy house; for, behold, I go to my brethren into Galilee."—THE GOSPEL OF NICODEMUS (THE ANTE-NICENE FATHERS, VOL. VIII).

FRAGMENTS

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER

"YOU have entered another year,—what will you make of it? Behind lies that old one, so full of strife and confusion and suffering! Well, some day you will see what was accomplished in it. I am satisfied. Building under constant and heavy fire must be slow and difficult. Do not blame yourself for that—nor me! An inch only at a time, perhaps, still an inch gained. Why grumble? The bugle will sound some future day for the cavalry charge you love.

"But stubborn courage through cold and privation tell in the end, like Washington's at Valley Forge, and mark a depth of splendour no brilliant achievement can shadow.

"Do not grow faint-hearted. Money is scarce, and rations are scarce, and the troops are suffering;—brave fellows! That is what *hurts*. Would it be endurance if it were not so really hard? Would it be courage if there were not the sickening fear of the heart? I know your answer, as you know mine—Go on!"

CAVÉ.

In each human spirit is a Christ concealed,
To be helped or hindered, to be hurt or healed;
If from any human soul you lift the veil
You will find a Christ there hidden without fail.

—JALALUDDIN RUMI.

"BY THE MASTER"

ISHA UPANISHAD

TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT WITH AN INTERPRETATION

By the Master all this is to be clothed and pervaded, whatever moves in this moving world.

THESE words, like all that is of primary value in the great Upanishads, are addressed to the disciple. For the consciousness of the disciple, the Master here is the Warrior, the consciousness and will of the inner Self. But this consciousness and will is in reality one with the will and consciousness of the Master of that disciple; the will and consciousness of the Logos, as expressed and embodied in that Master.

It is not that the disciple must follow out all his own thoughts and volitions, attributing these to his Master; it is rather that he must, through sacrifice and purification, discern within himself those thoughts and volitions, those intuitions of perception and action which really come from his Master, and seek courageously and with devotion to carry these out, in every task and situation which comes before him. In this way, through aspiration, sacrifice, and devotion, and through ceaselessly valorous action, his own individual nature, the inner and the outer, is to be clothed and infused by the Master.

But the teaching has a still wider scope. He must perceive the Master in everyone with whom he comes in contact. The man or woman or child to whom he is speaking, with whom he is acting, must be for him the Master; he must speak and act towards that person as to the Master.

Does this mean that the disciple must take every word and act of everyone with whom he comes in contact as being the words and acts of his Master? In one sense, yes; but only when the matter is rightly and profoundly understood. The principle of discernment has already been indicated: just as, when dealing with his own nature, he must not take all thoughts and volitions which arise in it as being the thoughts and volitions of his Master; but must, on the contrary, with sacrifice and devotion seek out and discern the Master's thought and will for him; so, in dealing with another he must, with equal sacrifice and courage, with the entire disinterestedness of detachment, seek and discern the Master's thought and will for that person. To put it in another way: he must seek and discern the Master's ideal for that person and work courageously to carry that ideal toward realization. Since the Master has an ideal for each man, woman, or child with whom his disciple comes in contact, both a general ideal reaching toward ultimate perfection

and divinity, and a particular ideal for that time and situation, therefore the Master, as that ideal, is in that person, and the disciple must behold him there, and must act, at once with valour and with humility, on that vision of his Master. Therefore by the Master is to be clothed and pervaded, first the inner and outer nature of the disciple himself; next, the man, woman, or child with whom he is in contact, whether in speech or action.

This appears to be the meaning of the religious injunction, that the disciple must see God in the person with whom he is speaking, towards whom he is acting, whether that person be a superior, an equal or an inferior, a saint or a sinner. There are no exceptions whatever.

Therefore we find a Master saying: I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

This must be carried out, therefore, with the literalness and completeness with which the Master has here stated it. So vital and far-reaching is this principle, that the Master makes it the sole condition of salvation, of spiritual life.

Besides oneself and one's neighbour, there is a third field in which this principle and method must be applied by the disciple: whatever moves in this moving world. All this must be clothed and pervaded by the Master. He must see his Master literally in everything; in the situation, circumstances and events of his own personal life, without any exception whatever; in the situation, circumstances and events of the whole world. It is hardly necessary to say that this does not mean that his own Master actually decides and directs all mundane and cosmic events, in any arbitrary and personal sense. But his Master's consciousness is the expression of the consciousness of the Lodge, of the Logos; his Master's will is the will of the Lodge, of the Logos. And therefore that which is the essence of his Master's will and consciousness does in fact decide and direct all mundane and cosmic events. Further, the disciple has his approach to the will and consciousness of the Lodge, of the Logos, through his own Master. His task is, to endeavour to perceive and to affect all events with the vision and will of his own Master; to become, through sacrifice and devotion, one with the consciousness and will of that Master.

In this way, then, by the Master all this is to be clothed and pervaded, whatever moves in the moving world: first, the inner nature of the disciple; then his neighbour; then all outer events without exception.

Through this renounced, thou shalt enjoy; covet not the wealth of any!

It is curious that this sentence contains the whole problem of the twentieth century, with its solution; curious, since the words were written in Sanskrit not only twenty centuries ago, but perhaps, more nearly twenty milleniums. The sentences of the Lodge are everlasting, and this is one of them.

The whole problem of the twentieth century,—since the vice of the age is covetousness. Covetousness, the angry desire to be in the situation and circumstances belonging to another, whether another man or another nation. But these circumstances, that situation, were assigned to the man, to the nation, by the will of the Lodge, the embodied Logos; assigned to him, not to us. And our situation, our circumstances, were, by the same will of the Lodge, the Logos, assigned to us, not to him; assigned, in each case, because the soul imperatively requires, for its present learning, exactly that situation, those circumstances. The law is as simple as simplicity itself.

But before we can understand this or any other spiritual law, we must first obey it with measurable completeness. We must accept our circumstances, with patience and sacrifice, before we can possibly understand them. In the footsteps of devoted acceptance will come understanding, and this understanding will steadily broaden and deepen, until we see the full purpose of the Master, and why, in wise compassion, he gave us just that situation, just these circumstances.

We must accept before we can understand; and this means the cheerful acceptance of the whole heart, not a grudging, resentful resignation. And we must begin by accepting, as the key of the situation, the centre of all circumstances, the Master himself; each one, the Master who set him in the midst of those circumstances, the reality of that Master, the excellence of his will. We must, if we would make any genuine progress, begin with the Master. Therefore this Upanishad begins with the Master.

There are two false beginnings. To begin with self, means to end in death. To begin with our neighbour, means to end in confusion. We must, if we would begin wisely, begin with the Master, accepting his compassionate will, seeking his purposes that we may fulfil them. To prefer the will of the Master to one's own will in any one thing, is the beginning of discipleship. He who prefers the Master's will to his own will, not only in one thing, but in all, is already an accepted disciple.

Through this renunciation, the disciple will find joy; by preferring, at each point, the Master's will to his own will. Joy, for this reason: the Master's will for him is the will of the Logos, the will of infinite wisdom, infinite compassion, infinite Love. To conform to the purpose of that wisdom, that love, is the very essence of joy. Who could live,

who could breathe, asks another Upanishad, if the heart of Being were not joy?

Exactly the same law is enunciated again and again, by the western Master already quoted: He that loveth his life shall lose it: he that hateth his life shall keep it unto life eternal. To love the personal life, the life of the lower will and inclinations, self-centred and greedy, is to stake everything on that which is already condemned to death. To hate that lower life in us, because of its greed, its baseness, its ruthless readiness to sacrifice others, its vanity and consequent treachery; and, hating that, to love with passionate ardour the will of the Master in us and for us, because of its holiness, its purity, its loveliness, its compassion for us and others, and, even more, because the Master's will is the very essence of self-sacrifice, an age-long offering, in virtue of which alone he is a Master; to love that life with the heart's whole ardour, is already to have a place in eternal life.

Toiling, therefore, here at his tasks, let him be willing to live a hundred ages; thus is it with thee, and not otherwise, nor does work smear and befoul the man.

A word may be said here concerning the real nature of this Upanishad. It is, if you wish, a philosophical treatise; further, it is a Mystery teaching. But it appears to be even more: a ritual or rather fragments of a ritual of one of the great Initiations.

Certain tasks for the disciple have already been outlined in the preceding sentences of the Upanishad. And it has been said that before the disciple can at all understand the inner meaning of any one of these tasks, the Master's purpose for him in that task, he must have carried it through with measurable completeness. So there are, for the disciple of a given stature, in each stage of his journey homeward, a group of tasks, the entire course of spiritual studies and undertakings for that stage or class. Each of these must be carried through with entire faithfulness, with measurable completeness, before the inner significance of the course, and its relation to the whole of divine life, can be understood and seen in the light of illumined spiritual vision.

When the course for that stage and stature is completed, the Lodge takes it upon itself to bring to the disciple the full revelation of its significance, its meaning and purpose in the light of eternity. And this is done in what is at once a Lodge ceremony and a tremendous spiritual experience, wherein the disciple, while taking a part in certain forms and symbolic acts and words, at the same time is rapt into the full consciousness of his own Master, of that Master's Master, and of the whole splendid chain of Immortals, up to, and including, the full divine consciousness of Nirvana. Such a ritual, or a part of such a ritual, this Upanishad would appear to be. It was put in form, no doubt, millenniums ago, before the red Rajput race, who were the possessors of the Mysteries in older India, left their earlier home in Egypt; perhaps before

the race which formed the illumined nucleus of Egypt came thither from still unfallen Atlantis. For, as the realities of the Lodge are from everlasting to everlasting, so are its Mysteries and symbols, its supremely spiritual symbolic ceremonies.

If one keeps in mind what thus appears to be the real character of this Upanishad, one will be better able to understand the full meaning of the verse just translated. From the very inception, the life of the disciple is sacrifice; each step of the long journey is sacrifice; its consummation, the end of the way, is supreme sacrifice. The whole history of that life is told, with the simplicity which comes only from complete mastery, by a Master, in *Light on the Path;* and it is made clear that the first part of the way involves the sacrifice of renunciation, the putting off of the old man, as Paul the Initiate phrases it. The next stage of the way involves the sacrifice of valour, heroic toil, the putting on of the new man; the painful and difficult evocation of the dormant divine powers and faculties, and their application to their tasks; something that can be done only by dauntless, indefatigable will, with boundless courage and faith in one's Master; something that cannot even be attempted, until the first part of the way, the putting off of the old man, has been measurably carried through.

It is easy to see why this is. If the divine forces were evoked, aroused, and brought into activity, while the impulses and substance of the old man remained, this would mean the inflaming and intoxication of that lingering lower nature by these potent forces. The outcome would be the creation of a powerful devil; not salvation, but swift damnation. Therefore such a great part of all published scriptures is concerned with the first part of the way, the stage of painful self-conquest, of purification, during which the whole personality must be dissolved. Only after this has been done, can the disciple gain any glimpse of the next stage of the way. Only after it has been done can the disciple with complete safety learn that there is a further stage of the way.

It should be clearly understood that, while this second stage is one of upbuilding, of the evoking and using of divine forces, it is none the less a way of sacrifice. For an example, to call forth courage from timidity is a peculiarly painful sacrifice, one that is bitterly trying at the beginning. In like manner, to bring heroic zeal in the place of sloth is painful, and always a sacrifice, whether bodily or intellectual sloth be the point of attack. In general, it may be said that the temper needed for this, the second stage of the way, is that of the soldier "going over the top". A part of his nature, a deep-seated tendency or weakness, will be slain in the charge.

But there is a larger sense in which the more advanced stages of the way are marked by ceaseless sacrifice. The advanced disciple and, far more, the Master, must make war on weakness and sin in the world, in others. This cannot be done from without. It must be done from within. The Master must be fully conscious of the sin, the temptations,

of those whom he seeks to help; he must share the consciousness, the feeling, that urges and entices them toward that sin; and thus feeling it, he must combat it by the contrary power in his own nature. It would seem to be this law, this process, that the Buddha had in mind, when he said: "Let the sins of Kali Yuga rest on me, but let man be saved!"

In this sense, therefore, must the disciple be willing to toil through "a hundred ages", taking up, as his Master took up so long ago, that terrible toil which is, nevertheless, a great and ever-increasing delight.

And as the Master, while fully conscious of the feeling of allurement which the sin he is combating has for the sinner, is, by virtue of his inherent purity, free from the least enticement, so must the disciple understand that the great and terrible toil for others cannot lead to impurity, if his own heart be pure.

There is a final and supreme point at which the sacrifice of freely accepted toil, of immersion, almost, in the sins and temptations of the world, must be assumed: when, at the last initiation, the Master puts aside the well-earned peace and silence of Nirvana, and undertakes instead to lift and bear a part of the "heavy Karma of the world". Of every Master at this point it will be true that "he is tempted at all points, yet without sin". The incarnation of an Avatar is the type and symbol, as well as the actuality of this sacrifice, but it is equally real for all other Masters, who remain unseen, in what, for the rest of mankind, is the impenetrable darkness of the occult world.

The Upanishad text continues:

Sunless, verily, are those worlds, by blind darkness enwrapped; they enter into those worlds on going forth—the men who are slayers of their own souls.

As through ceaseless sacrifice the disciple is bringing his soul to life, enkindling within himself the long dormant divine elements, so there are those who, by continued refusal of sacrifice, in fact sacrifice the higher to the lower self, and thereby literally slay their souls. It would appear that every initiation must contain, in its ritual, some such warning of the penalty of failure and betrayal; for the real failure comes only through deliberate sin.

So the disciple, in this initiation which in fact sums up the long path of toil and sacrifice which he has travelled, and at the same time lights up with divine radiance the splendid way before him, is made to see what would have been the penalty of failure, if through baseness he had made the great betrayal. He would have fallen into those worlds, by blind darkness enwrapped, which await those who sin against the light, who are guilty of the sin against the Holy Ghost, the divine element within themselves. Speaking of this divine element, the Upanishad continues:

Without moving, that One is swifter than mind. Nor did the bright Powers overtake It; It went swiftly before them. That outstrips

the others, though they run, while It stands still. In That Matarishvan disposes the life-streams.

At this stage of the initiation, the disciple is being initiated into the consciousness of the divine element within himself, the principle which is called Buddhi, and which may be thought of as the active potency and manifestation of Atma.

It has already become clear that the same law holds good for the initiation of the disciple and the initiation of the Master, once allowance is made for difference of degree. There is one point at which the analogy is completely true, though it may not be always realized: just as there are difficulties and perplexing problems for the disciple, which can only be solved by courage and endurance and humility, and even then solved practically, rather than comprehended, so, on their own evidence, there are difficulties and even insolvable problems for the Masters themselves, which they approach by the same path of courage and humility, finding a working method, rather than a full comprehension. And no matter what lofty peak of spiritual splendour may be reached, the depths of the sky will still be as far above it; there will ever be deeper and greater mysteries.

This is in the nature of things. Sir Oliver Lodge has been quoted as saying that Science asks questions which will never be answered. And it must be so, even when it is a question of the greatest Masters. For it is in the nature of things impossible that Being should go behind Being, to discover why Being is. It is in the nature of things impossible that Consciousness should observe the causes which bring Consciousness into being, or detect the source from which Consciousness springs. That is insolvable and will remain insolvable for ever.

That divine and mysterious principle which lies behind manifested consciousness, and from which consciousness springs, is, in its unmanifested form, ever unknowable. It is in essence one with Parabrahm, the eternally Unknowable. Therefore it is said that this mysterious One is swifter than mind, swifter than thought. However swiftly thought may move, the mysteriousness of the One is there before it; the mystery still remains a mystery. It perpetually outstrips the mind's bright powers. However far the plummet may descend, there are still the unfathomable depths beyond.

But while unknowable in its unmanifested form, the divine element is knowable in its manifested form; Atma is knowable when it is revealed as Buddhi. And in a certain sense it is true that the whole process of initiation is simply the progressive revelation of Buddhi in the consciousness of the disciple. This may help us to realize what a tremendous and vital thing the principle we call Buddhi is.

We know Buddhi, so far, through its two reflections: Prana and Kama. If we consider Prana alone, how immense is its scope, as the sustaining power of all vegetable and animal life throughout the world,

the "vital fire," in its simplest form; yet, though in its simplest form, ceaselessly working miracles.

But what we have now to realize, what the disciple has to realize at the point we are considering is, that all the miracles of the manifested world, wrought out by Prana, the Life-force, are no more than reflections of the real miracles of Buddhi, into which he is now to be initiated by progressive degrees.

It would be well to understand at the outset, that, just as with the seven principles, the lower six are synthesized by the seventh, Atma; so with each principle: it has six aspects, powers, sub-principles, whatever we may agree to call them, which are synthesized by the seventh; these sub-principles exactly corresponding, under the universal law of Correspondence, to the primary principles.

Thus the principle with which we are now concerned, the "divine fire", Buddhi, should be regarded as containing, or consisting of, seven sub-principles, six of which are synthesized by the seventh; this group of seven sub-principles accurately corresponding to the seven primary principles.

The sub-principles of Buddhi have been described as the seven Shaktis, or spiritual powers. For our present purpose, we need only consider the four higher Shaktis: Ichchha shakti, which is the sub-principle of Buddhi corresponding to Kama; Kriya shakti, the sub-principle of Buddhi corresponding to Manas; Kundalini shakti, the sub-principle of Buddhi corresponding to Buddhi itself; and Mantrika shakti, the sub-principle of Buddhi corresponding to Atma, and synthesizing the six.

In a certain sense, the task before the disciple is the evocation of the "divine fire", Kundalini, and the infusion of the principle of Will in him by that divine fire; the golden light mingling with the red flame, to produce the colour of the mystic rose. The fiery aspiration of the disciple evokes the higher celestial fire, and the two blend in one, the holy fire which shall thereafter illumine and enkindle that disciple's heart and life and every act.

This awakened divine fire is intuition, creative genius, the essence of aspiration; it infuses itself into Kriya shakti (the sub-principle of Buddhi which corresponds to Manas), the power of imagination and thought. Imagination then becomes the power to give form to divine intuition and inspiration, whether that form be in words or any other vehicle of representation; and thought, inspired by the divine light, becomes prophetic, formulating the plans and purposes of the Eternal.

This evocation of Buddhi, this arousing of the divine fire by sacrifice and aspiration, is the mystical meaning within the story of Prometheus, who brought down divine fire to men; and Prometheus has his prototype in Matarishvan, the Vedic Prometheus, who brought down the divine fire for the Bhrigus, as told in the sixtieth hymn of the first circle of the Rig Veda.

C. J.

(To be continued.)

ON SERVICE

DEAR——

You ask me what my personal observations were in regard to the inner reactions of men in the Army, their spiritual experiences at the front, the forces impelling them, what they thought and felt. And, knowing that you have read many letters of French priests who were fighting in the ranks, and many other expressions either published, or from private sources, of true realization of the forces that were, and are, actually at war: of utter and joyous self-sacrifice; of inner spiritual experience and conscious nearness to Those in the real world who, too, were fighting and directing—I am horribly afraid that you are going to be disappointed. For of all those with whom I was, or with whom I talked, only one ever mentioned the name of God in my hearing. That was after an air-raid one night at the front, when a German plane, after circling for some minutes round and round directly above the darkened shack in which we were sitting and only about 200 metres up, finally departed without doing us any damage. My immediate superior said to me in the dark: "There is only one reason why that Boche didn't wipe us out as we sat, and that is that God had hold of the situation, and didn't want him to."

An extraordinary record, or, rather, lack of a record. And yet it does not mean to me that our young men did not see visions; that they were not having their inner experiences. Far from it. It meant merely that, save in exceptional cases, they did not want to talk about them, or that they did not know how to put those things into words if they did wish to do so—and that I personally did not encounter any exceptional cases. Frankly, at first I was disappointed, for I, too, had read many such "personal documents" as those which I think you have in mind, and I wanted to meet and work with and talk to men who had so felt and lived and experienced, and who could so express their experiences. But, whatever the reticence and for whatever the reasons, it was speedily obvious that the feeling and the experience were there, that men were being moved by forces bigger than those apparent on the surface of things and that in many cases all that was best in them recognized this fact. When a General at a Brigade Headquarters wraps an exhausted runner in his own overcoat, tells him gruffly to sleep a bit, and rises with a determinedly expressionless face but with shining eyes, it is impossible to doubt that the spirit of real self-sacrifice runs through that Brigade—impossible to doubt, too, that the General in question would rather do anything in the world than talk about it in those terms.

But to digress, to begin at the end of things as it were, there is one reaction which is most unfortunate and unsettling. One of the most surprising things—I was almost about to say discouraging, and yet

it is in a way natural—was to return home to find that six people out of seven with whom one talked were totally lacking in comprehension of the scale upon which our military operations were conducted in France; ignorant of the very whereabouts of those places where the men of our Expeditionary Forces fought and died; failing utterly to realize the awfulness of modern war or what our effort meant in terms of sacrifice, suffering, hardship, sleepless hours of action and work. Some of them could talk of these things for a while with more or less fluency if not with accuracy, for they had read literature of the war to any extent. But they did not have the feel of the thing, they did not *know;* they had been too far away, too safe. And so it was easy for them, within a few weeks of the signing of the Armistice, to relapse into their old pre-war interests and ways of living; correspondingly easy for them, too, as time went on, to be able to talk less and less fluently, to care less to talk at all. And so it has been proportionately harder for each returning combat unit—more than proportionately harder, for those divisions which bore the burden and heat of the day and which were first and longest in the line returned home last,—to realize that those at home were ever alive, to the degree that they were, with real feeling for our effort in France, with true pride and gratitude. It was difficult for them, when they came home, to find everyone insisting on their rights in some form or other, to understand that the country had ever subordinated self to the spirit of obedience and co-ordinated effort for a common cause. Their reaction is obvious, coming as it did months after the let-down from their high plane of effort in the shadow of death, and after unavoidable weeks of boredom in wet billets in France and Germany.

But this is beside the point, in a way: it is not what you have asked about. As our men gave, it seemed to me, so they received, and the more fully they gave, the more they were helped to receive. At first, in the cantonments on this side of the water, they learned to disregard the demands and complaints of the body, to force it to undreamed-of limits of fatigue and endurance, and they found that it would respond and that it would thrive under this Rule. They learned in the Army how to obey, and they learned, too, that it was far easier to obey than it was to try to work things out for themselves, and that life was a far simpler thing from this viewpoint than it had ever been before. They learned to obey, not only when they liked and loved their Commanding Officer, but even when they disliked and hated him, for one of the first things which the elements of our divisions acquired, and very rapidly, was an excellent *esprit de corps.* If the Commanding Officer was weak and inefficient, so much the more reason for the organization to be strong: there was a big job on hand. They gave themselves, in other words, to something infinitely bigger than themselves, at first unconsciously and perhaps unwillingly. But whether they were in the Army because they felt that they "ought to go," or that it was their country's call, or that they were having a part in making the world safe from a beastly thing, or whether, best of all,

they realized that it was a straight fight of good against evil, the Master's fight and His call—for whatever of these reasons they gave themselves, the motive improved and strengthened as they went along.

For little by little they realized, as they saw officers and men continually transferred from one organization to another for purposes of more perfect general co-ordination and higher efficiency, that there was something greater than Regimental, or even Divisional *esprit de corps*. They saw that the General Staff considered the truest interests of the Service as a whole in these transfers, that it was The Army that it had in mind, not its subdivisions or individuals therein. They saw that everyone was a part of a great machine, and that that machine was as strong only as its weakest part. They realized that it really did not matter in the least whether one did a thing oneself and got the credit for it and the ensuing promotion; that the point was that the thing must be done and done well, in order that the Army should do well; and that great things could not be accomplished unless the smaller things which were to lead up to them were done faithfully.

And then, after they had learned these things and some others, the time came for them to go overseas. Most men, I fancy,—certainly all those who had to any degree become self-conscious in the real sense of the word,—said goodbye for good, in their hearts at least, to those whom they most loved, knowing what the odds are in modern war. They gave up, willingly by now and consciously, something more. And then, when they arrived in France, they began to receive still further, in a different way, and in another atmosphere of sacrifice and want and grief and stress—and of smiles and glad welcome.

Nothing will ever make our men forget that welcome, or how the French fought, or that scarred land and those ruined homes, or the spirit of the women, or the pathos of the children. The published reports of the leave-takings when the First and Second Divisions, which had been over longest, embarked for home, made one realize the truth of this, and did much to counteract earlier rumours of dissatisfaction and grumbling in regard to overcharging by the French, for which our men were largely responsible themselves, and in regard to unsanitary conditions in billets, which in the circumstances could not under any conditions have been helped. These reverberations were, in the nature of things, the natural results of plain home-sickness and of general fed-up-ness and boredom as much as anything else; and those same men who are grumbling now will be the first later on, when things fall into the proper perspective, to speak in quick defence of any criticism when France is mentioned in their hearing, and to say, "Believe me, boy, I lived with those people, and I fought with them, and I *know*."

Much has been written about troops in the line, but the atmosphere, the feel, of a great headquarters, that of a Corps or of an Army, has not often been described. As one went up through the forward areas towards the line one became conscious of an increasing "rarity" in the atmosphere,

of a greater tension, of a lifting-up of the whole thing to a plane on which one had not functioned before, but on which it was relatively easy and natural to do so. There was the feeling of things supernatural in the air, that one was entering upon hallowed ground, and it was easy, as the motor-car slipped by woods and forests, to imagine that the glimpses of light against the sky between broken trees were the flashings of wings. These feelings were accentuated at a great headquarters, especially just before an attack; for then the work is being done, and during the barrage and at the jumping-off hour there is a lull until reports come in and further dispositions have to be made. Outwardly everything is very quiet, moves very quickly and noiselessly with no hurry but great speed, and there is no appreciable interruption even during shelling or an air-raid. But always there was the consciousness that the whole thing was being directed and managed from much higher up than from French Great Headquarters. It was impossible to lose that sense of Higher Direction; of great spiritual forces opposed; of joy in heaven over the incipient giving way of the hosts of evil; that underneath and around and above all the pressure and strain and tension and breathless watchfulness was something which sustained, drove, guided, worked in and through those who were there, whether they knew it or not, and because they were there and in a holy place. Something, too, which watched over the complexities of the movements of great bodies of troops (our First Field Army was composed at one time of over one million men), from the time the Field Order was written at the table of the Commanding General; still guiding while it was in the hands of couriers speeding over shell-swept roads and beyond all further human control, on their way to distant points over a vast area; guiding more than ever as it finally went forward to batteries and companies. Something *was* guiding, presiding over the inconceivable confusion, making sure that it got there safely and in time, and that it was acted upon aright by each successive individual. Prayers were being said—and being answered—not only at Headquarters but by the unseen Companions who were thick in the air of those front areas, those who had fought before and were fighting then, with all the forces of the spiritual world to back them.

And they were at Headquarters, too, those Companions, watching, sustaining, directing. It was their Operation, you see, in reality. Men could not have worked as they did, two or three hours' sleep sometimes in four or five days, and worked effectively, without their presence. The physical body would have broken down without their help, especially when, after such strain, an order would suddenly come to go forward for a personal reconnaissance at some doubtful point. More hours without sleep and without food, with great responsibility. (The modern staff is a very different thing from Civil War days.) But the Companions were there, and blessed was he who knew it, for so much the more help could they give.

But you have asked about certain specific things, and this letter has rambled on, resolving itself into a few general personal impressions, and has not really answered your questions. Forgive it, please. For, after all, they can be briefly summed up. As our men gave, they received. And according to the degree of their conscious and selfless giving, other things, too, were added. For to those who came back life will never be the same. There will be a new power and drive and self-confidence in all that they do, a new hardness and a new gentleness, a new understanding of humanity, a new feeling for those whom they love, a deeper consecration to the things for which they offered themselves. And those who did not come back, who gave to the uttermost, whose bodies are lying in consecrated ground, who went up through the dark narrow passage to the larger room where their Captain was waiting for them with a smile—surely they have received beyond all that they could have asked or thought.

Faithfully yours,
STUART DUDLEY.

There are not many happinesses so complete as those that are snatched under the shadow of the sword.—KIPLING.

Would you wish to know if you are really devout? Then take heed of what you lose, what you fear, wherefore you rejoice, or why you sorrow.—ST. BERNARD.

BOLSHEVIK VERSE

"The meanest having power upon the highest,
And the high purpose broken by the worm"—

IDYLLS OF THE KING.

ALL beautiful things are imitated, whether they are nature's or man's—babe's skin or *point de Venise*. Sometimes the imitation is clever, sometimes crude, and sometimes it is malicious. The clever imitator knows the goal of his effort, and uses his intelligence to arrive close to his mark. The crude imitator is usually too dull to know that a fair pattern is being copied—his desire has come to be for high colour, so rouge is laid on thick.

Clever imitations are the more evil. Their perpetrators are clear sighted enough to perceive beauty and its value; and intelligent enough to know in a measure how to produce it. Recognition of what is genuine implies power latent to achieve it; but the imitator refuses to develop his constructive ability. He takes instead, a short cut to a makeshift. He endeavours to arrive with the minimum of outlay. The true artist, on the other hand, starves or freezes and gives his last ounce of energy to bring into expression some further fragment of imperishable Beauty.

During the two decades of the present century there has been forged a large body of counterfeit poetry. As the false coins came from the press, they were thrown aside by those who collect and appraise mintage, watching keenly for new treasures to add to their old. The counterfeit was so crude that no one, it seemed, could be deceived. The pieces were not designed for circulation. They were freaks in verse, done in mockery of a certain public that forever demands something new. The authors, one felt, were practical jokers, hoaxing pretentious and gullible dilettanti. Mr. Edgar Lee Masters and Miss Amy Lowell are the best known of these authors.

People in general are not observant or discriminating. They do not examine their coins. If some one passes a piece to them, that is its warrant. They accept and pass it on. All standards are easily vitiated if the process be made gradual. The standard of taste has thus been vitiated. These verse hoaxes, which a collector would not even assay, have been passed from one to another. Now some have ventured to show them openly as specie of the realm. They may or may not become current. For discrimination between the genuine and the untrue, on all planes, in art, in science, in politics, in manners, in society, in religion (discrimination which is the goal of education), has not been developed in a public that is schooled but not educated,—education, in the process of being spread over a wide surface, having become so thin that it is salt without savour.

Consider a specimen of this verse hoax, seven sentences with the title "Southern Pacific," and printed thus:

Huntington sleeps in a house six feet long.
Huntington dreams of railroads he built and owned.
Huntington dreams of ten thousand men saying: Yes, sir.
Blithery sleeps in a house six feet long.
Blithery dreams of rails and ties he laid.
Blithery dreams of saying to Huntington: Yes, sir.
Huntington,
Blithery, sleep in houses six feet long.[1]

What esthetic, intellectual, emotional, or volitional centre does it reach in a normal human being? The motif of these seven sentences is malice, that is set scheming in the author by his envy and ignoble ambition. We are asked to admire these sentences, and others like them, as representing the present glorious trend of American literature and American life. But America stands for an ideal, while this hoax is not only thoroughly materialist, but (whatever the author's race) thoroughly Jewish. There has been a blurring of racial characteristics in the internationalizing effort carried on by social settlements and kindred organizations during the past thirty years; in the resulting Irish stew the constituent elements are often unrecognizable. Personal mortality, the going down to the grave, the dismalness of Sheol—the consequent necessity of crowding into one's material span whatever is to be possessed, disappointment at what cannot be grasped,—that was the prevalent and dominant Jewish metaphysic. It was superseded by one Fact of Immortality which every individual can prove again for himself by experimentation. But an overthrown concept of metaphysic may survive, and, in this case, does, to influence the course of human conduct. Neither Huntington nor Blithery sleeps in that house. The physical garment of each is buried in a grave. If Huntington dream at all of men it is most likely of their stupidity and stubbornness in hindering his intelligent plans. If Blithery spend one moment of time away from work in thought about his work—it is incredible! Selfish envy prompts this verse imitation—the author's desire to obtain for himself, for his personal comfort and ease, things which were given to Huntington, by the way, as tools,—because he was using his abilities in the cause of civilization. The author disguises his personal interest under care for Blithery. The disguise deceives no one but himself and his kind.

These counterfeiters of verse think to make their way because they call Walt Whitman father. Whitman's place as a classic is established. Passage of years has brought sympathetic critics who have separated his gold from its slag. But they have not made entirely clear the dual nature of his work. Whitman is a poet; but he would seem to be so in

[1] By Carl Sandburg.

spite of himself, the poet in him occupying so small a part of his whole nature. Consider the period, the man's vociferous egotism, his intoxication with the quantitative scale of values, and his revolutionary program.[2] Frankly, it was all that is blatant and repulsive in American life:—an extent of territory and natural resources vaster than any other nation's—therefore a finer civilization than all that preceded. The outworn nations have surpassed us however in their art, their poetry. But none of those old foreign poems, Whitman writes in a final summing up of his work,[3] is applicable to American conditions. Poetry of cosmic significance, he thinks, was not possible until the United States arrived upon the scene of action.[4] Whitman felt himself called to supply the deficiency, to be the great poet America owed to the world. His program[5] was a complete break with the past—to throw overboard the traditions of art handed down from the mediaeval, feudal period, and from Greece. Their art was based upon social and political conditions that America had outgrown. They had made choices. They had chosen certain types of men, heroes and kings; they had chosen certain kinds of acts, romantic and picturesque, for their subjects. In America, democracy had superseded this fastidious method of choice, by making the "average" individual the centre of life. And all the acts of this "average" individual, indiscriminately, were for the poet to sing; there were no longer proper and improper acts, decent and indecent, private and public. Whatever concerned the average individual, brain or belly, that was for the poet to celebrate.

There is the Bolshevist program with its "nationalization" plans! There was the poison about to be printed as the creed of a young nation, the real duty of which was to adhere to the wisdom of the past, to build upon it, and to cradle a new race.

Whitman's break with tradition was complete,—governmental, social, metrical. He would make a new form for himself suitable for his new subject, the "average" man. That form is what is called "free verse." It is known from his central poem, the "Song of Myself." It is a form of vociferation and of cataloguing—of listing, first, all the countries of earth, and declaring that all are equal; then, all the cities, and declaring them all equal; then, all the rivers, all the races, all occupations of men; and everything, everywhere, is equal. Nothing is guilty of the crime of being superior to anything else.

> The blab of the pave, tires of carts, sluff of boot-soles, talk of the promenaders,

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[2] The Prefaces to his different volumes are found, pp. 256-280, in *Complete Prose Works by Walt Whitman*, D. Appleton & Company, New York, 1908.

[3] "A Backward Glance o'er Travel'd Roads", p. 439 in *Leaves of Grass*, ed. Small Maynard & Company, Boston, 1907.

Whitman directed that this comment of his upon his work should be published with the poems.

[4] Ibid, p. 437.

[5] See the Prefaces.

The heavy omnibus, the driver with his interrogating thumb, the clank of the shod horses on the granite floor,
The snow-sleighs, clinking, shouted jokes, pelts of snow-balls,
The hurrahs for popular favorites, the fury of rous'd mobs,
The flap of the curtain'd litter, a sick man inside borne to the hospital,
The meeting of enemies, the sudden oath, the blows and fall,
The excited crowd, the policeman with his star quickly working his passage to the centre of the crowd,
The impassive stones that receive and return so many echoes,
What groans of over-fed or half-starv'd who fall sunstruck or in fits,
What exclamations of women taken suddenly who hurry home and give birth to babes,
What living and buried speech is always vibrating here, what howls restrain'd by decorum,
Arrests of criminals, slights, adulterous offers made, acceptances, rejections with convex lips.[6]

For another typical passage, see the poem, "Salut au Monde" (A Greeting to the World), the lines beginning,

You whoever you are!
You daughter or son of England!
You of the mighty Slavic tribes and empires! you Russ in Russia! etc.

This is not poetry; it is soap-box oratory. But it is Whitman. It is what Traubel and others have in mind when they hail Whitman as poet of democracy. There is more than this, however. There are passages of aspiration, of wisdom, of reverence for religion and all noble things, rhythmical and lyrical passages that are utterly different from his lists of common things and indecencies. How can the poet coëxist with the reveller who is so interested in "the blab of the pave?"

The twofold reflective quality of the psychic plane makes clear the extreme variation in Whitman's writing. "Poets dream," is, if not a proverb, at least a platitude. Arthur O'Shaughnessy, speaking for his comrade poets, writes:

We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams.

Hard-minded people who would wave aside the visions of poets as too unsubstantial for waking life, are deeply mistaken in their narrow ignorance. Those dreams are the images of real things, the eternal realities of the spirit, and the illusory realities of physical matter. Both worlds, the high plane of spirit and the low plane of physical existence,

[6] From "Song of Myself."

are reflected in the psychical plane which lies as a mirror between them. The poet lives in that world of images; its fields are open before him, and, as he wills, he gives attention to one or the other reality. Whitman, from preference, dwelt in the meadows of the lower psychic. From time to time, he made excursions into the higher psychic field.

This accounts for the passages of beautiful but (usually) unsustained rhythm that occur in his writing—passages of sufficient frequency and of sufficient beauty to give him an indisputable place among the greater poets. It means that he caught and transmitted the rhythm of the higher psychic plane into which he was looking, the plane that reflects eternal truth and eternal beauty. Sometimes his contact with that plane would be long enough to indicate the architecture of a lyric such as "Passage to India," and "Song of the Open Road." But, as he works out the poem, his inspiration flags, leaving rough and blank patches. On another occasion, while coasting the border of the two fields, a lovely rhythmical passage (unsustained, however) sings itself out. Such is the salutation to death.[7] There are also a few short poems, complete in themselves without admixture of the lower plane. "As I ponder'd in silence" and "Facing west from California's shores" are examples of this class.[8]

Through excursions among the reflections of the higher psychic plane, a certain amount of wisdom filtered into his egotism and animality. This was not without result, though not the degree of result to be wished from such leaven. Consider the program Whitman outlined for himself in the Preface to his first volume in 1855. Colloquially, it is in the "scream-eagle" style. It is the style of vague, indefinite anticipations, which the League of Nations, and some other official documents of the present day, illustrate. It looks with sanguine eyes to great results ahead. It tells not a single definite step for reaching its goal. Twenty-five years later,[9] while Whitman does not abate his anticipations and indefiniteness a jot, he is able to see difficulties in the way of his democratic schemes that make the accomplishment he desires something of a problem. But he does not attempt to solve the problem. He admits that great individuals are needed to accomplish national results, and he asks: how can great individuals be raised in a perfect democracy which levels all superiorities down to the average man? He has no answer. He sees his country immersed in crude materialism, and pervaded generally by lewdness. He cannot name the first corrective effort that should be made. The unparalleled nobleness which he foretells, seeming to proceed from the actual conditions before him, tends to justify those detestable

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[7] Come lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each.
Sooner or later delicate death, etc. (From "When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd.")

[8] See Table of Contents in *Leaves of Grass.*

[9] See "Democratic Vistas," pp. 197-250 in *Complete Prose Works.*

conditions. It leads those who approve his schemes to feel that they have already achieved.

Does the duality in Whitman's writing set him apart from other poets? Only in the degree to which he refused to yield himself to the moulding influence of the spiritual world. Poets are mediums; they are not spook-mediums of the seance room, sensitive to astral shells. But they are sensitive in a similar way to higher influences; and facts of the real world are brought within human ken through the poets' agency. The nobler and more aspiring a poet's nature is, the more he submits himself to the control of the spiritual world; his life becomes regulated. There is an advance in his writing from destructiveness and vague generality to a constructive, positive and conservative attitude. Shelley's life and work show such an advance. A poet rarely knows anything of the process taking place in his writing. The truth and beauty which, as a medium, he records, he may come to regard as his truth and beauty. It is rare that a poet medium is found pure enough to transmit facts unperverted. Egotism, impurity of some kind, distorts the truth. In the case of Wordsworth and others, the divine impulse cut as it were a channel in his nature. Wordsworth became aware of the channel, and he would sail through it himself, unimpelled by the divine current. He (and others also), was so blind to the rationale of inspiration that he could not distinguish between the poems written alone, and those written when, as medium, he was in communication with a higher and more beautiful realm. How does Whitman differ from such other poets? Usually the poet receives, together with his impression of beauty, a sense of the sacredness of a trust. He is called to reveal a higher beauty to men. He is to purify himself for that great mission. A feeling of the priest rises in him. Shame for sin overtakes him. It is indifference, heartlessness, even pride and satisfaction in his sin that is deplorable in Whitman. Lunacy is a veil of charity for Rousseau. There seems none for Whitman with his brood of six illegitimate children, left with their mothers to shift for themselves.

"Free verse" is the name used by Whitman's literary descendants to describe their imitation verse form. "Free verse" is a near neighbour to "free love" and other detestable things, that use the word "free," euphemistically, to cover the looseness they really advocate. How significant is Miss Lowell's comment upon the Belgian poet, Verhaeren,—a man in whom the combat of dual natures was also marked. He has written many volumes, lurid, smoky, vague.[10] A few poems and the volume of love songs, *Les Heures Claires* (Happy Hours) will take their place with the true gold that civilization has mined. These love poems (addressed to his wife) are as simple and beautiful as the most beautiful

[10] Miss Lowell's general summing up of Verhaeren fairly represents the taste of all the counterfeiters. They mistake confusion for strength, wrack and ruin for creative power. She comments upon Verhaeren thus: "He is nebulous and redundant. His colours are bright and vague like flash-lights thrown on a fog. But his force is incontestable, and he hurls along upon it in a whirlwind of extraordinary poetry." *Six French Poets*, p. 44.

love poetry in literature. Tears of profound emotion, gratitude, resolution—that is their tone. Read, for example the fifth poem:

Chaque heure, où je songe à ta bonté
Si simplement profonde,
Je me confonds en prières vers toi.
Je suis venu si tard
Vers la douceur de ton regard,
Et de si loin vers tes deux mains tendues,
Tranquillement, par à travers les étendues!
J'avais en moi tant de rouille tenace
Qui me rongeait, à dents rapaces,
La confiance.

J'étais si lourd, j'étais si las,
J'étais si vieux de méfiance,
J'étais si lourd, j'étais si las
Du vain chemin de tous mes pas.
Je méritais si peu la merveilleuse joie
De voir tes pieds illuminer ma voie,
Que j'en reste tremblant encore et presque en pleurs
Et humble, à tout jamais, en face du bonheur.

But in her study of Verhaeren, Miss Lowell mentions with the faintest praise this his best work. "Verhaeren's love story has evidently been tranquil and happy. The poems are very sweet and graceful, but it must be confessed not of extreme importance. They are all written in regular metre, which seems almost typical of their calm and unoriginal flow. Verhaeren does not belong to the type of man to whom love is a divine adventure. He has regarded it as a beneficent haven in which to repair himself for new departures."[11] Miss Lowell is not aware of the unpleasant and immoral implication in her criticism. But others, less reputable, know the fraternal relation of free verse and indecencies; and for purposes of their own, they strive to gain vogue for ideas of unrestraint.

Does not every poet or artist bring his own form with him? In making new rhythms was Whitman more revolutionary than every new poet is? An artist's manner of expression is part of his individuality. It is unlike any other artist's, just as his face and voice are unlike. But all are of a type, and the usual ambition of an artist has been to shine with "new grace in old forms." In the upbuilding process of evolution, a discarding of past experience, a cut across old traditions, a radical casting aside of everything hitherto found convenient, seems like a surgical operation upon the human frame. Whether successful or not, it is an experiment to save an imperilled condition. The arts may come into states of peril, as the body does, where cutting may be necessary to further

[11] Ibid, pp. 44, 45.

the main process of upbuilding. But it is at least unwise to make the medicine of life its daily food. Take an example from painting. Claude Monet paints pictures differently from every other artist—some of his lily-ponds have the charm of life. But why should he take the trouble involved in building up for himself an entirely new method of applying pigment? The picture in the Metropolitan Museum—sunlight on Rouen Cathedral—is a masterpiece, if seen at sufficient distance. But is not that method defective which cannot obtain its result save with distance? If Monet had chosen to train himself in traditional methods, is it not possible that his genius would have won even higher rank than he holds? Granted the success of his experiment—pigment laid on with a knife, so thick that at normal distance the canvas looks more like blobs of paint than a picture, is it anything but an antic? Free verse is a similar experiment. Traditional metrical forms were given new and rich grace by Swinburne, a contemporary of Whitman. Whitman had a Bolshevist nature. He chose to reject experience and to innovate. There is not one of his "free" verses that could not have been put equally well or better in regular metrical form.[13] He discarded tried success for vague possibilities.

Whitman's descendants descend from one side of him only, the lower personality, the crude animal, the ill-bred, blatant villager. He had insisted that the facts of life, and not romance, are the right subject for poetry. His literary sons write about the fleshy facts of life, unradiated by the divine light which alone lifts physical life above the plane of the charnel house. They celebrate

> The carnal buoyance and the common sense
> Of sane and sensual humanity.[13]

All who have read Dante know what a dreadful thing the *Inferno* is. Many people prefer to leave it unread until they have understood something of the *Paradiso* which explains why the corpses are dead in sin. *Spoon River*,[14] and other writings of the kind, are an *Inferno* without any explanatory and relieving *Paradiso*. They are a cynical record of sordid, earthy events, life as it might be viewed from a Police Court, life uninterpreted by the soul—suicide, sexuality, the whole body of death. In carrying out Whitman's ideas, these men and women reach a position of belligerency and hostility against the nation that would horrify his nebulous expectations. Mr. Masters concludes a piece of military portraiture with this hideous treason.

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[13] Consider the second stanza of his well-known "When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd." A good student in a college course on verse forms could (and would be obliged to) work up these lazy broken lines into something that would pass muster.

> O powerful western fallen star!
> O shades of night—O moody, tearful night!
> O great star disappeared—O the black murk that hides the star!
> O cruel hands that hold me powerless—O helpless soul of me!
> O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul.

[13] John Hall Wheelock.

[14] *Spoon River Anthology*, by Edgar Lee Masters.

———bullying, hatred, degradation among us,
And days of loathing and nights of fear
To the hour of the charge through the steaming swamp,
Following the flag,
Till I fell with a scream, shot through the guts.
Now there's a flag over me in Spoon River!
A flag! a flag!

Mr. Wood (Charles Erskine Scott), another counterfeiter, incites to a Red Guard orgy of murder and theft. He tries to invest with heroism men as devoid of heroism, loyalty, and principle as those who organize the industrial strikes of the day.

The victims of the God of Gold
No longer march into his blood-dripping maw.
Their faces are set toward Death.
Their breasts are naked.
They have beaten their hammers and saws into knives.
Their eyes are fixed. They are willing to die.

Death is their drummer, drumming
Upon the unknown graves of the oppressed.

At the front of the terrible army flaunt two great standards,
Writhing like giant dragons above the sea of gray faces.
On one is written, "Justice;"
On the other, "Freedom."

They are written in blood.

The foreigner on our shores, the young Italian draft obstructor (as it is euphemistically phrased), Giovanitti, is another son of Whitman's Bolshevism. He preaches a riot of anarchy as the next step toward the consummation of brotherhood which looms indefinitely in the future.

Arise, and against every hand jeweled with the rubies of murder,
Against every mouth that sneers at the tears of mercy,
Against every foul smell of the earth,
Against every head that a footstool raises over your head,
Against every word that was written before this was said,
Against every happiness that never knew sorrow,
And every glory that never knew love and sweat,
Against silence and death, and fear
Arise with a mighty roar!
Arise and declare your war;
For the wind of the dawn is blowing,
For the eyes of the East are glowing,
For the lark is up and the cock is crowing,
And the day of judgment is here!

Another of this anarchist band, writing in admiration of the passage from Giovanitti says: "It is such a fusing of beauty, belligerence and purpose as upsets our standards and rears one of its own. And if Art cannot make room for the message, it is more than likely that Art will be uncomfortably crowded by a force stronger than itself."[15] That comment is a summons to destroy civilization as Jewish leaders are doing in Russia. It plans the overthrow of all that has with difficulty been achieved by humanity,—the overthrow of order, of morals, of taste.

Miss Amy Lowell is the ablest and most gifted of these writers,—and she is truly gifted. She is cultivated, and draws from past and present, material to be fashioned by her art. Primarily, she is artist, and not, as many of the others, social reformer; though cynicism in her general attitude makes her influence revolutionary in ethics as well as in art. As she is more gifted and more cultivated, her lineage is more ancient than is her associates'. She passes beyond Whitman to De Quincey. In her most ambitious volume, *Can Grande's Castle,* her individual variety of poetic dream shows itself clearly—the drug dream. The four long "poems" that make up the volume are of the genre of De Quincey's "English Mail Coach" essay—an opium symphony formed around an incident. At first, the incident begets images that are entirely spectral; afterwards, as the power of the dream wanes, the images seem more confused by grains of fact floating among them. The book is a kind of poetic interpretation of history. The longest "poem" (one hundred pages) is an interpretative history of the bronze horses on St. Mark's Cathedral, Venice. Short sections of this long "poem" are printed in italics, presumably, because of deeper significance. The following is the italicized section which opens the poem. It is headed "Elements."

> Earth, Air, Water, and Fire! Earth beneath, Air encompassing, Water within its boundaries. But Fire is nothing, comes from nothing, goes nowhither. Fire leaps forth and dies, yet is everything sprung out of Fire.
>
> The flame grows and drops away, and where it stood is vapour, and where was the vapour is swift revolution, and where was the revolution is spinning resistance, and where the resistance endured is crystallization. Fire melts, and the absence of Fire cools and freezes. So are metals fused in twisted flames and take on a form other than that they have known, and this new form shall be to them rebirth and making. For in it they will stand upon the Earth, and in it they will defy the Air, and in it they will suffer the Water.
>
> But Fire, coming again, the substance changes and is transformed. Therefore are things known only between burning and burning. The quickly consumed more swiftly vanish, yet all must

[15] *The New Era in American Poetry,* by Louis Untermeyer.

feel the heat of the flame which waits in obscurity, knowing its own time and what work it has to do.

Can any one tell what is meant, or meant to be suggested, by this flow of words that is reminiscent of science and metaphysics and old philosophies? Does not its style remind one of Mrs. Eddy? And also of the diplomatic correspondence from this country to Germany before war was declared? One's comment upon those notes was: "a fine flow of words but where do they touch fact? Mere rhetoric." Miss Lowell was less restrained by facts than were our diplomats. She has produced rhetorical opium dreams—vapours that float now into one semblance, now another. She calls her form, "polyphonic (many-voiced) prose;" and based it upon the "long, flowing cadence of oratorical prose." We are acquainted with gush of words irrespective of facts from the utterances of our politicians. They have brought oratory into bad repute with us and made us prefer a plain business style. Miss Lowell's drug dreams are not romance. We prefer to them the most matter-of-fact statements about the weather.

Her poetic gift is evident throughout the volume. How like an incantation of the Fates are the lines:

> The shuttle shoots,
> The shuttle weaves.
> The red thread to the blue thread cleaves;
> The web is plaiting which nothing unreaves.

What lyrical quality there is in her Hedge song!

> Hedges of England, peppered with sloes;
> Hedges of England, rows and rows
> Of thorn and brier,
> Raying out from the fire
> Where London burns with its steaming lights,
> Throwing a glare on the sky o'nights.

Can any one explain why Miss Lowell prefers to print such lines, not as we have ventured to arrange them, conventionally, but solidly across the page thus: "Hedges of England, peppered with sloes; hedges of England, rows and rows of thorn and brier raying out from the fire where London burns with its steaming lights, throwing a glare on the sky o'nights." A convention is not a cramping restraint. It is what experience has found a convenient way of dealing with a given situation. If he wish, a man may put on a rubber overshoe next to his skin, his leather shoe over that, and last of all draw on his sock. He may argue that his foot is as well protected as when conventionally clad. But only those who are bursting with self-assertion will follow his example. Miss Lowell's songs are poetic. She would be wise to cultivate her gift in tried methods, not to waste it in foolish eccentricities.

What is true in this respect, of Miss Lowell is true of Mr. Masters,

but reversely. His "verses" are newspaper statements no matter how he arranges them on the printed page.

"Why did Albert Schirding kill himself trying to be County Superintendent of Schools, blest as he was with the means of life and wonderful children, bringing him honor ere he was sixty? If even one of my boys could have run a news-stand, or one of my girls could have married a decent man, I should not have walked in the rain and jumped into bed with clothes all wet, refusing medical aid."[16]

The criticism which contrasts one poet with another only to prove that the second has not the virtues of the first is of little profit. It is destructive, and does not build up taste. One hesitates, therefore, in placing a new writer in contrast with a great poet of the past. But the protection of taste makes it necessary at times. The romance of the commonplace is a fact, though usually religion is necessary to find it. Wordsworth's poems reveal the heroic and romantic in lives that appear dull. We remember the adverse criticism against which Wordsworth had to struggle. It warns us that a new poet could make beautiful verse out of common things, even without the Grasmere landscape as a charming background. But for all that warning, and in spite of cordial consideration, we do not find anything attractive and picturesque, anything that suggests romance and heroism, in such common lines as Mr. Robert Frost's "Cow in Apple Time,"

> Something inspires the only cow of late
> To make no more of a wall than an open gate,
> And think no more of wall-builders than fools.
> Her face is flecked with pomace and she drools
> A cider syrup. Having tasted fruit,
> She scorns a pasture withering to the root.
> She runs from tree to tree where lie and sweeten
> The windfalls spiked with stubble and worm-eaten.
> She leaves them bitten when she has to fly.
> She bellows on a knoll against the sky.
> Her udder shrivels and the milk goes dry.

Nor are Mr. Frost's country people any better than his cow. His two farmers mending a wall may have been picturesque and quaint. Mr. Frost, however, did not find poetic traits in them. He found the

[16] Mr. Masters prints the above thus:

> Why did Albert Schirding kill himself
> Trying to be County Superintendent of Schools,
> Blest as he was with the means of life
> And wonderful children, bringing him honor
> Ere he was sixty?
> If even one of my boys could have run a news-stand,
> Or one of my girls could have married a decent man,
> I should not have walked in the rain
> And jumped into bed with clothes all wet,
> Refusing medical aid.

commonplace. And his boy swinging birches—do we not inevitably contrast him with the Boy of Winander?

> One by one he subdued his father's trees
> By riding them down over and over again
> Until he took the stiffness out of them,
> And not one but hung limp, not one was left
> For him to conquer. He learned all there was
> To learn about not launching out too soon
> And so not carrying the tree away
> Clear to the ground. He always kept his poise
> To the top branches, climbing carefully
> With the same pains you use to fill a cup
> Up to the brim, and even above the brim.
> Then he flung outward, feet first, with a swish,
> Kicking his way down through the air to the ground.

It is not Mr. Frost's subject that is unfit. It is his treatment; it is himself; he cannot see the romantic.

These writers would like to call themselves Realists—men who think they see the naked facts of life. They forget the subjective element in sight. A man sees in a pebble or a sunset, or an individual or an event, the contents of his own soul—nothing less, nothing more. If he have a soul, and his soul has made connection with the facts of real life in the spiritual world, then he will see all human existence irradiated from the central light. Whatever that real light falls upon will shine, no matter how dull the substance of which it is made. Without that illumination by the soul, all human existence can appear only as decomposing matter. Its institutions, which are instruments to be used for the purposes of the soul, and are therefore venerable, will seem decrepit. Its sacrifices and restraints, imposed for purposes of the soul, will seem outgrown puerilities that thwart self-expression. *Noblesse* and other aspirations and ideals that filter through from the spiritual into the human plane will appear as some form of self-seeking. Materialists with no soul back of their eyes to direct their sight will see nothing noble in life, and will seek from it only opportunities for self-indulgence and self-assertion. They will hate and renounce every restraint upon the false freedom of the lower nature. They will make battle flags and battle cries of free verse, free love, and every detestable thing, miscalled free.

Fortunately the future is open, and the power of choice is indeed free. It is possible for America—or, at least, for a few individuals who are resolved to continue Americans, in spite of the invasion of our country by Jewish and other aliens with degrading materialist aims,—to choose what she wishes to represent her. A great poet does not open a new era; he synthesizes a closing one. Virgil synthesized Roman civilization that had past its midday of effort and had grown palled with over-rich possession. The regret of satiety, the heart-break over fallen things,

lachrymae rerum, these pervade his poetry. Dante synthesizes medievalism, the consciousness of a real world within, which is the goal of effort, and the standard by which all outer things are valued. And Whitman's egotism! it synthesizes the past, not the future. In the light of Russia, and its Jewish tyrants, and its proletariat paradise, can we perhaps see that some of the American characteristics we have hitherto admired are essentially subversive and devilish? There is a village on the Hudson that socially and morally is one of a family of villages, east and west. After several generations of villagers had passed their small sordid lives, some families from the city entered the neighbourhood. These families were aristocrats of an old type. They had wealth, ideals, morals and manners. The servants of these families ventured to join in the public festivities of the village. They were servants, many of them, with twenty years to their credit in one position. They were cleaner than the villagers, more intelligent, and many degrees higher in morals. But the villagers had only one word to receive them—the opprobrious word, "servants". Is there anything that better expresses the attitude of these old American villagers than Lucifer's summing up of the situation at the opening of *Paradise Lost?*

Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.

The anarchists, free verse children of Whitman, synthesize the quarter century that followed his activity. If we are wise, we shall recognize in their debased aims and debased work the logical consequences of their father's depravity. And we shall then make our choice. We shall maintain that the vulgar and immoral side of Whitman represents America at no epoch of her development. And we shall see to it that our part of America for the future makes toward the goal pointed out in Whitman's noble lines:

Passage to more than India!
Passage, immediate passage! the blood burns in my veins!
Away O soul! hoist instantly the anchor!
Cut the hawsers—haul out—shake out every sail!
Have we not stood here like trees in the ground long enough?
Have we not grovel'd here long enough, eating and drinking
like mere brutes?
Have we not darken'd and dazed ourselves with books long
enough?
Sail forth—steer for the deep waters only,
Reckless O soul, exploring, I with thee, and thou with me,
For we are bound where mariner has not yet dared to go,
And we will risk the ship, ourselves and all.[17]

C. C. CLARK.

[17] From "Passage to India."

POSITIVE OR NEGATIVE?

"It would be a mistake to ground our peace on the virtue of others."

THESE words from a book of Meditations gave rise to the query: To what extent is our peace of mind, our inward poise, affected by the attitude and actions of others? Someone is unkind or inconsiderate and selfish, or is cross and impatient. Is our peace thereby affected? The weather is disagreeable, our digestion is bad, the cook has spoiled the dinner. Is our equilibrium disturbed by such trivialities? If so, we may be sure it is because we permit ourselves a negative attitude towards life, instead of maintaining a positive one. We are too often inclined to blame something or somebody for this disturbance of our "peace"; or we may be vaguely conscious that we ourselves are somehow responsible, but we are too indolent or too full of self-love to push the matter further. The consequence is that the majority of mankind spend their days in seeking their "peace" from their surroundings—congenial companions or what-not. In all activities of life, success or failure is attributable to one or the other of these attitudes. The unsuccessful man is timid, weak, vacillating, the victim of circumstances, because of his negativeness, and is inclined to add the fault of attributing his failure to others, or to circumstances, instead of placing the blame where it belongs—upon himself; or, what is far worse, he becomes discouraged. The strong man, the leader among men, by maintaining the positive attitude, is master of circumstances because he is master of himself. The weak nature is the prey of the moods of others; the strong nature is not subject to them. "For any man all those around him are merely looking-glasses. According to his own mood towards them, according to the "face" he makes at them, will be their response. In every man there is good and there is evil; and our idea of him depends on our own power of touching the good or the evil in him. When we make the good in him vibrate, we think well of him; when we arouse the evil, we think he himself is bad." The negative attitude or "mood," therefore, works harm, while the positive makes for good, in others as well as in ourselves. How could it be otherwise when we recall that: "Thoughts are things, they live and pulsate and are unconfined by time or space"?

Another aspect of the subject is to be found in military tactics, one of the fundamentals of which is that the best defence is an attack; and yet another, that the objective must always be kept in mind. It is related of General McClellan of the Union Army in Civil War days that he was of such a cautious nature that he consumed much time in preparing his army against attack, and was continually waiting for more men and supplies before he was willing to take the offensive, and that these interminable delays finally resulted in his being relieved of his command. His trouble was a negative, instead of a positive attitude. He lost sight of his objective—the attack and eventual routing of the

enemy. In striking contrast is the memorable statement of General Grant: "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." No hesitation or timidity here; the strong, positive nature dominated the situation by steady, persistent adherence to a principle.

When we enter the realm of the spiritual world, does not the aspirant for discipleship encounter the same difficulty—more subtle, perhaps, but still the expression upon a higher plane of the same tendency of frail human nature? Instead of drifting with the varying tides of life, he should develop and maintain a firm purpose which will permit no deviation from the path he has marked out for himself, and allow nothing to dissipate his energy. That would be a waste of time, and therefore wrong. How much precious time and how many golden opportunities for service have we lost by allowing ourselves to become side-tracked by the whims and actions of others? The progress of the would-be disciple is not dependent upon others; he should not allow his efforts to serve, to be diverted or perverted by the attitude of others.

He who aspires to discipleship must learn self-reliance, for he must build his character alone, unsupported, and uninfluenced. No one else can do it for him. If he relies upon others for aid, support, comfort, sympathy, or approval, he is not following the road that leads to self-mastery, to ultimate freedom. He may even flatter himself that he is practising detachment, which he cannot do, if at the same time he forget its twin, or positive aspect, recollection. Or, in attempting to rid himself of a fault, he may ignore the fact that his effort in that direction should not be merely a negative process, but that it involves a positive attitude and action. Detachment from creatures and created things, including the personal self with its moods and desires, involves attachment to or identification with the real, or Higher Self, while recollection involves the positive creation or transforming of the personal into the Eternal Self. These are positive acts of the will to make the "steady effort to stand in spiritual being," of which Patanjali writes. Mere animal positiveness, which is so often mistaken for strength of character, but which is nothing less than the utter selfishness and exaggerated ego of the lower nature, must not be mistaken for the positiveness of the spiritual man, whose life and growth depend upon the subjection of his lower, or personal self. With all the powers of the spiritual world to draw upon, the would-be disciple should possess the utmost calmness, confidence, and serenity in the knowledge that he is "immortal, dwelling in the Light, encompassed and sustained by spiritual powers" which he is seeking to make his own. When he thus "recollects" and claims his heritage, his will be the dauntless courage of the warrior, the will to conquer in spite of all obstacles, and unswerving loyalty and devotion to his objective—the service of his Master.

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul." H.

ALSACE-LORRAINE

Part III

Section IV

THERE can be no question of the pro-French feeling of both Alsace and Lorraine to-day. It is too well known, the enthusiastic reception of Allied armies, both during the War and since the Armistice, has been too widely described and pictured, for any demonstration of the fact to be necessary. That there is a pro-German element still existing in both provinces, particularly in the cities, is possible, and even probable, seeing that German immigration has amounted to over three hundred thousand (excluding soldiers) during the past two generations. But *at least* ninety per cent of the indigenous populace, both urban and rural, is to-day enthusiastically and thankfully French.

Likewise, since 1871, that part of Alsace-Lorraine which was forcibly annexed by Germany has given repeated, emphatic, and tangible evidence of its loyalty to France. It is not merely that, since 1871, about 500,000, out of a population originally less than 1,600,000, have left their homes rather than remain under German rule[1]; that "The Legion," France's mutual aid society for retired officers, subalterns and men, numbered 160,000 Alsace-Lorrainers who, since 1871, served in the French Foreign Legion; that all of the fifteen deputies to the German Reichstag time after time were elected for their pro-French sympathies, despite government pressure (1874, 1881, 1884, 1887), and openly voiced their protests[2]; and that where Germany had in 1917 only two officers of sufficient rank to be known, who were of pure Alsatian blood, France had at least seventeen Generals, one hundred and twenty-four Colonels and other officers of rank, and literally hundreds of Captains and Lieutenants. Lorraine contributed at least nineteen Generals, among them Mangin, Maud'huy, and d'Urbal, and the full quota of lesser officers.[3] More than

[1] The German official statistics give only the *excess* of emigrants over immigrants, which from 1871 to 1910 total 267,639. M. Georges Weill has estimated the actual number of native emigrants to number close to a million. H. and A. Lichtenberger in their *La Question d'Alsace-Lorraine*, 7th ed. 1918, p. 18. endorse M. Eccard's estimate of 500,000. The declaration of the "Alsace-Lorraine Societies" puts the figure at "about 400,000 to 1914"; and the French Socialists in a resolution of their congress of 1915, state that "since 1871 up to 1914," 421,000 "have left to establish themselves in France." There were in 1917 nearly 75,000 in the United States. The population in the Reichsland in 1910 was 1,874,014; showing the enormous German immigration, as all foreigners—French, Italians, Swiss, etc., number only some 75,000.

[2] Cf. *Verhandlung des Reichstags*, especially 16th and 18th February, 1874; January 31st 1895; June 13th, 1896; May 7th, 1897, etc., right down to 1914.

[3] In alphabetical order, the Alsatian Generals are: Bourgeois, Burckhardt, Caudrelier, Dantant, de Dartein, Dubail, Dubois, Duport, Ebener, Faes, Galon, Leblois, Camille Lévi, Armau de Pouydraguin, Reibel, Schmidt, Taufflieb.

The Lorraine Generals are: d'Andernay, Bizot, Blondin, Diou, Dupuis, Hennocque, Hirschauer, de Lardemelle, Lecomte, Mangin, Maud'huy, Mauger, Micheler, Poline, Putz, Sibille Trumelet-Faber, d'Urbal, de Vassart.

all that, a minimum of 30,000 Alsatians drafted into the German armies, successfully deserted to the French; and when the French General Staff offered to send these men for colonial service, thus releasing Frenchmen who, if captured, could not be classed by Germany as traitors, not *a single man* availed himself of this safeguard, but insisted on fighting the common enemy. German headquarters took cognizance of these desertions, and regiments from the "Reichsland" were dispersed, sent to the Russian front, and "all Alsace-Lorrainers . . . are declared to be unreliable"[4] states an official army order.

True to type, and in the face of her claims, the actual German régime in Alsace-Lorraine since 1871 has done more to maintain, if not promote, pro-French and anti-German feeling than any similar period of 44 years in the whole history of these provinces. They were not even treated on a basis of equality with other parts of the Empire, but were governed, without any effective representation or power even of protest, by a *Statthalter* (which M. Blumenthal aptly translates "Vice-King"), appointed by the King of Prussia (i.e. the Emperor), responsible only to him, and sole arbiter of the law and its enforcement throughout the "Reichsland." The local senate could neither make nor veto laws; the impotent deputies to the Reichstag were jeered, insulted, and roared at in characteristic Reichstag fashion whenever they spoke; and the three votes conceded to Alsace-Lorraine in the *Bundesrat* (Federal Council representing the chief states in the Empire) were only to be cast as directed by the *Statthalter,* with the naïvely extraordinary proviso that whenever "a favourable majority vote for Prussia cannot be polled in the *Bundesrat* except with the help of the Alsatian vote, those votes will be counted"![5] And it was not merely that there was a studied campaign of suppression of everything French, that the teaching of the French language was forbidden in the schools, local and baptismal names had to be rendered into German equivalents, and all memorial societies for former heroes, shooting and glee clubs, etc., disbanded. This persecution was bad enough. But it was the manner in which these irritating regulations were enforced, which was so German (in its post-War sense). Men were arrested for no reason, and after a night in jail, released; anonymous accusations were accepted as sufficient proof of guilt; an espionage system undermined good faith and all sense of security; and withal, typical roughness, discourtesy, brutality. The result was that even the Germans themselves ceased to marvel that Alsace-Lorrainers did not turn to the Fatherland.

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[4] Official army order of Colonel Von Bibra, 54th Reserve Infantry, 80th Reserve Division, January 25, 1918. Text quoted from Washington by the *Evening Sun*, February 1st, 1918. The preceding figures are quoted on the authority of a French High Commissioner to this country, and from propaganda pamphlets published semi-officially in Paris.

[5] *Alsace-Lorraine*, p. 44, by M. Daniel Blumenthal, former Mayor of Colmar and Deputy to the Reichstag. An excellent sketch, by an ardent patriot, of Alsatian history and feeling. M. Blumenthal has been condemned to death eight times in German courts for treason to the Imperial German State, and has received sentences of more than five hundred years' imprisonment and penal servitude for the offence of speaking the truth about his fellow-countrymen.

German admissions of this fact have a peculiar importance in view of German claims. It is not merely that the prefect of Berlin's police, Von Jagow, wrote about the Saverne outrage, in January, 1914, that "Germans in Alsace-Lorraine should consider themselves as 'in an enemy country' "; or that when hostilities broke out, German officers ordered their troops to load their guns when they crossed the Rhine into Alsace-Lorraine, for the same reason.[6] The *Cologne Gazette* for the 8th and 9th of March, 1916, in concluding that the only way to Germanize Alsace was to annex it directly to Bavaria, said: "At the present hour, Alsace-Lorraine is not a German country," and it further speaks of "the antipathy of Alsace-Lorrainers for Germanism." The attitude of a Mr. Emil Degener-Böning, from south Germany, quoted at length by the *Journal d' Alsace-Lorraine,* January 21st, 1914, under the title "A German voice on Saverne," expresses neighbouring German opinion, and can be summarized by one of his own sentences:—"The country has become German, but the spirit of the people has remained French, and Alsace-Lorraine has revolted against the violation of her rights. This has not been an open resistance or revolt. What could she do against the millions of German bayonets? Interiorly, she has organized a passive resistance; it has been the spirit against the might of the sword."

These German admissions are drawn from the public press; but there have been many confirmations in official and semi-official utterances. Prince von Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst, *Statthalter* from 1887 to 1894, who replaced the affable and considerate Manteuffel with direct instructions from Bismarck to undertake a rigorous "Kulturkampf"[7], writes to the Conference of Ministers on the 27th of October, 1887, that "We cannot deny that we have had great unrest this year in the country"[8]; and on the 8th of May, 1888, in his Journal, "It seems that at Berlin [i.e. Bismarck] they have been asking for so many vexatious measures in order that the inhabitants of Elsass-Lothringen should be made desperate and driven to revolt, so that then they can say that the civil administration has been worthless, and that this lamentable state of affairs must be cleared up. Thereupon the civil authority will pass to the Commanding General, and the *Statthalter* must step down."[9] Deputy Jacques Preiss from Strasbourg, who said of himself to the Reichstag in 1895 that "I belong to the younger generation," nevertheless added: "But I must say that if a freer régime is not introduced in Alsace-Lorraine, then the young generation will always oppose German assimilation more and more strongly. We young fellows, we are not of the generation of 1870, which on account of the Option, and through emigration, has suffered so great a decimation of exactly those elements which are most steadfast and unresisting. . . .

[6] See, for instance, the Paris *Le Journal,* September 19th, 1917.

[7] "Jetzt würde das ohne Kulturkampf nicht möglich sein". P. 409, vol. II, *et seq., Denkwürdigkeiten des Fürsten Chlodwig zu Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst;* a letter from Bismarck in 1887 He is frequently praised by Bismarck for his firm hand.

[8] Op. cit., p. 427.

[9] Op. cit., p. 432.

If, Gentlemen, you do not introduce a more liberal régime, you will find by experience that a much more energetic opposition against an inner fusion will arise out of this young generation than has been the case since 1870."[10] The testimony of German immigrants themselves could be added to show that they found the governing system in Alsace-Lorraine intolerable. The sum of these converging lines of contemporary testimony is unanswerable, because it is absolutely voluntary and spontaneous. It cannot be denied.

The burden of proof in every case, on every side, rests with the Germans. The German thesis, the German claims, were founded on lies, and for the most part, deliberate, conscious lies. There is no further need to prove the facts as far as modern events go, because the War, and the actual, contemporary course of events, carry their own proof in themselves. It is not a complicated question of historic interpretation, for instance, that the old French department of Bas-Rhin in Alsace has asked Clemenceau to run as its candidate for the Chamber of Deputies (October, 1919.) It was Clemenceau, who, with Victor Hugo, Louis Blanc, and thirty-three republican deputies, met the day after the famous session of the National Assembly at Bordeaux (February 18th, 1871), which within two weeks was forced to disannex the provinces, and addressed to the protesting Alsace-Lorraine deputies one short, poignant paragraph of sympathy. These latter had maintained that "France cannot consent to, nor sign, the cession of Lorraine and of Alsace"; that "Alsace and Lorraine refuse to be alienated"; that they "protest vehemently against all cession. France cannot consent to it. Europe cannot sanction it. Believing this to be true, we take our fellow-citizens of France, the governments and peoples of the whole world to witness, that in advance we hold as null and void all acts and treaties, votes or plebiscites which shall consent to the abandonment of the whole or a part of our provinces of Alsace and Lorraine in favour of foreigners."[11] Clemenceau and his friends replied, "Like you, we consider beforehand as null and void any act or treaty, any vote or plebiscite, approving the cession of any portion whatever of Alsace or Lorraine. Come what may, the citizens of those two countries will remain our fellow-countrymen and brothers, and the Republic promises them to uphold that claim forever." No wonder, despite the 48 years that have intervened, the repatriated Alsatians to-day ask Clemenceau to represent them before France, and before the world.

To write, therefore, a history of Alsace-Lorraine to-day, which tries to prove that the peoples of these provinces were and are German, is simply to romance. There is no foundation in fact; there is no *history* to be written on any such thesis. The proof is in the outcome. Alsace and Lorraine are French because they want to be. Alsace and Lorraine are French because they know that they are a part of the soul of France,—

[10] *Verhandlung des Reichstags*, 1894-95, I, January 31st, p. 622, A & B.

[11] *Annals of the National Assembly*, I, p. 61, and *Journal Officiel*, 22 February, 1871; third year, No. 53, p. 109.

and that France knows that they are one with her. What did M. Viviani mean when he declared of Alsace-Lorraine, before the French Senate, June fifth, 1917, that "She is an integral part of our soul"? The French understand what this means; and the fact that Alsatians and Lorrainers have placed their reliance on this spiritual bond, and, in official documents and through official representatives, have maintained "the inviolable right of Alsatians and of Lorrainers to remain forever members of the French nation,"—by this assertion of a spiritual fact, and by adherence to it, they have proved that they know whereof they speak, and have established the validity of their claim.

The growth of this union with France, which might more properly be called a reunion, stretches back over eleven centuries. That the real France was born in the Greek and Roman period, and came to a relatively full and conscious maturity about the time of Philip Augustus, seventh Capetian, has already been suggested in the preceding section. From the break-up of the Carolingian Empire, Alsace and parts, at times most, of Lorraine, were split up under alien rulers, and were only occasionally in direct touch with the French centre. But despite German claims to the contrary, one can trace to an extraordinary extent, considering the actual crudity if not barbarity of the times, the same conception of a national being, of a spiritual entity—France, the old "regnum Francorum,"—to which Lorrainers, and, later, Alsatians openly proclaimed allegiance. And this openly avowed allegiance is attested by the strongly marked French influence, and reciprocity with things French, that is not only self-evident in most of Lorraine,—which has always retained a preponderance of French civilization and French speech,—but even in so-called German Alsace, where, through the German-seeming medium of the Alsatian dialect, the spirit of French ideals and culture shines as clearly as Alsatian architecture found its models in Gothic cathedrals, or Alsatian scholarship received the bulk of its training in southern universities.

The progressive recognition of a French national being, to which Alsatians and Lorrainers wished to belong, and the growth of the pro-French tendencies of both peoples, is a matter for historic research. It cannot, however, be an academic question, because where certain results are already known, the causes of those results have a predetermined sequence. No arguing to the contrary can disprove the fact that Lorraine and even Alsace are French. And whatever forces acting against that result may be advanced by the German thesis, those forces were not decisive, and therefore were not the causes which produced that result. Other causes, and pro-French causes, must have been at work; and in any estimate of the relative effect of pro-French as against pro-German influence, the ultimate outcome must never be forgotten;—that Alsatians and Lorrainers are to-day French.

It is exactly for this reason that the history of these two peoples is so interesting. Their history proves that the spirit prevails over mundane affairs. Because for so many centuries France was divided against itself

or conquered by the English, and because these border peoples were repeatedly overrun by German kings or bandits, forced to learn their language, and in great measure dependent on them for what little safety or culture they could obtain, all the external material circumstances were against their ever becoming French. But the hearts of men are not bound by material circumscriptions; human preferences often have no rational explanation, and perhaps no amount of alien oppression can alter the actual texture of the soul.

The peoples of Alsace and Lorraine were French, loved France, and often hated the Germans. From the time when the Bishops of Metz and Toul in 1146 "could not abide the Germans"[12], until now, there has been that feeling on the part of Lorrainers. In Alsace, the exigencies of conquest and isolation caused the people to evince an intense local patriotism. Hardly less than the Swiss did the Alsatian cities and bishoprics maintain indigenous independence; and the Decapolis of free cities, the constant rebellion against Hapsburg interference, and the virtual emancipation of all the feudatories under nominal allegiance to the Holy Roman Emperor, proved the temper of the inhabitants. "To deny to the Alsatian populations, the existence in the past,—even the most remote past—of an Alsatian patriotism, of a common national consciousness, is an historic mistake just as serious as to refuse to acknowledge the intimate affinities which united the Alsatian spirit with the French spirit"[13], says M. Flach.

Therefore, when Alsace, after seven centuries of vicissitudes, voluntarily, piece by piece, opened her doors to Louis XIV, with some reluctance to lose her autonomy, but with an overwhelming recognition of her French affiliations, there is an even stronger right on her part to maintain her nationality. This is repeatedly emphasized by Alsatian orators and writers. Just as a convert is always an enthusiast, so Alsace, long alienated, awoke to her true inheritance, recovered the full sense of her former union with France, and wished or willed herself into the French national being. Victor Hugo's words might fitly apply to her:

". . . Ah! Je voudrais,
Je voudrais n'être pas Français pour pouvoir dire
Que je te choisis, France, et que, dans ton martyre,
Je te proclame, toi que ronge le vautour,
Ma patrie et ma gloire et mon unique amour!" [14]

The true history of the Alsatians and of the Lorrainers, therefore, lies in their inner attitude, in their inner development, more than in a simple labelling of any particular régime, of any one treaty, or of any individual ruler. Above all, if we find that a French ideal exists at a

[12] *De Ludovici VII Itinere*, Odonis de Dioglio; *Pat. Lat.*, vol. 1852, col. 1218.
[13] Op. cit., pp. 89-90.
[14] Written December, 1871. "Ah, I would desire not to be a Frenchman so that I might be able to say that I choose thee, France; and that in thy martyrdom I might proclaim thee, whom the vulture devours, my native land, my glory and my only love."

time when outer political events are under German control, it would be well to pause and attempt to estimate truly the actual determinative strength of this ideal. In Lorraine that ideal ran like an undercurrent throughout the upheavals of the Middle Ages, and effectively restored the province to France in the 16th century. It has been asserted by competent historians of Lorraine that not a single one of her local charters admits the claims of the Austrian Emperors; while there are a long series of formal recognitions of the ancient, hereditary claims of the French kings, which were frequently sustained by popular elections, and deliberate reversions to the French crown. Jeanne d'Arc, saviour of France itself, was an epitome of the mediaeval Lorraine spirit.

In Alsace, where the French affiliations suffered greater ruptures than in Lorraine, the people themselves evolved ideals and principles which, when they found themselves once more united to France, proved to be identical with, or complementary to, those of the French. An almost immediate fusion took place; and in two generations Alsace was French to the core. Perhaps the climax to this predisposed harmony was the Revolution, when France departed so radically from traditional ideals. Alsace was the stanchest of the new Republican communes, defended herself and France vigorously against the opportunist invasion of Imperial Austria, and showed that she had broken entirely with her former masters, and had bound herself indissolubly to France. As Fustel de Coulanges wrote in 1870, "Since that moment, Alsace has followed all our fortunes; she has lived our life. All that we think, she thinks; all that we feel, she feels. She has shared our victories and our reverses; our glory and our faults; all our joys and all our sorrows. She has had nothing in common with you [i. e. Germany]. To her, France is the native land. To her, Germany is the stranger." [15]

It is impossible in the compass of a magazine article to outline, even, the causes, the tendencies, the attractions and understandings which led up to any such final attitude. The proofs lie only in the accumulated evidence of innumerable events; and, particularly as regards Alsace, lie below the surface. It is for this reason that no true history of either province can be limited to political sequences, wars, dynastic upheavals, and religious controversies, which make up so much of the material for average studies. It is not sufficient for German historians to proclaim that Alsace was a feudal appanage of the great mediaeval German Empire (they mean the Holy, Roman, Austrian, Hapsburg, Empire), and therefore necessary to the well-being and completeness of modern Prussia, because an *urdeutsch* possession. The determinative factors, even under Hapsburg suzerainty, were the feelings, aspirations, ambitions and culture of the people themselves. M. Rodolphe Reuss, already cited in the course of these pages, has made an exhaustive study of probably the most critical century of Alsatian history—the seventeenth; when Alsace,

[15] *Questions Historiques*, p. 509—"L'Alsace, est-elle allemande ou française?" Cf. R. Reuss, *L'Alsace au XVII^e siècle*, vol. II, pp. 599, ff.

devastated by the Thirty Years' War, was first protected, then annexed, and finally rehabilitated, and made "infinitely more happy" [16] to use his phrase, by France. And he has filled fourteen hundred small-type pages with an enormous mass of detail on "the geographic, historic, administrative, economic, social, intellectual, and religious," phases of this one century. Since that time Alsace formed an integral part of France for two hundred and twenty-three years,—till 1871; and there was never any questioning of its homogeneity with France during all that period. Before the Treaty of Westphalia (1648), "the origins" of French influence, as M. Reuss himself says, "have not yet been sufficiently studied in an impartial and critical manner up to this time." [17] The reason is, I think, because so much of the tie that bound the smaller Alsatian personality to the larger French soul was an instinctive thing, having its roots in the long-past history of the two peoples, and depending much more on a sense of the fitness of things than on purely material considerations. There is much that is characteristic and distinct from the France of Paris, let us say, or of the Loire country, in the Alsatian. There is much that is very Teutonic in form and manner. But, as German observers themselves admit, Alsatians have after forty-four years of attempted Germanization, become necessarily German in outer form, but "the spirit of the people *has remained* French."

That admission is the true interpretation of the Alsatian. Despite his dialect, which he insists is a language just as national as Provençal or Breton, and is not German [18]; despite his infiltration of German blood, despite his German ways, despite the many evidences of a Germanism which to-day has been studiously inculcated by a diabolic tutor, the Alsatian is heart and soul French.

If the Alsatian, if the Lorrainer, have proved through two hundred and fifty years of intimate contact that they were entirely content to remain a part of France; if they protested against a forced annexation to Germany, maintaining their "inviolable right" to remain forever what they were—i. e., French; if during forty-eight years of captivity and estrangement, in the face of many material advantages to the contrary, and with no tangible hope of return to the former happy state, they still held fast to the ideals, the standards, the culture and the spirit of their French days; and if, finally, they have fought beside the French in this War as for a war of liberation, and, with victory achieved, have returned to the mother country with thankful hearts and a mutual understanding of all that has been suffered, too deep to find adequate expression even in shouts or tears,—why should the world doubt that Alsace and Lorraine not only should belong to France, but are French?

ACTON GRISCOM.

[16] Op. cit., vol. II, p. 594.

[17] Op. cit., vol. I, p. 42.

[18] A well-attested story relates that an Alsatian peasant, travelling in a strange part of Alsace, asked his way of a German, naturally in the one language he knew—Alsatian. "Nix parler français" was the reply!

IS "TIME" A DIMENSION OF "SPACE"

LET us come gradually to this knotty question, using a series of familiar references as stepping-stones. To begin with, readers of *The Occult World* will remember the Master K. H. saying: "I feel even irritated at having to use these three clumsy words—past, present, and future. Miserable concepts of the objective phases of the subjective whole, they are about as ill-adapted for the purpose as an axe for fine carving." The commentator on Patanjali, who uses this quotation to illustrate and illumine the thought of the twelfth Sutra of the fourth book, somewhat irreverently surmises that there must be something woefully wrong with words that can so far disturb that high, urbane serenity.

The Sutra in question is translated thus: "The difference between that which is past and that which is not yet come, according to their natures, depends on the difference of phase of their properties;" and there is a certain fitness in quoting, as a commentary on this, the letter of a Master who is, in a sense, the spiritual grandson of Patanjali.

The next reference, the next stepping-stone, is the clear affirmation, by the Master who inspired *Light on the Path,* that certain of the wiser men of science are the veritable pioneers of humanity, and are breaking down the wall between the manifested and the occult worlds. Add to this many definite indications in *The Secret Doctrine;* for example that the philosopher Leibniz has, in certain of his speculations, come exceedingly close to the true occult principles.

This series of stepping-stones is intended to lead up to the thought that, in the last ten or fifteen years, pioneers among the men of science have made remarkable progress toward solving the age-old enigma of "Time," and have gone some distance toward dispelling the mists of "past, present, and future," which arouse the indignation of the august author of *The Occult World* letters.

Notable among these recent semi-occult speculations is the so-called Theory of Relativity of the physicist-philosopher Einstein, who appears to be a congener of Leibniz and to possess the same deep and penetrating insight into cosmic riddles. But before we try to illustrate Einstein's theory, it may be well to use some simple facts that will lead up to the deeper mysteries.

A recipe in a once famous cook-book began with the words "Take a hare!" And this long ago gave rise to the proverb: "First catch your hare and then cook him!" We shall begin in some such way: Take a foot-rule! And we seriously advise every reader who is interested in solving the enigma of Time to make the experiment.

Well, take a foot-rule and a bucket of water. The foot-rule is graduated from 1 to 12 inches. Hold the foot-rule upright above the surface of the water in the bucket, with the 1-inch end near the surface. Still holding the foot-rule perpendicularly, lower it gradually till its end just touches the water. If we suppose the surface of the water to represent consciousness, then, as the foot-rule just touches the water, this consciousness will become aware of it.

Let us consider first the edge of the end of the foot-rule, and, of that edge, the side on which the inch-marks are printed. The edge of the water along that edge of the foot-rule is a very short straight line; it has extension in one direction only: the direction of length. It is a short line of consciousness, just as the slit of the spectroscope is a line of consciousness.

Continue to plunge the foot-rule directly downward into the water, holding your attention on the short line of water past which the inch-marks are descending. If we think of that line of water as a one-dimensional perceiving consciousness, it will be conscious of one inch-mark after another, perceiving successively all the inch-marks from 1 to 12.

For that one-dimensional consciousness, there will have been a series of successive impressions, twelve in number; and its concept of the foot-rule will be a series of consecutive marks, spread out through a certain period of time: the time which it has taken you to plunge the whole length of the foot-rule into the water. In other words, what you are thinking of, and perceiving, as a foot-rule, a linear foot of "space," will be represented in that one-dimensional consciousness as twelve equal periods of "time." Your space-consciousness will, in his one-dimensional mind, be represented as a time-consciousness. And he can gain an impression of linear space, length, the kind of space you measure with a foot-rule, only in terms of time, in terms of a series of successive impressions spread out through time.

Now let us suppose his consciousness to expand. Instead of being represented by a line on the water, let it be represented by the whole surface of the water as a perceiving surface; just as the retina of the eye or the skin of the palm is a perceiving surface.

The surface of the water, then, represents consciousness with two dimensions; not only the first dimension, length, but the second dimension, breadth also.

Now take the foot-rule and hold it horizontally over the water, with the edge containing the inch-marks close to the water. Gradually lower it to the water until the whole series of inch-marks are just immersed. The consciousness represented by the surface of the water can now perceive the whole series of twelve marks at the same time. What was before a series of consecutive impressions of the twelve inch-marks, is now a single simultaneous impression of all the twelve.

This would all seem to be quite simple and elementary. Yet it is the key to the whole mystery. The addition of a new dimension of consci-

ousness, the passage from line-consciousness to surface consciousness, has transformed a time-impression into a space-impression. What was before successive, containing the element of duration, is now simultaneous, with the element of time eliminated.

One step more: instead of a foot-rule, take a walking-stick, hold it upright over the water and plunge it downward as before. The two-dimensional consciousness represented by the water-surface will perceive a circle, corresponding to the cross-section of the stick where it passes from the air to the water; and, as the stick is plunged down, a series of circles will be perceived, following each other in time. If there be a mind behind that surface-consciousness, then the stick will appear in that mind as an almost endless succession of circles, separated from each other by the element of time. That mind will not be able to gain any idea of the stick except as a succession of circles, with the element of duration holding them together. But *you* can see the whole stick at once. With your three-dimensional perception, you receive a single, simultaneous impression of the whole stick, its length, its shape, its solidity. Your space-perception takes the place of the time-perception in the mind of the two-dimensional perceiver.

In each of the two illustrations,—the foot-rule and the walking-stick—the addition of a dimension to the perceiving consciousness has transformed a time-perception into a space-perception; what appeared as a succession in the lower-dimensioned consciousness, appears as simultaneous in the higher-dimensioned consciousness.

We can now come a little closer to Einstein. The writer of this note has not yet had the opportunity or the time to plunge deeply into the writings of Einstein himself. For the present, he is under obligations to an able article in *The Evening Sun,* by Isabel M. Lewis, who is connected with the Nautical Almanac Office of the United States Naval Observatory.

A quotation from this article may be more intelligible, because of our illustrated prelude:

"Following upon the failure of physicists to define the velocity of the earth relative to the ether by experimental means, Einstein announced his hypothesis that it is an impossibility to determine by physical experiments the velocity of the earth relative to the ether; moreover, that an immobile or rigid ether is unthinkable, and that there is no such thing as absolute velocity through space for any body, and that measured time and space do not exist as independent and self-contained concepts, but are always conditioned by the phenomena that they are used to describe.

"It is this phase of the Einstein theory that makes it expressible in terms of the fourth dimensional calculus of Minkowski wherein the distinction between space and time vanishes. The two become complementary and inseparable and cannot exist independently any more than the two components of a force can exist by themselves. They are simply two aspects of a greater construct or entity."

All this is, of course, very incomplete so far; but it is eminently suggestive, and indicates that the scientists who are following this line of approach are already touching the confines of the occult world, citizenship in which, as we have seen, arouses a certain irritation with the conventional view of "time."

But let us try to illustrate the matter a little further. We have already taken illustrations that involve space of one, two and three dimensions; let us push on, and see what will happen, if we bring in a fourth dimension in exactly the same way.

First, let us try to explain the term "fourth dimension."

A straight line on a sheet of white paper represents space of one dimension, length only. It is created by the movement of a point, which has no dimension but simply position; in the case of a ruled pencil line, it is created by the movement of the pencil-point along the edge of the ruler. Now draw on the paper a perpendicular to this line. You have at once a second dimension or direction of space. And the two straight lines together define the surface of the paper, its position as a two-dimensional space, having both length and breadth. Now stand the pencil upright at the point where the two straight lines meet on the paper; this immediately gives you a third dimension or direction of space: height added to length and breadth. You can only stand the pencil upright on the paper because you are able to act in space of three dimensions.

To go back a little. The straight line is space of one dimension. A perpendicular to this line enters space of two dimensions. The surface of the paper is two-dimensional space. A perpendicular to this surface—the pencil set upright—enters space of three dimensions. If we follow the process one step farther, we shall see that a perpendicular to a three-dimensional space, a solid, must enter a fourth dimension or direction of space. The term, fourth dimension, means no more than that.

But you may object that all this is easier said than done, and that a perpendicular to a solid is unthinkable. But is it so in reality? Let us answer that by trying to think of it.

While reading this, you are probably in a room with four walls, a floor and a ceiling: a typical space of three dimensions. Raise your eyes and look at the wall straight in front of you. The line of your glance is a perpendicular to the surface of the wall, which is a two-dimensional space. Look in succession at each of the four walls, and then at the floor and ceiling. In each case, your line of sight is a perpendicular to that surface. You have half-a-dozen perpendiculars, one for each of the bounding surfaces of your three-dimensional space.

Now close your eyes and think of the room. Imagine it out, with its four walls, its floor and ceiling. You will find that you have in your mind the picture of all six at once; you can mentally look in all the directions at once, and visualize the whole interior of the room. Your mental glance or line of sight is, therefore, perpendicular, not to each

of the six surfaces in succession, but to the whole room. It is just the perpendicular to a three-dimensional space, for which we have been looking.

Now, unless you are reading in a garden-house—improbable in January—there is a second room, next to the one you are in. If you are familiar with it, you can, while sitting in your own room, form a mind-picture of the second room also, with its four walls, ceiling and roof. You can, from the centre of your thought, draw a perpendicular to that three-dimensional space also. And you can quite easily think of the two interiors at the same time, superimposing one room on the other, and thus being "in two places at the same time". Or, as the *Dream of Ravan* puts it, "Without moving is the travelling on this road . . . Thou shalt experience it!"

To go back a little: When you stood your pencil upright on the paper at the point where the two straight lines meet, the pencil was perpendicular to both lines. And you could, from that point, draw straight lines in every direction of the compass—in strictness, in an infinite number of directions—and your pencil would be perpendicular to them all. In just the same way, you can, sitting quietly in your room, call up the mind-pictures of as many rooms as you please, and look into them all: that is, you can, from the point of your thought, draw lines of sight to each of the rooms, lines which will be perpendicular to all of them at the same time.

It would appear, then, that our reflective mind-operations are habitually four dimensional, and conform to the conditions of a space of four dimensions. Take, for instance, memory.

Bergson showed conclusively, in the book translated with the title *Matter and Memory*, that it is foolish to think of mind-pictures as being lodged in the physical substance of the brain. He gets them out of the brain, but he does not make it wholly clear where he gets them to. It would seem to be quite evident that they are in a four-dimensional picture gallery; and, therefore, each of the innumerable rooms in that gallery is as near to you as any other, so that you can look with equal ease at any picture, on any wall. Speaking three-dimensionally, all the mind-images are in the same place. But speaking four-dimensionally, they are ranged in admirable order, so that you can immediately pick out any one.

Take a kind of mind-picture that is easily counted—a word. You know a great many thousand words in your own tongue, familiar, literary, scientific and technical words. Each one is as near your vocal perception as any other. They are ranged in four-dimensional order. If you learned a dozen languages in addition to your own, it would be just the same. Each of several hundred thousand words would be equally near the focus of your consciousness.

So it would seem that we are familiar with the fourth dimension, though we may not have recognized the fact. Our minds are there

already. If we could drive inward, into and through the mind, so that the mind might be external to our consciousness, as the body now is; the mind would then be a kind of body, or, to put it otherwise, we should be in possession of a mind-body, in which we could quite easily do four-dimensional things like being in two places at once. Perhaps that is what the *Dream of Ravan* is suggesting.

Now let us go back again, and try to get a further hold of the time-space problem. You are at present at a certain point on the surface of the earth. The diurnal rotation of the globe from west to east causes the sun to appear over your eastern horizon, to pass through the meridian, and then to descend to the western horizon. That is a general experience. After the sun sets, stars begin to appear, and for the same reason, make the same journey. So you have the succession of morning, noon and evening, of day and night. It is a time-succession for you, lasting twenty-four hours.

But if, instead of looking with your physical eyes at day and night, you think of them in the roomy chamber of your mind, you will easily be able to imagine the earth, one side turned toward the sun, and the other side turned toward outer space: a bright half and a dark half; day and night both going on at the same time, no longer successive but simultaneous. And it is quite clear that both day and night are thus always going on at the same time. There is no to-day nor to-morrow, no this-morning or last-night. It is perpetually "now," with half the world lit up and half in darkness, or illumined only by the stars.

We have, therefore, by mentally standing apart from the earth and looking at it from outside, transformed the succession of day and night from a time-aspect to a space-aspect; from consecutive to simultaneous.

Might it not be possible for a spiritual consciousness to do the same thing, standing apart, not from the outer vesture of life, its days and nights, but from its inner content of experience, and thus to see the succession of past, present and future as a single vision, in the light of eternity? Perhaps this is the reason why every religious system teaches this standing back—detachment?

We saw, a little while ago, that what appears as a succession in a lower-dimensioned consciousness, becomes simultaneous in a higher-dimensioned consciousness. Let us try to apply this.

Let us suppose that a Master, in whom we must postulate a higher-dimensioned consciousness, has a dozen pupils. How can he watch them all, train and guide them all, at one and the same time?

A three-dimensional college-professor can take care of a dozen students by giving his full attention to each in turn. This is strictly comparable to the first perception of the foot-rule as a succession of inch-marks perceived successively throughout a certain duration of time. But, just as, by adding a dimension of consciousness, it was possible and easy to get a view of all twelve inch-marks simultaneously, so it may be possible and easy for the Master, in virtue of a higher-dimen-

sioned consciousness, to hold a dozen pupils in full view simultaneously, giving complete and uninterrupted attention simultaneously to all the twelve. What is possible as a succession for the college professor, may be possible as a simultaneous perception for the Master.

Extend this, and it becomes quite thinkable that a divine consciousness may listen simultaneously to the prayers of ten millions of worshippers and may follow in detail the worship in a million churches at once.

One more thought. Our bodies are three-dimensional, and to our bodies the Theosophical teaching assigns three Principles. Ordinary mental consciousness is in a fourth principle, Kama-Manas. But we have seen that ordinary consciousness, the ordinary operation of mind and memory, is in all probability already four-dimensional, though rarely indeed so recognized.

Have we a suggestion, in the Master, of the presence at once of a fully awakened fifth Principle, Buddhi-Manas, and of a still higher-dimensioned consciousness?

Approach the matter this way. Zöllner was the first to write vividly of the fourth dimension; Bergson saw many four-dimensional truths, though he may not have given them that name; Einstein and his followers are familiarizing us with four-dimensional thought.

Yet something is lacking. We have seen that there is a clear correspondence between certain principles of the higher dimensions and fundamental laws of spiritual life. May we not conclude that the spiritual laws are the reality, while the four-dimensional reasonings are, in the strict sense, "superficial" aspects of spiritual laws? They touch surfaces only; they lack spiritual depth. And, to sum the matter up, may not this spiritual depth be that very "fifth dimension" which we are in search of, the element that is needed, to give spiritual depth to these physical and mathematical speculations?

Bergson has worked wonders. Einstein is working wonders. But what might they not have done, had they added devotion, the religious sense, to their extraordinarily intuitive minds? Instead of having physical aspects of occult laws, we might have had revelations of the everlasting realities of spiritual life. The "fifth dimension" is lacking, the depth given by the awakened fifth Principle, Buddhi-Manas, the power of spiritual light.

C. J.

RELIGIONS AND RELIGION

IT is an interesting experience to read *The White Island* by Michael Wood, and then turn to the article in the July *Atlantic* by Mr. Clutton-Brock, entitled "Religion Now". Or perhaps it would be best to reverse the order and save the more spiritual communication for the last. "Religion Now," is an effort—an honest effort—to explain the attitude of the English people toward religion, as modified, as intensified, by the five years since war began. It is furthermore one of the many expressions now appearing in all forms of literature, of a resentment toward the churches at what is felt to be their insufficiency at a supreme crisis. It has a further interest in that it is, unwittingly, the expression of a hunger for that wisdom we call Theosophy, but which (under that name) Mr. Clutton-Brock repudiates, with no knowledge whatever of its meaning. The student of Theosophy grows accustomed to this anomaly in writings on religion,—people cry for help across a gulf whose bridges they ignore; they voice their aching need for a wisdom whose very name is to them a byword. But let Mr. Clutton-Brock speak for himself:

"There is in England now a great desire for belief, satisfied by no existing church or sect. . . . The many varieties of Christianity fail to win the ablest or the most naturally religious among us; . . . we are not content with any present statement of the Christian faith. . . . We believe, far more than our fathers did, that the truth is hidden in the Christian tradition, but it remains, for us, hidden. This desire for a renewed belief affects not only the weak, who seek consolation at all costs, but also the strong, who see that science has not made us wise about the nature of the universe or our own nature. . . . We have all foolishly believed that mankind was advancing toward perfection by some mechanical process called evolution. But the Germans, most of all nations, made their will subject to the mechanism of things and that mechanism has betrayed them. When we fought against them we rebelled against that doctrine and affirmed the will of man, the will for righteousness. . . . Before the war it was a commonplace to sneer at the Christian doctrine of vicarious sacrifice, the doctrine of the Redemption. In our shallowness and comfort, we said that it was immoral; but now we know that the world is saved, and faith in the universe is preserved, by vicarious sacrifice. . . . So we begin again to believe that Christ did indeed die for us. We see that there is a surprising unfathomed wisdom in the Christian faith."

So far there is surely matter for rejoicing here—more than Mr. Clutton-Brock seems to admit. Does it not mean that the war is already

paying for itself in spiritual renewals? If one dared to believe that! If the immediate result of the last five years really be that

> "Laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
> Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee";—

then indeed may we cease to count the cost.

Unhappily, there is another side. With this widespread seeking for spiritual certainties there is much bewilderment and unrest. The people turn to the churches for working spiritual hypotheses, and are shrewd enough to see that they do not get them. They turn, but it is to question, and no man answers them. "Nothing is stranger than the contrast between our disorder, impotence, and bewilderment in peace, and our power, resolution, and discipline in war." (Do we hear America playing echo to that admission?) And here is another, equally heartbreaking—"No church answers our questions in terms that convince."

Mr. Clutton-Brock then analyses the failure of church after church—an indictment too long to quote except in fragments: "The Roman Catholic Church belies its name and is no longer Catholic. It remains Catholic only for the uneducated. Educated men will not accept certain postulates which seem to them arbitrary, chief among them the doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope. You must make a certain surrender, not merely of yourself, but of your highest values, if you are to become a Catholic."

Of the Church of England it is said: "It is both the glory and the shame of this Church that it does not really exist; it is always in process of becoming. It has creeds but no one to interpret them. It has an organization, but no one to govern it except the State, the authority of which is rejected by the most real and impassioned part of this Church."

Of their clergy this writer says: "They do believe utterly in Christianity and try to practise it. In their ritual is the return of the sense of beauty. In their faith is the return of Christianity; only they cannot quite express it and cling to old formulae so that they may not lose hold of it. They will not find their true faith until they become revolutionaries in thought. If they can do that, still keeping the Christian tradition, they will conquer England." [That is to say they should do what the Theosophists *are* doing. You cannot abandon formulae and swash around in space without any, still holding to traditions, Christian or otherwise. But you can, by applying to the Divine Wisdom, learn to understand them, and *thus* "still hold to the Christian tradition."]

"The rest of the Church of England is either clinging to the unvenerable past of the Reformation—the Low Church party; or looking to a future not yet seen—the Modernists. The Modernist does not feel bound to leave the Church because he does not believe every article of its creeds. He knows no one does believe them literally, and no authority has laid down which must be believed, which may be taken to mean what they say, or which mean nothing at all. But the real weakness of the Modernist

is that he is apt to be critical rather than creative; to harbour theories produced by the destructive criticism of a past generation, . . . to take notions too seriously."

As to the Nonconformists—"They have many merits, but are one and all declining. . . . They are altogether of the middle class, and the middle class, of all others, is now the least likely to produce a religion. . . . It lacks beauty, passion, intellectual conviction."

So much for the Churches, a great deal of which is grimly true, but much, surely, highly debatable. Then Mr. Clutton-Brock betrays a bias. His premises and conclusions may look all right, but the snappers between them are put on wrong. One is pushed to speculate whether anyone, no matter how honest or well disposed, is equipped to write about religion while lacking knowledge of that Ancient Wisdom which is its key. To take an instance, he says: "He (the Modernist) has been content to attack the doctrine of the Virgin Birth negatively, as being merely historically untrue—not as being philosophically or religiously untrue." The student of religions might ask,—Who may speak of the Virgin Birth at all save those who apprehend it, who *feel* it, to be forever religiously and mystically true?—The delicate blown glass of symbolism is not a pavement for hobnailed shoes. It is a magic window opening on the eternal verities.

One more instance: "If Christianity is to prevail, it must do so, not by expressing a number of good intentions so vaguely that anyone can agree to them, but it must convince us that the universe is of a certain nature and that we have to live according to that nature." This sounds incontrovertible till Mr. Clutton-Brock applies it in concrete form, and then once more we find the fly in the ointment, the spider in the soup. An orthodox Roman Catholic peer (orthodox because he accepts the Virgin Birth and the infallibility of the Pope) is otherwise quite unchristian because he writes to the *Times* that man, being a fighting animal, it is absurd to dream of a league of nations. Mr. Clutton-Brock replies to this, "Man is *not* a fighting animal (*sic*), and it is the duty of men as Christians to believe in a league of nations and to work for it (*sic*),—that is why I say the churches have not enough dogmas, while many of the dogmas they cling to are irrelevant." Which is to say: the Roman Catholic's dogmas are irrelevant, and Mr. Clutton-Brock's are not—the same old vicious circle of intolerance!

Presently Mr. Clutton-Brock comes to the group of "new sects, most of which we get from America";—these are Christian Science, New Thought, Spiritualism, and among them no wary student will be surprised to find Theosophy carelessly tossed, as you might throw a lot of little objects into a basket at the end of a sale—"everything in this basket 10 cents." But never mind! read on. The exposition of Theosophy will be found rewardingly quaint. "Their doctrine of the transmigration of souls and of Karma is *devised to explain things* (italics mine) . . . . They profess by an eclectic process to have reached the permanent religion of mankind . . . . Christ did not preach Karma—He said, Thy sins be

forgiven thee. [He also said that every jot and tittle of the law would be fulfilled.] . . . . The effort of the Theosophists to find justice in the universe is based upon the conception of a static universe [*'and the soul in its silent hurry'*] . . . *In that conception there is no hope for the wicked, the weakling, the degenerate. As they have been, so they will be; the best thy can do is to consent to their evil fate because it is the result of their own past"* (italics mine)!

But people who are honest tumble into the Divine Wisdom unawares and in spite of themselves, and so Mr. Clutton-Brock often talks Theosophy in rebuttal of Theosophy—"Faith is seeing reality at those heaven-sent moments which rule the life of faith." "There is an infinite possibility for all men, because, having life, they have their share in the spontaneity of God." If you have faith you can move mountains is one of the things He said "in His passionate, exultant, humorous way":—(Isn't that a glimpse of the Master?) But the application spoils it all once more, for he goes on to say, "Compared with this faith Theosophy, like the old scientific determinism is retrograde—indeed, it expresses the old scientific determinism in a religious form. It is a kind of Calvinism orientalized."

Once more we see that the Divine Wisdom cannot be discussed to any good purpose save by those to whom it has been revealed, be the intention never so fair nor so reverent. The grace of this article is its honesty, its hunger and thirst for righteousness, but when it comes to Theosophy we imagine Mr. Clutton-Brock going through some such process as this:—First an appeal to the dictionary—he finds several definitions and may, for example, extract some such choice morsel as this: "Theosophy is but a recrudescence of a belief widely proclaimed in the 12th Century and held to in some form by many barbaric tribes." So far, so bad—it looks dark for Theosophy. Now to reinforce this by some first hand information. One's most intellectually disposed Club and a broad-minded clergyman would seem to be indicated. He finds his clergyman, smoking a good cigar, bland and revelatory—all goes well. "Exactly what *is* this Theosophy one hears about?" he asks, tipping off his cigar ash, and the clergyman, with an indulgent laugh, delivers himself of the nuggets of wisdom underscored above.

The trouble with so many essays on religion is that they leave off just where religion begins. They remind one of the efforts of the beginner to speak a foreign language. A certain meaning is conveyed, it is true. You understand that you are asked to pass the bread and butter, but the accent is wrong and there is no idiom. They have not spoken with natives. Or another homely instance—we sometimes hear married couples jocularly disclosing the terms on which they manage to "get on." They have solved all the problems presented by holy matrimony because "he *never* asks to see my letters," or because "she knows where the money is and can help herself." In a daily paper last week (it is the silly season) one woman traced her "perfect marriage" to the fact that

she took her vacations in one direction and her husband in another. A review of various husbands makes this understandable, still it is hardly love's young dream. One listens to all this smiling politely, but thinking: "Perhaps in a crore of years they will be eligible." And that is how religion approached in a certain way makes one react. All this talk of dogmas and divisions, and what this means and that means; and whether the Christian Scientists have got an inkling; and why the Pope won't do; and how to appeal to the rich and not antagonize the poor, or vice versa,—such a hubbub! And the solvent waiting all the time! A student of Theosophy, the very humblest, finds it meagre and chilly. With all thy getting, get Wisdom, Divine Wisdom,—study the idioms, acquire your accent. Learn this—that in religion pure and undefiled you have a headlong love affair on hand, which is an occupation in itself. England to-day may be discussing sects and dogmas. She was not discussing them four years ago. Then the padres of all denominations were carrying through the battle fields a religion that withstood every pragmatic test; then Anglican priests and Modernists, Presbyterian Ministers and Reactionists toiled side by side; then Roman priests forgot the Vatican and remembered only the Master, and Jewish rabbis held the crucifix before dying Catholic eyes. The people of England (undemonstrative? stolid?), building shrines in their public streets, turned to them unabashed, so eager to lift their hearts that the churches were too far apart. In those days our tears flowed fast, but our hopes rode high for England.

It is a relief to turn to *The White Island* by Michael Wood, a writer who has a fine, suave accent of the land of the spirit. There are many things in these books of Michael Wood's which must ever be a stumbling block to Jews, and foolishness to Greeks. They are fairy tales of the spirit, written for those who know that fairy tales come true as soon as we will let them. In a leading daily paper the other day there was a review of this particular one—*The White Island*—which bore about as much relation to it as to Robinson Crusoe, such utter bewilderment did it expose. In another volume, *The Mystery of Gabriel,* carried home from a library—a curious and subtle study of one of those strange chosen beings that Michael Wood tries (and what other writer ventures?) to elucidate for us,—or for our spiritual testing chooses to leave reverently unelucidated —there had been scrawled across the finis, by some Jew or Greek, the words "No mystery at all, just plain nut!" The same reader, and his name is legion, would undoubtedly repeat that irritated conclusion here.

The story is told by Father Standish himself, who needs no introduction to Michael Wood's readers, nor need they be reminded of the atmosphere of utter sanity and reasonableness he imparts to the strangest and most unmundane of situations, by his simple acceptance of the fact that the mundane is a very minor part of reality. Réné Clinton, a strange little elf of a pale child, is shown us first in the midst of his family, clever, prosperous, well-bred, ambitious people;—three well-mannered children, French governess, charming house and grounds, afternoon tea

on the lawn, everything typical and just right, the sort of people who will loathe any break in the typical just-rightness. It is nevertheless on the way, for there is Réné—Réné, who, with his day-dreaming, his "pertence stories" and his "truly stories" might be just an unusually imaginative little boy of six years, were it not for his quiet insistence upon his vision of the "White Island"—a place of gleaming cliffs and waters, of green pastures, of sheep, "black ones and white and a little dream house which means a secret and there is a big music." And there also is the "Joyous Shepherd." Poor little Réné! They wish to be fair to him. The question of whipping him for story telling is discussed in family conclave and vetoed by a father wise enough to recognize the child's utter truthfulness in all ordinary matters. As to the day-dreaming—"He will get rid of all that at school; we shall send him as soon as he is eight; he is very backward." For a year or two, until the dismal school days arrive, Réné takes to haunting Brent, which adjoins his father's place. He flits silently about the gardens and farm-lands like a little pale flame, neither claiming nor seeming to need attention, but always giving to those attuned to feel it the sense that he lives and finds companioning on some other plane, and that "a light shines from him." Presently the family go away and for fourteen years Father Standish knows them no more, except for such hints of growing intellectual and social brilliance as filter through to him. Then a letter comes from Réné's mother begging for help in the bitter shame and disappointment that has befallen them. It appeared that in spite of every advantage that the modern system of education offers, Réné had proved "quite unable to grasp or remember any of the things he ought to learn." Schools and Universities were out of the question and every noted brain and nerve specialist in Europe and America had been appealed to, only to confess bafflement. The greatest among them—"men who know too much to mind saying they are ignorant" —declined to diagnose, but suggested an arrested development of the brain, although quite unlike any arrested brain development with which they were familiar. The child vision of the White Island still persisted. His ashamed and disappointed father would fain hide him in a home for borderland mental cases, but his mother, whose love outlives her pride and hope, as mother-love mercifully must, cannot consent to this and turns in her anguish and despair to Father Standish.

So once more the "House of Peace" opens its doors to one of those whom the world receives not. Established in the guest house Réné lives a life of what the average spiritual Philistine would certainly call "lazy mooning." He evinces no special piety. He is not "queer" in acts or manner, indeed Father Standish is impressed with his docility and his "balanced quietude of voice and manner," and yet he is not in the least like anyone else. Gradually those who live with him recognize the fact that he is "possessed"; sinners and criminals recognize it; his reluctant parents are made to know it; Réné himself is sure of it,—"I am held fast by something that claims all I am and all I have . . . . I think it is God."

So, one after another, all who meet him succumb to the light that shines through this dumb, enraptured, love-brimmed boy. He is incandescent with love. To some it is a terrifying experience. The Black Lodge gains access to Brent in the person of an evil man who only apprehends spirituality as black magic and seeks in coldest curiosity to wrest from the House of Peace its secret. After a stolen night of evil experiment at the Altar he meets Réné for the first time, face to face in a corridor, and is afraid with a great amazement,—*"for what he saw was not Réné."*

This is a very beautiful book—its pastoral pictures so homelike and gentle, its touches of humour so delicate—it is a shame to hand it out in scraps, and yet it is difficult to stop. "Réné never had to drive the sheep, or call upon the dog to round them up. He led them. In changing pastures, Réné walked before his flock, whistling a little tune which seemed to appeal to their musical taste; *the sheep scuffled softly along after him* with their lambs." Father Standish is always a joy. A local Mrs. Grundy is sure that Réné's witless state is a natural judgment on his parents for non-attendance at church—"People cannot neglect religion with impunity." "That is an undoubted fact," Father Standish replies, "but have you reflected that if the result of non-attendance at church is to have half-witted sons, the larger part of the male population of England would be mentally deficient?" For a moment the heart constricts with traitor fear to reflect upon how few Father Standishes there are, with the spiritual insight to maintain a spiritual clearing house, where the "diversity of gifts" shall be recognized and a "haven of waiting" provided for those unclassifiable mystic sensitives whom the world, needing them never so tragically, can never recognize, but whom the Master uses in strange and beautiful ways. Then the terror fades and the heart is loyal again, for what a wooden way to gaze upon enchantments! Surely the Master may be trusted with His Rénés.

From the many suggested lessons of this lovely book we can choose one on "recollection" if we like. Réné does not "practise recollection," in fact he practises nothing; he *is* recollected, and therefore love shines through him, for God is love. Those of us to whom recollection is a matter of more or less punctual exercise, or of a welcomed mood, have our share too in the radiance. The white glory of the Joyous Shepherd is in all love— in our growing love for Him, and in that which shines for us in dear human eyes and speaks to us in gentle human voices,—*we* can "scuffle softly along after Him with our lambs."

"Sheep black and white are Mine,
I shepherd all.
I hear their crying when for Me they call.
I am the shepherd of all flocks that be,
Nor any craft may part My sheep from Me."

S.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS

ONE of the many surprises of the war, and by no means the least significant, has been the happiness which so many of the soldiers have found in their service. In spite of unaccustomed and almost unimaginable hardships, in spite of the cold, the filth, the sights of horror, the constant danger, men write that they found there a happiness such as they had never known in times of peace. Hating it with one part of themselves, longing for the war to be over, realizing to the full its hideousness as those who have never seen it cannot do,—nevertheless deep in their souls they are happier than they have ever been. They feel a sense of freedom such as they had never known. Taken away from the front, they long to get back to it, even to greeting war on their return "as an old friend."

The best expressions of this feeling are to be found in the thousands of letters from French soldiers that have been collected and published since the war began. Not that its expression is lacking among the English. Donald Hankey and Coningsby Dawson have felt and expressed it with great beauty. But expression of deep feeling does not come as naturally to the Anglo-Saxon. Perhaps, too, they did not as a nation feel it as deeply. It has been said that taken as a whole, the English made war in the sporting spirit. Risking their lives with the utmost courage and gallantry, nevertheless they did it as a man takes a sporting chance, hoping and rather expecting to come through it alive. The French, on the other hand, in general made the sacrifice of their lives in advance, and did not expect to return. "To go half way is misery, but all the way is Heaven." The completeness of the sacrifice brought its own reward.

The experience of the ages shows that happiness can never be found by seeking it. It comes only to those who have given themselves—without thought of themselves or their own happiness or unhappiness—to something or some cause greater than themselves. And the measure of the happiness is the measure of the completeness of the giving.

We have all envied the man with the hobby. We usually look at him with a mixture of envy and pity, envy for the completeness of the devotion, and pity for the narrowness of the cause which can give play to so small a part of his nature. The artist who loves his art, the scientist who gives himself completely to his search for truth, the mother who loses all thought of herself in her devotion to her children,—gain a happiness which few men reach, and yet it remains incomplete. True happiness only comes where the giving includes the whole nature of man,—body, soul, and spirit. To be happy a man must be at peace in his heart. Where the desires of the personality, and the aspirations of the soul, are pulling in opposite directions, there can be no peace.

Whatever Socialists, Humanitarians, or Bolsheviks may say, the soul of man will not respond to material ends, material comfort, material "well-being" for self or for others. While the doors of the soul remain shut, happiness remains locked within, forever out of reach.

So the problem is two-fold. There must be the great spiritual cause that will draw forth the strength and beauty of the soul, and the personality must be aligned with it, that there may be peace in the heart, and that the giving may be of the whole nature, complete.

It is this doctrine of happiness through union with the Soul that has been taught by every great religious teacher, by the *Upanishads,* by Krishna in the *Bhagavad Gita,* by Buddha, and by Christ. The tendency of the Christian churches to postpone all thought of punishments or rewards until after death, has obscured the teaching, so that most people to-day regard religion as merely an aid to ethics, not as a road to happiness. Yet we know that the Masters, standing on the threshold of unimaginable bliss, have refused to enter and, in order to help mankind, have turned back to what we in our blindness call the "Path of unutterable woe." To help mankind to what? The Masters have not renounced unimaginable bliss for themselves in order to lead us to unutterable woe. Virtue is not a kind of gigantic, abstract conspiracy against the happiness of man—as we mostly tend to regard it—but a means to an end, and that end is union with the Soul, the supreme bliss "on whose fragments all beings live."

No one can leap from where he stands to union with the Soul. It must be by little and little, step by step. It is "when all the desires that dwell in the heart are let go, the mortal becomes immortal and enters the Supreme." It is the *separate* desires of our separate personalities that we must let go and throw ourselves into the desires, the will and the purpose of the Soul. Mr. Judge, if I remember correctly, says that it is the purpose of the Supreme to raise every atom in the universe to itself. So every effort to transmute the lower into the higher, every battle of beauty against ugliness, of right against wrong, of truth against falseness, is the battle of the Soul. We gain union to the extent to which we co-operate. For union means union of will and purpose as well as union of consciousness. Not long ago, my little daughter came running to me with delight in her eyes: "Daddy," she said, "mother asked me which way I was nearest to her, when I was sitting in her lap, crying because I could not have my own way, or when she was away in New York and I was trying to do what I knew she wanted me to do. And I knew which way I was nearest."

Yet even when our eyes are opened and we are eagerly anxious to get rid of every petty selfish interest, and to throw ourselves wholeheartedly into whatever aspect of the great cause of the Soul has appealed to us, we find that we cannot do it. The tendrils of old desires are wrapped too tightly around material and selfish ends to be loosened in a moment or a year. When we would press forward we

find ourselves held back and even tripped up most unexpectedly and humiliatingly. Our problem then becomes,—how to get ourselves free.

The means to attain this freedom from the tyranny of the lower self is the theme of all religious writings. As Theosophy shows, though the terms may differ, the fundamental principles are the same in all. When the *Upanishads* speak of the need for purity, for letting go all the desires that dwell in the heart, when Krishna speaks of detachment, of disinterestedness, when Buddha speaks of renunciation, or Christ of obedience, they are stressing different aspects of the same great Rule for the conquest of the lower nature. In Christian terms, it is the three vows, Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience.

Every monastic Rule worthy of the name is based on these three vows and represents the effort to apply them most effectively to daily life. Their purpose is always to gain for those who practise them freedom to give themselves completely. This is the explanation and reason for many of the denials and austerities which the modern layman, lacking the ideal, finds so repellent. To the layman the three vows seem merely negative, a continuation of the "Thou shalt not" of the Decalogue, cramping and impoverishing life, taking the colour from it and leaving only grayness and deadness. To the aspirant who, seeing liberty more truly, has actually striven to live by them, they seem like flaming swords to cut the bonds by which he had been tied, freeing him to follow his highest will to the attainment of his heart's desire.

When a man has once recognized his heart's desire and has concentrated the full power of his nature on the effort to attain it, nothing that helps him toward his goal is regarded as a sacrifice and all that holds him back he thinks of as a limitation of his freedom. Freedom to him becomes the ability to attain his desire. Like the athlete about to run a race, in St. Paul's simile, he lays aside every weight and presses toward the mark. In every department of life, concentration is essential for success, and concentration is the gathering together of all that helps and the elimination of all that hinders. Even the mighty Mississippi was too shallow for navigation near its mouth until its waters were held back from the innumerable swamps in which they wasted themselves, and confined in one deep channel. It is the same with a man's life. His energies fritter themselves away in a thousand petty self-indulgences each of which detracts just so much from his ability to attain the one thing he really wants. Many of these self-indulgences are merely habit, the result of thoughtlessly doing what those around us do. Others are due to wrong self-identification, the result of identifying ourselves with desires that sweep over us from without, or with the lower nature and its false, reflected desires. It is when we first see what our heart's desire really is that we begin to reclaim the life and power that we have heretofore been wasting, and to concentrate it on our goal. To our surprise we find that in spite of even an intense desire, this recovery of our own powers, this

re-collection of ourselves is extraordinarily difficult and calls for carefully organized, persistent effort extended over a long time.

In the same way, when a nation goes to war it wishes its full energies, so dissipated in times of peace, to be concentrated on one end, victory. Yet, though every man in it be burning with enthusiasm for what he knows to be a righteous cause, willing, even eager, to give his life for it, the nation finds that its power cannot be made available at once. Its energies must first be withdrawn from the non-essential and concentrated on the essential. Its citizens must be assembled into armies, and those armies must undergo long training, in order to make it possible to apply the full power of which they are capable to the one end in view, the conquest of the enemy.

The organization and training of an army are full of lessons in spiritual law. There above all places, theories are put to the test, and the false principle of action inevitably goes down before the true. No army organized on the basis of mob rule, for instance, has a chance against one following the principle of obedience, the hierarchical principle. We ought to remember, moreover, that the universe is one and is governed by one set of laws. That which applies to an army applies to a government; and applies as well to the government of a man's life as to the government of a nation. It is easier to study these great principles as applied to an army, for there their effects work themselves out in victory or defeat more quickly and more visibly—though not more inevitably—than in other departments of life.

It is interesting to find that all armies, unconsciously to themselves, and solely for the purpose of acquiring the maximum efficiency in the attainment of their end, adopt the Rule of the religious, and are guided by the three great principles of Obedience, Poverty and Chastity. Obedience everyone recognizes as the heart of a soldier's life. Poverty and Chastity are less often thought of in that connection, yet where can better illustrations of Poverty be found than in an army in active campaign? Everything that is unessential is dispensed with. The aim is to have whatever helps in the attainment of the end in view, all that contributes to efficiency and not one thing more. Advancing troops often have to sleep where they are, in the cold and mud, without shelter of any sort. They have at times to go for days without food, sometimes without even water to drink. At best they have no more than is regarded as increasing their efficiency. The army that refused to endure these hardships or that cumbered itself with baggage trains carrying unnecessary luxuries would be beaten before it started. Physical chastity has been practised by athletes for thousands of years as a necessity if a man wishes to gain endurance and strength. The camp followers that once accompanied armies were long ago recognized as fatal to its discipline and efficiency. In short any departure from the spirit of the three vows reduces by that much the power and effectiveness of the army.

It would be a mistake to limit one's view of the three vows to their

outermost expression. They must be made the guiding principles of the mind and of the spirit as well as of the body. The chief purpose of what seems to the recruit to be interminable drills is to instill the habit of instant, instinctive obedience, an obedience so instinctive that the idea of questioning it never enters his head. But it is not enough to give the blind obedience of the body. There must be also the obedience of the mind and heart and will. The subordinate must enter as fully as possible into the thought and purpose of his chief, resolute to carry them out, putting thus at the service of his obedience the full powers of his intelligence, loyalty, and will. It is said that Waterloo was lost because Grouchy followed the letter of instructions received the day before, instead of following what he ought to have known to be the wish of his chief, and marching to the sound of the cannon. As Marshal Foch says in his book, *The Principles of War,* to dodge responsibility by sheltering oneself behind the letter of instructions received, is not obedience.

It is the same with poverty and chastity. It has been said that any thought centred in self is a violation of chastity. Our thought of chastity is almost always purely negative. We think of it as not misusing the creative powers. Yet the symbol of chastity is flame, about the least negative thing we know. Mr. Judge used to say that the two great obstacles to human growth toward the divine, were sex-desires and the sense of separateness, the sense of ourselves as separate from other selves. Thus self-indulgence, vanity, ambition, anything that tends to build up these obstacles becomes wrong for that reason. It is a violation of the spirit of poverty to desire psychic possessions for the psychic self, just as much as it is to desire physical luxuries for the indulgence of the physical body. The pursuit of glory for ourselves alone, the desire to possess the good opinion of others, or their envy, are all contrary to the spirit of poverty. This does not mean that they are always and at all times evil. With many men they are a powerful stimulus for good. Few men are ready to take the three vows in their most outer form, and fewer still are capable of understanding, let alone taking, them on higher planes. Yet it remains true that the more power a man exercises the more essential it is that he should live by these vows.

Military history is full of examples of the defeat of armies because some general desired glory for himself more than the success of his cause. Envy and personal bickerings have wrecked many campaigns. Broadly speaking, that which is asked of the private is for the most part on the physical plane, and if he has learned obedience, circumstances can be counted upon to compel the observance of the requisite degrees of poverty and chastity. But with those who command, the observance of the essence of poverty and chastity must be conscious and deliberate. This of course does not mean that they have to use those terms to themselves. But by whatever name they are called, the fact remains that any violation of those great rules hampers the man's freedom of

action and impairs his efficiency to just that extent. The three vows are the most efficient ways known of getting rid of self, and to get rid of self is the essence of military training and effectiveness. To the degree to which a man thinks of himself, his safety, his comfort, his "rights," even his personal glory as contrasted with the success of his cause, to that degree he becomes unreliable. No one disputes the personal bravery or the military ability of Benedict Arnold. It was the desire to see himself as the General Monk of America, to possess for himself fame in the eyes of his fellows—a violation of the spirit of Poverty—that has made his name a synonym for treachery.

The whole of army life and training tends, as has been said, to make it unnecessary for a man to think of himself. His food and clothing are provided for him. He does not have to concern himself in the least about them nor will it do any good if he does. He does not have to consider where or how he would like to live, or what he would like to do. Once in the service, he does the duty that is assigned to him and goes to the place to which his orders send him. Whether he likes the place or the duty is a matter of no concern at all to any one, and in time it tends to become a matter of little concern to him. He gains thus a degree of freedom from "the intolerable burden of his own will" that is rarely seen elsewhere. Not to think of himself becomes a habit, so that nurses and doctors comment repeatedly on the way in which seriously wounded men, suffering torture in their bodies, forget themselves entirely in their eagerness for news of the battle they have just left.

Men who have left wives and children whom they may never see again, whose businesses built up by years of toil, are ruined beyond redemption, who have given up lives of luxury for unbelievable hardships, nevertheless find deep in their hearts a peace that they have never known before. Hating the horrors of war, longing for it to be over, they are amazed to find on looking back, that they have been happier than ever before in their lives. They return to civil life rejoicing in their bodies at their safety and at the ending of the hardships, and find that contentment has eluded them. They take on once more the burden of personal care, of thought and scheming for themselves alone, striving for money, for social position, for comforts, for whatever it may be, and they wonder vaguely at the sense of oppression that has descended on their spirits. They have been one with a great cause, have risen above themselves and, transcending the narrow limits of the personal life, have lived with the greater life of their cause and have shared in a consciousness far richer than their own.

The tragedy is that for the most part they do not know what they have had, what it is that they miss, or how they may obtain it. They know that a burden has descended upon them from which for a time they had been free. They do not know that they lived for that time with the free life of the soul, and that once having known that greater

life they can never again be content with the less. They do not know that the price of the life of the soul is the death of the desires of the personality; that the warfare between the higher and the lower has not ceased and will not cease; and that, as they found happiness in the outer warfare, so far greater happiness may be found in that inner war. Happiness lies in union with the soul, in the complete giving of ourselves to the cause of the soul. The cause of the Allies in this war was the cause of the soul, the cause of the Master; and to the extent to which they gave themselves to that cause, to that extent men found happiness. Those who went in a spirit of adventure may not have seen beneath the outer horror and the physical suffering. Those who went in self-sacrifice found joy and peace.

The Master still calls all who will hear to His ceaseless warfare for freedom for the souls of men. Freedom from ourselves, from the care and anxiety, from the fret and fever of self-seeking, from "the intolerable burden of our own wills," from the blindness and stupor that follow self-indulgence. The magic weapons that He gives to saints and warriors alike, are the invulnerable shield of poverty, the flame of chastity, and the invincible sword of obedience.

J. F. B. M.

Cheerfulness is a duty we owe to others. There is an old tradition that a cup of gold is to be found wherever a rainbow touches the earth; and there are some people whose smile, the sound of whose voice, whose very presence, seem like a ray of sunshine, to turn everything they touch into gold. Men never break down as long as they can keep cheerful.— LORD AVEBURY.

LODGE DIALOGUES

III

A GROUP of the younger chêlas were gathered around their Little Guru. Their spokesman said, "O kind Conveyer of Wisdom, tell us something of the love of God, and of the will of God, and of heaven."

It was evening in the Lodge garden. The brilliant stars were throbbing against the great vault of the sky. One felt the beating pulse of the earth, the benediction of the heavens.

"The love of God has two meanings," the Little Guru answered. "God's love for us, and our love for God. And again we may meditate upon the nature of God, which, it has been said, is love. But this cannot be done effectively save in the third degree of meditation—the Yoga of Union, when the two become one.

"God's love for us expresses itself in his will for us. This we say we cannot understand,—that so many of his dispensations are baffling, involving, in appearance, only pain and sorrow. And this we say wisely, though often without reflecting upon the basis of its truth. For how could we hope to understand the workings of God's will?"

The speaker paused; and in the ensuing silence, the mystery they were considering blended with the mystery of the night. It seemed that as the darkness hid the material objects visible in the daylight, remembered because in past illumination they had been seen; so also the limitations of the mind obscured the underlying truths of life, upon which the heart securely rested, knowing the existence of that which could not be perceived.

The Little Guru continued: "We never see completely, we never see the whole; and that which comes from God is always complete, because of his perfection. We see but a mere fragment of his will in any one operation of it. And since, moreover, the mind can only discern in terms of duality, that which exists in terms of unity must be to us forever a paradox,—a contradiction truly, as our own will is almost invariably in opposition to the will of God."

"How then shall we ever comprehend God's love for us, when it expresses itself in that which we can never understand?" the chêlas asked.

"Our understanding of the love of God as expressed in his will, lies

in our experience of our love of him; for our love of him is expressed in our submission to his will, and the greater the love, the more complete the submission."

"I see," said one, "for this is true in any real love we may have one for another; our desire then is to discover the will of the other person, and to give ourselves to it."

"By this submission, ever more and more complete," the Guru went on, "love drawing us thereto, we attain to Union; and in Union, Unity, understanding. Short of Unity, understanding there cannot be.

"This is heaven; this is the sea toward which all being tends (as one has said)—that peace which is the aspect of our love of God, united eternally to his love of us, in that perfect union which results from perfect submission to his will, and which in turn results in perfect understanding."

As his voice ceased, the silence of the night deepened; one felt only the throbbing undertone; the mystery was a Presence.

When the Guru rose, the spokesman, bowing reverently, said: "Therefore as the practical lesson of your instruction, O kind Conveyer, we should school ourselves in that submission, as a first step to the Yoga of Union and of Understanding?"

"Yea, children, practise it with all your strength, placing the full power of your will behind your effort. However great the pain, however bitter the tears, look up to the shadow which hides God's face, and bless his will, though every atom in you seem to cry out against it. The atoms will cry and pass. But the will so fixed and steadfast shall endure forever: the faith so faithful cannot fail of its reward."

* * * * * *

O sweet Lodge garden, where the angels linger, where the chêlas talk in undertones in the twilight, where the silence breathes and the fragrance hovers,—ceaseless incense of prayer! O Earthly Paradise, O Eden undefiled! O to close our eyes and to wake up there in the twilight—the morning were too intense after the weariness here—and to meet the long lost brothers in the blessed hush and coolness, the strain gone, and the waiting gone, and the fever gone,—forever!

O Garden Enclosed, at whose gate stands the angel with fiery sword, after long toil may we enter, and say,—Ah! yes, yes, this is true, this is true, I had almost forgotten; the *other* was dreaming.

M.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

Theosophy in Germany

THE situation in Germany among members and former members of The Theosophical Society, is indicated in correspondence printed in this issue of the Quarterly under "T. S. Activities" and "Notes and Comments."

We are thankful that there are any members in Germany who are beginning to get some glimpse of the truth. They deserve great credit. They have earned and they will receive all the help that students of Theosophy in America can give them. They themselves will be the first to desire to answer, before the bar of their own conscience, such questions as these:

1. When and why did they first begin to realize that Germany was in the wrong?

2. Was it before or after they began to see that Germany might lose the war?

3. If Germany had won the war, do they believe that their attitude and feeling would be the same as it is to-day?

We can assure them, most honestly, that if Germany had won the war—if she had destroyed France and England and most of the United States—it would not in the least have modified the convictions expressed in these columns since 1914, namely, that Germany was the willing instrument of the Black Lodge and the enemy of all spiritual light.

Yet, as we have said, to see any fraction of the truth, even at this late date, is highly creditable to these German members. They had everything against them. We are glad, and, for the sake of the Master's cause, we are grateful.

Mr. Raatz and his followers, on the other hand, have seen nothing, have learned nothing. Worse than that, they have added hypocrisy to the long list of their sins. Vanity, disloyalty, duplicity are manifest in all that Mr. Raatz has written and done. He quotes "Cavé" in an effort to prove himself right,—in an effort to prove that those German members who sign the letters we print under Correspondence, have departed from the true principles of Theosophy.

It may interest Mr. Raatz to know that "Cavé", commenting on his article in the *Theosophisches Leben*, and on other pronouncements of his, is reported to have said that Mr. Raatz was pretending to entertain principles which on their face were nonsensical; that he was masquerading, with the old German duplicity, under a cloak of virtue, on the pretext of saving The Theosophical Society.

Not until Mr. Raatz understands, and pleads guilty to that indictment, will he have taken the first step toward understanding Theosophy.

What does he pretend? He pretends to believe that "the effort to bring Germany to consciousness of guilt and to repentance" is contrary to the principles of Theosophy. He quotes "Cavé" to prove this!

He pretends that "the Germany of to-day has nothing in common with the Germany before and during the war." Consequently—he argues—even if Germany before or during the war had sinned, that should not concern himself or other Germans, except, possibly, to the extent that they should strive harder than ever to realize themselves as immortal souls, as spiritual beings.

If proof were needed that the Germany of to-day has everything, instead of nothing, in common with the Germany before and during the war, that proof is supplied by Mr. Raatz himself, who refuses to acknowledge he is in the wrong, and who is furious with that handful of his fellow Germans who, through some miracle of divine grace, are too honest to play his game with him.

However, to reduce Mr. Raatz's argument from its cloudiness to quite simple terms, imagine a yellow-haired man who, after committing a murder, dyes his hair black. Accused of his crime and told he ought to repent, he says: "You are mistaken. I am not the same man. I am a new man. My hair is black. What the yellow-haired man did is no concern of mine. Besides, repentance is weakening. We must be strong. A consciousness of guilt would interfere terribly with a consciousness of my spirituality. I am an exceedingly spiritual person. You must admit that I am an immortal soul. For the sake of the world, for the sake of humanity, for the sake of universal brotherhood,—and even though it were at great personal cost,—I must refuse to admit or to confess any responsibility for the past. Let us meditate. Let us live the inward life, most inwardly. Let us bathe the whole world in love. I will forgive even the man who thinks he was murdered, and whose bones—with scant consideration, if you will pardon me—you persist in dangling before eyes too pure to see them."

It would be waste of time and space if this applied merely to Mr. Raatz. The trouble is, he is typical. The large majority of Germans are like him. Though they do not use the same terms, they talk the same language that he talks. They are hypocrites. And there are fools whom they deceive, besides a multitude who, for their own nefarious purposes, wish to be deceived. So we tell the truth,—believing that Theosophy to be real must be complete,—not left on the plane of ideas as though merely an "inward" thing, but brought into the outer world in terms of daily living. What else is the meaning of discipleship? There is good precedent for the charity which says:

> "Woe unto you, Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayer. . . .

"Woe unto you, hypocrites! because ye say, If we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets.

"Wherefore ye be witnesses unto yourselves, that ye are the children of them which killed the prophets.

"Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers.

"Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell!"

And now, play out your part. Persecute "from city to city" those who, in spite of your protests, in spite of your political trickery, have dared to stretch forth their hands for light and pardon; who have dared, in the very midst of you, to proclaim the truth.

Persecute them,—"that upon you may come all the righteous blood shed upon the earth," from the blood of Christ, whom ye slay again, to the blood of women and of children, outraged and murdered, whose souls shall cry at you for ever.

You were called. To you was given Light, and you rejected it. To you is given more Light, and you will cower, but will pretend that it is Darkness. You are more criminal than those who did the killing. To you, therefore, shall come both their hell and your own. Peace, some day, to your ashes.

The Recorder had written the foregoing, as an expression of his own opinion, before meeting with the friends whose conversation often provides the "copy" for the "Screen of Time." When, at the first opportunity, he read it to them for suggestion or criticism, he found, as he had expected, that they were in hearty agreement with his conclusions. The Historian produced a document, with the remark that it contained a frank explosion of hatred which is morally superior to the attitude of Mr. Raatz. He had found it in the *New York Times* of October 12th, 1919, translated from the *Mitteilungen des Bundes der Deutschen in Nieder-Oesterreich*. We reproduce it for the light it throws on a third and very important aspect of the German psychology:

"In the future we must extend our educational work, and not teach our fellow-countrymen love for other nations, but terrible hatred toward all our adversaries. Down with the lying love of mankind! Down with universal culture, down with humane sentiments! We must be filled only with hate against all that is not German; a deadly hate even to the grave against non-Germans—that is our future watchword.

"May the milk that nourishes our babes contain already the germ of hatred, hatred without limit, which we must carve deep day after day into the memories of our children in school toward all that is not German, a hatred which never sleeps and which

knows no other desire than to crush our enemies. With hate in our hearts, let us march against the mothers and the children of other nations, against the day laborer and the artist, against the employer and the working man; and in order to destroy our enemies let us draw back before no expedient.

"Let us use the weapon of perfidy, of shrewdness, of violence, of dissimulation, and even of cruelty carried to very bestiality. All vileness is free to us. To attain our end we must make use of everything cruel that the human brain can imagine. Only German interests should be sacred to us; and, if we follow this method, in thirty years we shall be masters of the situation. Then all nations will begin again to crawl in the dust before us and to adore us."

The Irish Question

The Recorder then stated that a letter had been received from Germany, asking for information about the Irish question, and stating that some people in Germany are trying to exonerate themselves and their country for what they did in Belgium and France, by alleging that "England is doing the same to Ireland." (The Recorder is free to confess now, that he was speaking the truth, but that he also had designs on the Gael).

"I am glad that question has been broached," said the Gael. But he said no more. There was a pause. Then the Philosopher came to the rescue.

"Hypocrisy," he said, "or perhaps, in this case, dense ignorance. There is not a single point of comparison. Apart from the fundamental and radical differences between the two situations, England is treating Ireland with extravagant gentleness. Suppose that the Bretons of Brittany in France were to behave as the Sinn Feiners are behaving in Ireland,—and the Irish are just as closely connected, both geographically and racially, with the English, as the Bretons are with the French. Suppose that, during the war, instead of fighting heroically for France, as the Bretons fought, they had been 'not only openly disloyal, but openly pro-German'—which is what Admiral Sims has written of the Sinn Feiners. How would France have treated them, I would like to know! And it must be remembered that the Bretons have more to forgive France, from the past, than the most rabid Sinn Feiner can allege truthfully against England."

"Suppose", commented the Historian, "that some tribes of our Indians, the original possessors of our soil, and still nursing a sense of the injuries done them not many generations ago,—suppose these Indians were to defy our laws, were to set up a Congress and were to elect a President of their own, and were to murder on sight every soldier and police officer sent to keep them in order. Suppose, also, that all through

the war they had done their best to betray the United States and to aid Germany, and that they were to maintain, year after year, a bitterly anti-American propaganda in Canada, Mexico, England and France. What would we do? We would shoot every mother's son of them, and rightly."

"Listen to this", said the Gael, at last. "This is an Associated Press despatch from Belfast, dated October 26th, which was published in the *New York Times,* and presumably in other daily papers also. It reads:

" 'The Rev. E. A. Foy, rector of Linsadill, a lonely country district, near Armagh, was shot by masked men Saturday night, and is in a critical condition in the Armagh Infirmary. The men called at the rector's house on the pretense of borrowing a motor jack, and escaped after the shooting.

" 'Mr. Foy's two sons joined the British Army in Canada early in the war, one of them gaining a commission in an Ulster regiment.'

"That kind of thing is going on all over Ireland, and some of these black-hearted creatures—I don't mean the Spaniard, Valera—would like, if they knew how, to be mistaken for Gaels."

"What does Sinn Fein mean anyhow?" he was asked.

"Literally it means 'Ourselves,' " the Gael answered. "And I suppose it was natural that such a word, implying concentration upon self, should come to be synonymous with treason and treachery and crime. . . . May the sorrow of sorrows be theirs."

"You ought to read that article by Admiral Sims, in *The World's Work* for last November, if you have not done so already," said the Historian. "Every American ought to read it. Over and over again, some lonely American sailor, a stranger in a strange land, wandering through the streets of Cork on a visit from Queenstown, would be set upon by half a dozen roughs and beaten into insensibility. These American sailors were fighting Germany, and the Sinn Feiners, according to the Admiral, were doing everything in their power to help Germany. With their assistance German agents and German spies were landed in Ireland. So the presence of the American fleet, with many men of Irish descent among its personnel, was an offence which the Sinn Feiners found intolerable."

"You will have noticed too," added the Student, "that efforts have been made in the public press to exonerate Sinn Fein on the ground that a large number of Irish soldiers fought in the Allied armies, and that this aroused one of the few American journalists who were attached officially to the United States Navy on foreign service,—Mr. Henry Beston Sheahan, who wrote:

> " 'This is too much. . . . Sinn Fein not only did everything in its power to prevent the enlistment of these brave men, but also has, since their return to Ireland, so persecuted and embittered them, that the Irish press is full of their story. His neighbours

maliciously set against him by Sinn Fein propaganda, disowned by friends and business associates, an outcast in the land which he preserved from German domination, the tragedy of the Irish soldiers is the most poignant of the war.' "

"I wish they would let me govern Ireland for a month or two!" This was from the Engineer. Some of us wished so too. "More dream-theories", he went on; "more sentimental balderdash! How I hate it! Self-determination! Every lunatic in every lunatic asylum demands that. Every rebellious child in every nursery demands that. Every criminal and every drunkard and every kicker everywhere, wants to set up a little hell of his own and to play around in it at the expense of other people. Self-determination in Ireland! Why there are a dozen 'selves' in Ireland."

"But you must admit that Sinn Fein is the noisiest of them", commented the Historian.

"Yes,—the noisiest and also the most unscrupulous. They speak and act for the worst. . . . England is absolutely misled in regard to the feeling about Ireland in this country. And it is a pity, because it constantly influences her Irish policy. Anxious to preserve the friendship of the United States, she mistakes the talk of politicians for the will and sentiment of intelligent Americans, and, imagining that this country sympathizes at least with the aims of the Sinn Feiners, she is afraid that her relations with us would be strained if she were to act firmly against those ruffians. As I see it, the vast majority of the American people are sick of the whole Irish business. They are not merely uninterested. They feel that the subject has been exploited for local political ends, and that anyhow it has been talked to death. A man like Valera comes over here chiefly to impress the people of England with the idea that he is making trouble, and that they had better 'watch out'. He attains his end by means of press despatches based upon imaginary programs which his agents supply to local papers. Thus, some Philadelphia paper announced that the 'President' of the 'Irish Republic' was due to arrive on such and such a day and would address a mass meeting in Independence Square; that Governor Sproul would preside; that Mayor Smith would make an address of welcome; that Valera would hold a reception in Independence Hall. When the day arrived, there was no meeting in Independence Square; Governor Sproul was out of town; Mayor Smith was out of town; and the only evidence of a 'reception' in Independence Hall was a gathering of about thirty or forty persons who were hanging around the doors, waiting for a 'reception' to arrive! But it was Valera's program, not the facts, which appeared in the British press."

"If Valera and his Sinn Feiners have any following in this country among native born Americans", said the Sage, "it is due to the sentimental dreaming which the Engineer denounced".

CAPITAL AND LABOUR

"Just as a further illustration of it", he continued, "I have here an account from the morning paper summarizing the results of the recent Industrial Conference. Let me read a few lines:—

" 'What was not brought out clearly was that both capital and labour owe to society—which is inclusive of capital and labour—a duty to produce in quantity at the lowest possible cost commensurate with the protection of both capital and labour, all of the "things" that are necessary to keep up the proper, just, and humane standards of modern life.' "

"Too vague a use of terms", interrupted the Student. "For one thing, just what is meant by capital?"

"Yes", added the Youth, "and what is labour? We hear enough about it now-a-days; but labour in the abstract—what would it be?"

"Quite so", continued the Sage. "This is a good instance of the loose use of words supposed to accord with facts, but which actually deal only with fancies. We are told, for instance, that it is the duty of capital to produce in quantity at the lowest possible cost, and so forth. And what is capital? Irrespective of theoretical definitions, it is quite obvious that the speaker does not refer to capital in the abstract, but to money owned by individuals. It follows that he is speaking of the duty of individuals who own money. Who are these individuals? Let us take a typical instance: here is a man who, as a result of many years of hard work, has been able to save some ten thousand dollars. He has a wife and children who are dependent upon him. He needs to invest his money. Clearly it is his duty to think of his wife and children in the event of his death. He seeks some security which he believes to be safe and which is likely to bring him a good return on his capital. Can any one seriously suggest that he should ask himself whether the security he is about to purchase is of a type which promotes the production of the things 'that are necessary to keep up the proper, just, and humane standards of modern life,' while protecting the interests both of abstract capital and of abstract labour?"

"I am still in the dark as to what labour is," interjected the Youth.

"Labour in the abstract is non-existent, of course," said the Student. "What is meant is the labour of the labouring man of any kind, anywhere."

"Yes," agreed the Sage, "and the duty of the labouring man—whether he recognizes it or not—is to work as hard as he can, so as to make as much money as he can for his wife and family. If he will do this, that is to say, if he will attend to his job, and will do his best for that which is immediate and objective and in no sense abstract, the general result will be that he will produce as much as in him lies,—that is, unless he is interfered with, and is forbidden by a Labour Union to work for more than so many hours, or to work any harder than the laziest of his

fellow-workmen deems proper. In no circumstances, however, can it be his duty to accept or reject work because of some fanciful obligation of the kind our theorist suggests."

IDEALS AND DREAMS

"Whichever way you turn," said the Philosopher, "you find the same unholy satisfaction with generalities. The entire process is psychic. Ultimate ideals are treated as if they were just round the corner. For instance, if I were to believe that man will ultimately evolve physically to a point at which he will draw nitrogenous nourishment directly from the air, and will thus escape the need to eat, as we now understand eating,— it would not follow that I could or should attempt now to put into practice the method of perhaps millions of years hence. In fact, if I were to attempt it now, I would starve to death. I must leave such possible development to take care of itself. There is nothing I can do to further it."

"Quite true, in that instance," said the Objector. "And yet, you would not advise, as a general rule, leaving developments to take care of themselves, would you?"

"Of course not," replied the Philosopher. "There are cases in which a man must begin in the present to work toward an ultimate goal. The engineer, the artist, the scientist, the business manager,—all see an ideal, a goal, and they try to work toward it. They do not try, if they are wise, to jump at it. They proceed one step at a time. They lay their plans. They prepare their material. They provide themselves with instruments. They make sure of their foundation. Without the ideal, the goal,—they accomplish nothing. They cannot even stand still; because unless a man moves forward he moves backward. But an ideal, a goal, remains a dream and a subversive dream,—a dream which disintegrates the dreamer —unless it be dealt with practically, with due consideration of facts as they are."

"Isn't that just the difference," said the Sage, "between the theorist and the man of affairs? In religion, in art, in science, in business, in politics, you find men who see nothing; other men who see a goal but who do nothing; yet other men who see and who proceed with full recognition of obstacles to be overcome,—and then those who see an ideal, a goal, but who ignore the facts which stand between them and their objective, and who try to jump to the stage at which eating, as you suggested, will no longer be necessary to support life."

"Yes," said the Philosopher. "It is a commonplace in business, in science and in art. Unfortunately, as a law of life, it is not as well understood in the domain of politics and in that of religion."

"Right in line with this," interjected the Student, "I have been reading a remark by Taine to the effect that in all sciences the difficulty consists in presenting before our mind's eye, by means of various

phenomena, the real object such as it exists in itself, outside ourselves, and without confusing it with our preconceived ideas about it. Clearly, this is equally true in connection with all wise action, whether in commerce or in war, in medicine or in surgery. The essential thing is to see a fact, and to subordinate one's own thought to the fact, because the fact exists and we are able to control it just to the extent to which we are able to see it and to accept it."

"That would mean," said the Sage, "that before anyone undertakes to draw up laws for a particular nation, or for a particular state of society, he ought to ask himself how his proposal will apply to certain individuals whom he personally knows, and to their problems and needs. Merely to theorize about what ought to be just laws, tends to create endless confusion and to result in endless injustice."

"Yet this is the kind of thing," remarked the Student, "that is constantly being done in the name of idealism. That is one of the directions in which Theosophy is so infinitely needed—theosophical idealism; for theosophical idealism is based upon the knowledge of facts, physical as well as spiritual, and makes due allowance for the different stages of evolution which men have reached. A student of Theosophy does not regard an African savage as having the same responsibilities as a man of education and culture. He holds that it would be unfair to the savage. But this is only another way of saying that he does not theorize about all men being born free and equal. He knows by observation that they are not equal, just as he knows by observation that no man, unless he be master of his own lower nature, is free."

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

"What you people have been saying," remarked the Artist, "seems to me to have a very direct bearing on the problem of the League of Nations. I do not believe in it, as you know. But I have heard it argued that no matter what we may think of the League from the standpoint of the interests of the United States, it is obviously in the interest of France that America should be a party to the covenant. France would then have the guarantee, it is said, of America's assistance in the event of an attack by Germany. Personally, I believe that France would be weakened, not strengthened, by any such paper guarantee.

"In the first place, I do not believe that a Democracy can be relied upon to keep an agreement. It is not capable, and it would not claim to be capable, of being actuated by the motive, *noblesse oblige*. In fact, Democracy as we now know it, would repudiate indignantly any such sentiment . . . . You will understand, of course, that I am not using the word Democracy in its narrow political sense, as opposed to Republicanism, but in its true sense of 'government by the *demos*', the crowd."

"Forgive me for interrupting you," broke in the Employer, "but I do happen to know from experience that what you have just said is only too true. A Labour Union, or, irrespective of Unions, a group of workmen, will enter into a written agreement obligating them to continue at work at a certain rate of pay for a certain number of months. Quite regardless of this, if they see their opportunity 'to hold up' their employer, they will in many cases break their agreement without a moment's hesitation. I infer that the United States, being a Democracy and being controlled in the last analysis by the votes of men who, in any case, are of the same kind as those who make up Labour Unions, will hold to an agreement only so long as it seems to be necessary or profitable to do so."

"We know from the past," said the Sage, "that it takes at least two years for the conscience and honour of the nation, represented by the real Americans, to work its way down to the rank and file. All of us know that in 1914 and 1915, the feeling in this country was against taking part in the war. President Wilson was re-elected on that platform."

"Yes," continued the Artist, "and in case of a further attack by Germany on France, a delay of two years might be fatal. Germany would always claim that she had been attacked first, or that conditions had been made so intolerable for her that she had been compelled to adopt 'a strategical defensive'! Instantly, in Congress, the question of peace or war would become a party issue. It is always easy to find a pretext for inaction when you do not want to do something, and when you do not feel bound by the moral obligation of doing it anyhow merely because you said you would.

"Meanwhile," he went on, "if France, instead of living in her armour, takes off her armour, as she is now doing; if even a man like Clemenceau talks about disarmament and recommends it,—it means that instead of relying upon her own strength—not to speak of God's—she is relying upon the power of this country and upon the armed forces of this country. In other words, she is relying upon a delusion. Instead of dealing with facts and basing her existence upon facts, she is committing the far too usual folly of depending upon hopes and fancies."

"Germany is undoubtedly doing the best she knows how to prepare for her next war," remarked the Historian. "Her leading men are as determined as ever to conquer the world both economically and in a military sense."

"But is it not true," questioned the Objector, "that France would gain if she were to do away with her military establishment for, let us say, five years? She would save that much money and it would give her that much better opportunity to recover her strength economically. She is not in a position at the present time to wage war. She is impoverished and disorganized. She would save not only under the head of taxation if she did not have to support a large army, but also because

some five hundred thousand men, who would otherwise be under the colours, would not be withdrawn from productive labour."

"You will admit," replied the Artist, "that your argument depends upon the theory that if, let us say five hundred thousand men are withdrawn from productive labour, the total output of the country thereupon suffers. Was that true of Germany in 1913? It might be said that Germany produced more because of her state of preparedness. We cannot prove either proposition, but one statement has at least as much to support it as the other, and personally my belief is that if a nation is conscious of her danger, if she relies upon herself, if she aims to be prepared at all points to defend herself, the result is a far greater productivity than when she leans back and thinks herself safe."

"Nothing worse for a man," laughed the Clergyman, "than to feel safe. He is headed the other way without knowing it!"

"In the case of a nation," continued the Artist, "the result is a general relaxation—not only of the moral fibre, but a relaxation in terms of daily effort. For one thing, men are much less likely to strike for impossible wages, or to squander money on luxuries, if they believe that they and their wives and children are in danger, and if they believe that the ability of their country to resist depends, at least to some extent, upon their own frugality and energies.

"Marshall Foch has made it perfectly clear that he does not think that France is safe. But he will be regarded, and is already beginning to be regarded, as a military crank who is always imagining dangers. Lord Roberts was regarded in exactly the same way in 1913 in England.

"But my whole objection to the League of Nations is that it is based upon delusion. Disarmament is splendid—as an ideal. It will no doubt be practicable when the millennium arrives. In mediaeval Italy every householder had to turn his house into a fortress and to arm himself against his neighbours. If he did not do it, he was criminally negligent. He had to do it. The time had not arrived when he could do otherwise. Internationally, we are still at about the same stage of civilization. To pretend we are not, merely because we regret that we are, is the kind of folly I find particularly exasperating because it cloaks itself in a garb of idealism."

"So we end where we began," said the Old Member,—"'There is no religion higher than Truth'!" T.

LETTERS TO STUDENTS

July 6th, 1912.

DEAR ———

As I looked through your letter, the one thing that jumped out at me was—that you *envy* our activity; and that you chafe greatly at your own quiet existence at——. Dear friend, if I were foolish enough to envy anybody anything, which at least theoretically I am not, it would be you, for your aforesaid quiet life and your enforced inactivity in your pretty and peaceful country home. I positively long for the green grass and for the quiet; and we are all of us trying very hard to be good enough to deserve a chance to get away in the course of two or three weeks to some small place where we can have a chance to *think*, instead of being compelled all the time to *do*.

All of this may be human, but it is very silly; because the fact is that we are in exactly the place we ought to be in, doing exactly the things we ought to be doing; and if we had it in our power, as in fact we have, to change things, we should not be foolish enough to do so, because that would argue such a lack of faith that we should at once have to give up all thought of being or of trying to be disciples.

As a matter of fact, one of the things that we have got to learn, not as a statement which we accept, but as a living vital realization, is that the circumstances and conditions of our lives at every moment are just what we need. This is a truism, almost a platitude; but it becomes pregnant with meaning the very moment we actually understand it; and it becomes full of meaning not only once but every day and every hour of our lives. We should live from moment to moment in the light of this belief.

If one of your children becomes ill and gives you pain and distress, you may be resigned, you may be courageous, but you are not getting the spiritual meaning out of the situation unless you can also see *why* that kind of suffering is good for you at that time, and what lesson it is that you still need to learn, that you can learn through a comprehension of the facts.

It is not very easy to do this; in fact it is very difficult, for we are not unprejudiced observers. It is much easier to make these observations in the case of another person of whose circumstances we have intimate knowledge, than it is to do it with ourselves. But it can be done and it must be done, sooner or later.

I think that a quiet life and a period of retirement are often given us for two reasons: one, because our brains have become so active as to be barriers to actual progress, and then it is desirable that all external stimulus to mental action should be removed; the other is because it is necessary for us to reflect upon our lives and the lessons which we ought

to learn, and which our lives are designed to teach us, so that we may get the full benefit of our experiences.

I think the latter is more likely to be true in your case; and anyhow it will not hurt for you to act as if it were so! I would suggest that you try to get and to read books of the Saints, because we can understand many of our own experiences when we see them reflected in others and lived out by others.

With best wishes, I am

Very sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

January 25th, 1913.

DEAR ————

I must again apologize for having let so long a time go by without writing to you, but the truth is that I am incessantly busy and have not the time needed to do all I have to do. . . .

But please do not get the idea that you are in any way dependent upon me for help. I am only one way in which the Master is helping you, and one of the least important. Everyone with whom you come in contact may have a message from him; every duty surely has; while above all he is constantly reaching you direct through your own heart. It is there that you must really learn to know and talk to him; where you must be seeking him incessantly; listening to him uninterruptedly; trying to discover his plan for you— his detailed plan which covers every hour of each day. Nothing is too insignificant to take to him and ask his advice about. Talk to him as you would to a friend, a wise and loving friend, whom you could see and hear with your physical senses. Use your imagination to make these conversations as real as you can. Go so far as to say to yourself, when you are alone in your room, at prayer or meditation time: "Now I shall ask the Master to come and sit in that chair opposite me and to talk to me." Behave just as you would if he could be seen to come into the room and sit down in the chair you had made ready for him. Do this regularly. Some day you will suddenly wake up to the realization that he actually is there and actually was talking to you and actually was saying the things which you thought your imagination was attributing to him. As a matter of fact he will actually be there long before you can see or hear him. You will feel him first. Remember that he is most anxious, eagerly anxious to reach you directly; most solicitous for you to get rid of the mental barriers which now cloud your vision—for they are mostly mental barriers, lack of faith, disbelief in your own power to do this wonderful thing. Granted that you cannot, you can still safely assume that he can and will, when he sees that it would be safe for you, and you are no judge of when that moment arrives, so you must be ready always.

We should treat our bodies as we would a good horse. Feed it the kind and quantity of food it ought to have for the kind and amount of work it does, without much, if any, regard for what the horse likes. Give it the amount of work it can do, but no more. It is only on some occasional emergency that we have to whip or over-exert it, and if we do, we give it a longer rest thereafter. Exercise it when there is no work for it to do. Be kind to it, but make it render implicit obedience.

The essence of courtesy is sympathy. We must be able to feel what the other person would like us to do or say or be, and then, so far as we rightly can, we must do or say or be that thing.

It is, I think, always possible to talk to anyone in terms which are strictly Christian and yet not have to omit a single Theosophical idea. Almost the only difficulty is reincarnation, and you can get round that by speaking vaguely of living after death and endless progress, both of which are sufficiently orthodox.

I must stop this long letter, but before I do so I want to send you a word of personal sympathy for the pain and suffering you are going through. All I can say is that it is our invariable experience in after times to look back on such periods with thankfulness. They pay. It is hard to realize it at the time, when we are feeling very tired and discouraged; but we know deep down in our hearts that it does pay, and that we would not have it otherwise. So we have courage to go on.

Believe me, as always,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

February 11th, 1913.

DEAR ————

* * * * * * * *

I should like to say generally that you must not be content to live out your daily round of duties, and efforts at self-conquest, and the keeping of your rule. These are well enough as means to an end. But remember the *end*. You want to reach the Master, to know him, to talk to him, to have him talk to you, and tell you what to do, so that you can serve him. Be content with nothing short of these. Think of them. Long for them. Strive after them.

You need to be more positive in your attitude; to be reaching out for more; to be aggressive and virile; and not spend so much of your time and thought about your sins and your weaknesses and failures. Acquire virtues and your sins will look out for themselves—that is, they will slough off.

You have often read and heard that we should look on our troubles and trials as opportunities, but you do not think this out.

Suppose, for a moment, you look at it from above. Imagine the situation from the point of view of the Master. You are a soul that he

loves and wishes to help. He looks at you and sees faults you must conquer, and past sins you must expiate, before you can be free. He weaves these two things together. He takes the forces of your own creation, which must work out, and he moulds them and guides them so that, as you exhaust them, you have the opportunity to acquire the virtues you lack, or to get rid of your faults. He wants this double process completed as soon as possible, because he knows that until it is complete you cannot be permanently happy. Therefore he allows the pressure of these double forces to descend upon you as heavily as you will permit, and as your strength and devotion and aspiration will stand.

Looked at this way, what room is there for self-pity—for complaint —for ingratitude? Even discouragement and depression are out of place, though not so contradictory.

You make a barrier by your statement and your thought that you cannot feel the Master. You can and do. Only your brain does not realize it, partly because it says it cannot. Try to feel him. Feeling comes before either hearing or sight.

It is prosaic, but true, that the condition of our liver has a great deal of effect upon our religious life. Of course it ought not to be so, but it is.

One thing you say, I am afraid is nonsense. You know perfectly well that if you were the Master you would find no difficulty in loving anyone who tries as hard and as steadily as you do. Do you think him less patient and less forgiving than you would be?

With kindest regards, I am

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

March 17th, 1913.

DEAR ————

* * * * * * * *

Remember that your real life is more likely to be represented by the infinitude of little, instinctive, unconscious acts of daily life, than by the more important things you think about and decide in, and with, your mind.

I think we get love of nature straight from the Master. He has a passionate love of beauty and especially of natural beauty. I also think we can get very near him through the beauty of nature and our appreciation of it. Furthermore, I feel sure that he enjoys our love and enjoyment of it and that we also can enjoy it with his appreciation of it, *if we are in the fit mood.*

Intuition may be defined as a conscious reaction of the mind to the knowledge of the soul. But this is only what you said at more length.

There are two kinds of Karma; that which follows the breaking of a law of the universe (ignorance does not matter); the other kind of

Karma, and the much more serious kind, follows conscious wrong doing; sinning against knowledge of right.

We may, and in some respects all of us do, follow a wrong or an imperfect ideal, but if we follow it honestly and faithfully, it is our honesty and our faith and our effort which count, not what we do.

It is late and I must stop. With kindest regards, I am

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

April 7th, 1913.

DEAR ————

* * * * * * * *

If you act in good faith—trying your best to answer a friend's question—the Master will take care of the results. Your business is to do your best and not to worry about the outcome.

Vicarious atonement is a perfectly good Theosophical doctrine. We are all of us constantly suffering, bearing—others' sins. Think of the amount of this done by the average good mother. We can pray a man into heaven.

Remember that the Master, in addition to being love, sweetness, sympathy incarnate, is also the greatest warrior, the ablest general in the world to-day. He is also a past-master as a diplomat, and finally is the ablest of business men. We have a tendency to restrict our conception of him.

With kindest regards, I am

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

June 22nd, 1913.

DEAR ————

It seems to me you are doing very well, but do not be content to jog along in a rut. You have a definite ideal in your heart. You want to reach to clear, conscious communication with the Master. Do not be content with anything else, and concentrate your efforts toward that one point. Keep it ever in mind. Make your rule of life, your daily practices, converge toward that consummation. Do not let your mind, and doubts of your ability to do this thing, stand in your way. It is often the very last barrier that has to be broken down.

You have expressed, many times, warm gratitude to the Master for all he has done for you. Well, you can repay all this, and much more that you do not know about, *by becoming what he wishes you to become—his conscious disciple*. This is within your power, and the road is the

road you have been following;—daily, hourly recollection and discipline, with this goal consciously in mind.

I think you have taken an important step forward in these last weeks. Try to maintain all the gain. Fight against depression and discouragement, and be patient with your own physical disabilities.

With kindest wishes, I am

Sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

August 2nd, 1913.

DEAR ————

* * * * * * * *

You must fight against depression and discouragement, realizing that they come from your physical condition. The Master said not so long ago, of a chêla who has much to do with the work on inner planes, that you cannot defeat him, because you cannot discourage him.

I think your definition of prayer very good. The one I like best is simply "talking with the Master." One should pray for anything. There is nothing too small or too insignificant for the Master to be interested in. Most people try to be too what they call spiritual in their prayers, and consequently are vague and indefinite. I pray for anything I want, for myself or for anyone else, but always with the proviso that his will and not mine should prevail.

With best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

(To be continued)

You have not fulfilled every duty, unless you have fulfilled that of being pleasant.—CHARLES BUXTON.

REVIEWS

The Heart's Domain, by Georges Duhamel, translated by Eleanor Stimson Brooks, The Century Co., New York.

Georges Duhamel belongs to that comparatively small but very talented group of French writers, of which Henri Barbusse and Romaine Rolland are perhaps the best known exponents. Their common spirit is a sentimental materialism, which is more German than French in origin and character, but which they clothe in a beauty of diction and lucidity of style that is their own native birthright. In consequence, they have done, and are doing, much harm; for in their books the enemy is presented to us in the loved guise of a friend.

Denying the immortality of the soul, they see present human happiness as the only good, and present suffering as the only evil. Their powerful pictures of the misery of war are unrelieved by any true perception of the nobility and heroism to which its courageous acceptance has given birth; and their thought emanates an insidious pacifism, like a poisonous gas, that enervates our spirit until we rise above it into the clear clean airs of eternal realities.

The Heart's Domain does not deal explicitly with the war, though it was written during it. It is a collection of essays upon what the author would have us consider "the inner life", "the sublime and familiar colloquy that every being pursues with the better part of himself". He turns to this inner domain of the heart, not for explanation of the outer life, or for strength and inspiration with which to meet its duties, but rather as a refuge from the reality of its pain. Set over, thus, against reality, every thought or vision of beauty that he gives us is made, itself, unreal. We move, as in a dream, through a world empty of all solid substance. The exquisite writing, terse and brilliant aphorisms, and wealth of imagery which mark the book, offer no nourishment to mind or heart, but only a cloying sweetness that soon becomes utterly repulsive. There is a tragic poverty in such a heart's domain as this—in such an anaemic, psychic counterfeit of the robust and virile reality of the true inner life. But it would be more tragic if it were not so largely wilful. On every page it is as though the author said, "On reality I will not feed. I choose to starve. But I shall starve gazing at the fancied flower of the root I will not eat. Come you, and gaze and starve with me."

It is a book that may help to make the readers of the QUARTERLY even more grateful for their knowledge of Theosophy, particularly because it has been reviewed very favourably in this country by those who either have not read it, or who have accepted it at its surface value. H. M.

Writing about the war, men continue to reveal themselves. That is all they can do. They cannot describe the war itself, because the war was so much bigger than themselves. So they describe the reaction of bits of the war upon their own nerves and minds and hearts. Some, like Dawson, and like many French writers,

show up splendidly. Many others reveal, not the horrors of war as they imagine, but their own poverty of soul. Among such writers are men of education, able to describe brilliantly the incidents and feelings they observed. But what confirmation of Emerson's profound saying, "He may see what he maketh"!

Among such writers is "A Corporal", author of *Field Ambulance Sketches*, published by John Lane Company, whose imprint is so often a recommendation. And the book has had a good reception by reviewers. None the less, its spirit and its limited horizon—its superficiality—are grievous. They are epitomized in this sentence: "We know that war is a foul tissue of crime and beastiality which no consideration of national expediency can possibly excuse or explain." "Expediency": as if that were the point! To fight and to die for right, for principle, for justice, for honour, because *noblesse oblige*, is what thousands of men did. "A Corporal" does not honour them, or himself, by describing the war as he describes it. Verily,—we find what we bring. T.

The Green Book—"Church Membership—what it is, what are its privileges and obligations, and what is its end," by Mrs. Horace Brock, Philadelphia, Pa. Price, 50 cents.

This book, issued by St. Mark's League of Intercession in connection with the "Every Name" campaign in the Episcopal Church, was sent us through the mails, and we are glad to call the attention of our readers to it. It is "an attempt to provide an inexpensive book that can be largely used, if found useful, telling in a simple way what church membership means."

There is real need for such a work—for one of the most astonishing characteristics of the Episcopal Church in America is the depth of the ignorance of its members as to what their church actually stands for and teaches. The mere "going to church" does not greatly help to remove this ignorance, for, as Mrs. Brock says: "Half of the sermons one hears on Sundays, even from men who hold the Faith, could be preached by sectarians, and one-third of them by Unitarians." She quotes, also, the story of Bishop Fisk asking a college student what he would suggest his preaching about to the University, and receiving the answer: "Suppose *for a change*, you give us some straight Christianity; we get mighty little of it from the College preachers." But however the modern fashion may have swung to sermons on politics and poetry, industrial relations and labour legislation or what not, there have been great sermons by great preachers, on the truths for which the church stands, and one aim of Mrs. Brock's book is to lead its readers to study these for themselves. Her own exposition is clear and valuable, though often very narrow,—as she fails to realize the significance of the strategic position of her church, standing with the catholicism of Rome on the one hand, and the dissenting Protestant denominations on the other. She needs Theosophy, and will have none of it.

She means, indeed, to be very explicit in her rejection of Theosophy; but her punctuation has played her false, for in the leaflet which accompanies the book she writes: "Religion may be said to be the topic of the day. *People are seeking a religion and Theosophy*, [italics ours] Christian Science, New Thought, Socialism, Spiritualism and other false religions and philosophies are spending great sums of money and putting forth great efforts to make disciples and supplant the Christian religion in this country." She clearly intended at least a semicolon after "religion," to separate it from "Theosophy." But the compassionate Lord of Karma must have noted her goodness of motive and refused to let her ignorance sunder what belonged together, and saved her from the absurdity of the statement that "Theosophy" was "spending great sums of money . . . to supplant Christianity."

H. M.

The Undying Fire, A Contemporary Novel, by H. G. Wells, published by The Macmillan Company.

The Undying Fire is the Book of Job taken bodily from the Old Testament and transposed with quite extraordinary finesse and literary skill into the modern key. In the Job Huss of this book, Job lives again, and again threshes out his problems and comes to his conclusions—the same soul-and-body crushing problems—the same divine conclusions. Even those who do not like Wells—and they are many—may better, at this juncture, pocket their distaste, for this is not a book to miss. It is done by a man whose passion it has ever been to watch with untiring patience the world in which he finds himself, and to pass on to his fellows the results of his scrutiny. This method, in Mr. Wells's case, has led him and his readers down strange paths and over many an arid waste. He has sought and found himself in his books, and whether you have enjoyed the search with him has been no concern of his—his recording daimon has possessed him. All through his youth he occupied himself exclusively with the world of shows (except for various excursions into the realms of pure fancy), bringing to this task, even his most ardent admirers must confess, a quite terrifying audacity and a determination to outline panaceas that resulted in acres of boresome writing; for if the world may be roughly divided into panaceaists and non-panaceaists, we must perforce class Mr. Wells with the former, and thereby find him so much the less an artist. Who was it who said that the trouble with Mr. Wells is that he is so incurably "tidy"? He has seen a world of unnecessary waste, confusion and ugliness, and by the bent of his particular genius has been too easily sure that some little patented remedies would help us. When someone says,—

> "If twenty maids with twenty mops swept it for half a year,
> Do you suppose, the Walrus said, that they could get it clear?"—

Mr. Wells always wants to rush out and buy the mops.

Now he is not so sure. There is a rift in his fine old materialism. The Wind of the Spirit is blowing where it listeth and it is blowing through Mr. Wells' brain. He has been suspecting the existence of God for some time and at last he has written a book with God in it. With this Job of the year 1918, Satan—as of old—is given his will. He may not destroy utterly, but he may rend, and torture and ruin—and he does. There are *no* panaceas, no cut and dried solutions for such problems as are here presented. The hand of the Lord, through the agency of his servant Satan, is heavy upon Job. As he lies waiting for the coming of the eminent London surgeon who is to operate upon him for an incurable disease, he talks with his three miserable comforters, and that talk is a veritable *tour de force* of wit, humour and wisdom—its faithful adherence to its Biblical model ensures this. Then, as suddenly as the clouds had gathered, they disappear. The great surgeon's diagnosis has been a mistaken one; the son who was lost in the war is found to be safe; his wife, unequal to his hour of trial, comes back to him again, a humbled human woman; fortune showers gifts upon him; the work to which he had devoted his life is to go on—once more the smile of God has changed the world, but not until from the heart of pain and loss the ancient clarion cry has again rung out, "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him, for I *know* that my Redeemer liveth!"

S.



QUESTION No. 239.—*Will someone help me to reconcile two estimates of Greek art which seem to me diametrically opposed? The one which seems to me typical of the original position of the T. S., on this and other kindred matters, is expressed in this way in "Through the Gates of Gold," page 72: "The great Greek poets saw this apparition [that of Nemesis] so plainly that their recorded observation has given to us younger and blinder observers the idea of it. . . . And in this we may notice, by the way, one distinct value of the study of the classics,—that the great ideas and facts about human life which the superb ancients put into their poetry shall not be absolutely lost as are their arts." While in a recent* QUARTERLY *[October, 1917, pp. 116-127] one reads: "Greek civilization is the culmination of the cycle of childhood. . . . The entire Greek race, like some five year old child, was incapable of a feeling that could stir themselves or us." (Page 118.) It is the reason given for this astonishing statement which to me is the important thing. On page 119: "The endowment of humanity with heart was accomplished by the Incarnation. . . . The Greeks could not write such emotions and sentiments about the world of nature or about human relations, as Shelley and Wordsworth have written, because they could not feel them; and they could not feel them because they were not yet facts to be felt. The Logos did not dwell with the Greeks—He was transcendent only. . . . The Greeks in their whole life, hence inevitably in their Art and Philosophy—were superficial; though they are not to blame for that. They saw clearly what there was to see—namely, a surface." Are these the "superb ancients" referred to in the first quotation?*

ANSWER.—*Light on the Path* makes clear, what Lao-Tse had already pointed out and illustrated twenty-five centuries ago, that spiritual truth can be expressed only in a paradox: in two statements which appear diametrically opposed. The reason is, that the dual mind breaks into two seeming opposites the single truth which comes down into it, from the spirit. The wise thing to do, in presence of two such statements, is to look for the single spiritual truth, of which they are the two sides, just as the apex of the triangle is equally related to the two ends of the base. In the case of this question, the apex of the triangle, the spiritual truth which resolves the discord, is the Law of Cycles, so constantly emphasized by Mme. Blavatsky. The flowering of Greek art was the culmination, the seventh round, if you wish, of a cycle. Early Christian art is the beginning, the first round, of the next manvantara. Because it is the seventh round, Greek art is, for that round, perfect, a model, an ideal representation, of perfection. Because it belongs to a new manvantara, Christian art, like the Christian revelation, has in it something new, something that never appeared before; but also, just because it is a first round, it has the imperfection, the incompleteness rather, which looks like crudity in comparison with Greek perfection. The true comparison will be between the seventh round of Christian art, still far distant, and Greek art, which represents the seventh, the perfect round, of an earlier cycle.

What is the something new? Try to perceive what it was, that was in the

hearts of Peter and John and Mary Magdalene, and was not in the hearts, let us say, of Socrates and Aristotle and Phryne. Try to realize that something different, in your personal consciousness. C. J.

QUESTION No. 240.—*Was the Incarnation of Christ different, not only in degree but in kind from any other; and was the crucifixion of Jesus a material one? If so, was it that sacrifice for man which has "endowed humanity with a heart"? If these things are true, then the T. S. has had a new revelation since the time that Madame Blavatsky wrote her wonderful books.*

ANSWER.—It would seem that the incarnation of Christ was different in kind, rather than in degree, from any other. But it is equally true that each avatar, or divine incarnation, is different in kind from all that have gone before, simply because it is the revelation of an element in the Lodge, a power of the Logos, which has never hitherto been incarnated and made externally manifest. Indeed, that difference in kind is the sole *raison d'être* of that avatar, as difference in kind is the sole reason for successive rounds. India expressed the difference in kind between successive avatars by the rather odd symbolism which gave to them the names of the Fish Avatar, the Boar Avatar, the Man-lion Avatar, and so on, a symbolism like that of the Apocalypse.

The crucifixion of Jesus was material; but it was also mental, moral and spiritual. It was the supreme manifestation of the "something new" spoken of in the preceding answer; something new to the outer world, but something very old, even from everlasting, in the Lodge, in the Logos.

As for the final sentence, yes and no. Something new to the world, but something by no means new to Madame Blavatsky (who was, by the way, a sincere believer in the Eastern Church), as a really careful study of her books will show. It would be wise, in this context, to look up, and bring together everything Madame Blavatsky says of Jesus. The result will well repay the trouble.

But the truth is, that a great part of Madame Blavatsky's work was consciously done precisely to prepare the way for what the querent calls a new revelation, but what is rather a new understanding. The simple truth is that, but for the splendid work that Madame Blavatsky did, in sweeping away false understandings of Christianity, and without the light from the East, which she brought, it is impossible to understand Christianity. C. J.

QUESTION No. 241.—*In the Quarterly Book Department's edition of "The Yoga Sutras of Patanjali," in the Commentary on Sutras 24 and 25, Book I, the Master is spoken of as individual; in the Commentary on Sutra 27, the union of the Master with the Oversoul is declared,—one symbol, Om, expressing both. Are we to take "The Master of Life" in the Commentary on Sutra 23 as referring to an individual Master or to the Oversoul? If to an individual Master, is it our own personal Master, or is there in the Hierarchy one above all, called "The Master of Life"?*

ANSWER.—Just as the tree has no manifested existence except in its stem and branches, so the Logos, the Oversoul, has no existence as manifested spiritual life except in the Hierarchy of Masters; and just as the branches have no life except in the tree, so individual Masters exist solely in virtue of the life of the Logos, the Oversoul, manifested in them. It seems, therefore, to make no practical difference whether the Oversoul or the individual Master be understood in the above passages. The Oversoul is manifested to the disciple through the Masters, and in particular through his own Master, the Master on whose ray he is; he has access to the Oversoul through the life and consciousness of that Master; and, for him, that Master represents the Oversoul.

We should keep in mind the perfect harmony between the Oversoul, the Hierarchy, and all individual Masters; no difference of plan or purpose is thinkable. The purpose of the Oversoul is the purpose of the Hierarchy, and of each indi-

vidual Master. All parts in the divine symphony are perfectly adjusted and harmonized. The "Master of Life" is the Oversoul, or the Hierarchy, or the individual Master. The plan and purpose of the three are one. C. J.

QUESTION No. 242.—*Is there any possible point of reconciliation between the Theosophical idea of brotherhood and the best of the humanitarian ideas on the subject? Take for instance, a person who is giving her whole life, and the very best of herself to social work, to righting other people's supposed wrongs and straightening out their affairs to the best of her ability. To her, abstention from this kind of work, and above all lack of interest in it or disapproval of it, is the height of unbrotherliness. In this case both the student of Theosophy and the Social Worker would have the desire to help; is there any reconciliation between their ideas as to the best means of doing so?*

ANSWER.—When I found this question among a consignment sent me with a request for answers, I fear I was irreverent. I said: O the same everlasting old question! And that was irreverent because to these questioners the matter is one of religious intensity, in some cases all the religion they have, and no one, at the peril of their own souls, may ever treat another man's religious convictions lightly, no matter how strange those convictions may seem to be. When the querent is outside our ranks I find more patience. Life there, and thought, are so complicated, and the panaceas of the materialist and the socialist are cried so loud in its streets, that no wonder the average man hears little else, and so echoes them or acts on them. But far too many members of our Society ask the question, showing that the A. B. C. of Theosophy has missed them altogether; that no least comprehension of all that has been said, done or written since 1875 has had any meaning for them whatever; and impatience over that, while futile, has ground for justification. I fancy that old students like myself have had this question, in some form, asked of us about once a week ever since those days in the misty past when we first were entitled to write F. T. S. after our names. There was invariably much said of "brotherliness" and "unbrotherliness," but special stress was laid always upon "Karma"—that law over which only great Masters are supposed to be lords. So that the conversation often ended something like this: "Why might it not be his Karma that you should help him?"—this asked sometimes pleadingly, sometimes triumphantly. To which one could only make the same reply: "Yes, if that were his Karma, no question but that I would help him; also, if it were not his Karma, I would not help him; *what has that got to do with it?*"

The matter is amazingly simple, as simple as this—

Each man's duty is to do that which in any given case honestly seems to him the highest and best thing to be done in the circumstances, especially if it be that which he finds it difficult to do, that which involves sacrifice. At the same time he must accord to others an equal right to do that which honestly seems to them highest and best, without condemning them for disagreeing with his viewpoint, or striving to coerce them into it. If he pursue this method of life, with devotion, with humility, and with sacrifice, he will in time come to know the law of right living as applied to himself and to others. No man who is not a disciple, whose inner eyes are not opened, can possibly know what is really best for another, any more than he can possibly know what is best for himself. To obtain this knowledge, to be able to be of service to others, he must submit to the training and discipline of discipleship. And his first step, the very dawn of the beginning, will consist in his complete and cheerful acceptance of these two facts. So that we shall see him avoid any rushing in and about to set people and things in his particular kind of order, as carefully as he would avoid performing delicate surgical operations, if entirely ignorant of surgery. When the need for action meets him, he will do the best he can, praying for guidance, and that higher powers will neutralize the harm his ignorance must inevitably produce. Meanwhile, if sincere in his desire to serve, he will spend all his energies and talents in the acquirement of that knowledge of life which is the reward of self-abnegation and self-conquest, and of that alone. This is the A. B. C. of Theosophy, the practical expression of the fundamental principle upon which it all rests. It is neither one extreme nor the other, but the circle which includes them both. "Verily man is altogether vanity." F. T. S.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

CORRESPONDENCE

BERLIN, APRIL 1ST, 1919.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:

DEAR COMRADES,

We the undersigned, members of the Berlin Branch T. S., beg to send our heartiest greetings to the Convention, expressing our wishes that it may result to the benefit of the whole theosophical movement and of the world at large, which now—more than ever before—seems to be in need of the help of noble-minded and clear-seeing men and women.

Without this help and the unceasing endeavours of the members of the T. S. in America and in other countries, to lift up the banner of truth and justice, the European nations would perhaps have perished in the whirlpool of infernal forces, which threatened to engulf them.

We the undersigned, confess with deep shame that our Branch as a whole, and all its members, have for years been unable to recognize the truth, and to appreciate the warning calls you sent us through articles in the QUARTERLY as well as through the resolutions passed in your conventions.

It was not earlier than in the last summer that we awoke out of the state of utter blindness in which our whole nation found itself submerged, owing to the system of lies and calumnies practised by the government and the press of our country. Now we have finally become conscious of the almost irreparable fault both of our nation and our Branch, and we herewith confess it to you, our comrades, with deep repentance in our hearts. We inform you that we have immediately set to work for the enlightenment of our Branch members as well as the whole nation, as to our fault and its terrible importance, and for bringing about repentance and the desire to atone and to repair, being ourselves impressed with the belief that this is to be our most immediate work as theosophists.

We trust that notwithstanding our utmost failure and the lack of genuine confidence we have proved in the last years, you will not deny us your help and assistance, which we are now in so great need of.

Permit us to express to you to-day our deep-felt gratitude for the kind help and enlightenment, which, especially some of the American members, you were not weary to bestow on us, and which, though for a long time rejected by us, finally succeeded in piercing the thick wall of blindness that surrounded us.

Reiterating our most cordial wishes for a good result of your Convention, we beg you to believe us

Fraternally yours,

LEO SCHOCH
ELISABETH SCHOCH
OTTO BETHGE
LUISE BETHGE
OSKAR STOLL
MELITTA STOLL
IDA SCHEERER
OTTO SCHEERER
MARGARETHE BITTKAU.

BERLIN-TEMPELHOF, SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1919.

To the Editor of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY,

DEAR SIR:

I beg to enclose herewith a "Declaration" formulated and signed by several members of the Berlin Branch T. S., who sincerely regret their erroneous and wrong attitude maintained during the greater part of the war, and who feel compelled to confess this openly before the whole theosophical world, stating at the same time the standpoint they gained something more than one year before now, and which they are sustaining notwithstanding the gravest opposition and attacks they are meeting in their own ranks.

Would you be kind enough to publish this declaration in the next issue of the QUARTERLY?

We are now passing through a very heavy crisis here, which we fear will result in definite separation between the two irreconcilable antagonists.

The great majority of the German members continue to accuse the comrades in America which approve the attitude of the QUARTERLY, and of course ourselves too, of unbrotherly and untheosophical behaviour and of violating the principles and the Constitution of the T. S., and it will be impossible for us to do any work in the Society unless we are given liberty of action and speech. The Convention of German branches on the 21st inst. will perhaps decide the matter in one or another way. Members are being influenced against us by the Executive Committee of the Union of German Branches, and the Convention is therefore very likely to lead to a separation between those who stand for the "original Theosophical Society" (with headquarters in New York), and those who consider that T. S. as having broken its principle and who therefore stand for the Theosophical Society of Mr. Raatz.

We shall take the liberty of informing you about the issues of this Convention and of the steps which we possibly will become obliged to take for our safety as members of your Society.

Believe me, dear sir,

Very truly yours,

LEO SCHOCH.

DECLARATION

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in the whole world:

We the undersigned, members of the Berlin Branch T. S., beg to declare herewith the following:

We herewith withdraw, inasmuch as we are concerned, the protest formulated in 1915 on behalf of the members of the Berlin Branch by our President, Mr. Paul Raatz, against the contents of the articles in the QUARTERLY dealing with the War, its origin, and its conduct by the German Government and its army.

We regret to the highest degree our blindness as to the true facts and the lack of understanding of the theosophical principles, that led us to join in the said protest.

We declare, on the contrary, that we identify ourselves without the least reserve, with the opinions expressed by the authors of the "Screen of Time", "Notes and Comments", and of other articles on the said subject.

In particular we recognize after a thorough study of the obtainable documents, that the War has been originated and prepared in all its details by the German government and the sustainers of the military power, with the purpose of gratifying their monstrous ambition and their madness of world-conquering.

We condemn indignantly the shameless violation of Belgian neutrality.

We solemnly protest against the horrible atrocities committed by the German forces on command of the military authorities, especially against the spoliation and the murdering of the Belgian and French populations.

We abhor the barbarian methods of warfare employed by the German commanders-in-chief, on the battle-field as well as on the sea and in the air.

We detest the abominable campaign of lying and calumniating continually conducted by the German government, as well abroad as in our own country.

We further declare that we acknowledge that this war was a life-and-death contest waging between the forces of the White Lodge and the powers of the Black Lodge; that the armies of the Allies were fighting on the side of the White Lodge, while Germany and her vassals were the instruments used by the Black Lodge.

We entirely agree with you that no peace can be on earth until the forces of the Black Powers will be annihilated; and we are troubled that the war has found an end on the visible plane before the complete realization of this result had been secured.

We are resolved to unite our endeavors and strivings with yours in this still waging battle against the Evil Powers, and ask you to accept us newly as your fellow-combatants.

We expect your advice, and subscribe ourselves

Fraternally yours,

Leo Schoch	Elisabeth Schoch	Richard Walther
Otto Bethge	Oskar U. Melita Stoll	Ida Scheerer
Marg. Bittkau	Otto Scheerer	Friedrich Weber
Luise Bethge	Otto Ihrke	Helene Rühl

September, 1919.

BRANCH MEETINGS

Los Angeles, Cal.; Pacific Branch. Fridays, 8 p. m.; October to June; 306 American Bank Building, 2nd and Spring Streets.

Denver, Col.; Virya Branch. First Saturday of each month, 4 p. m.; 1835 Williams Street.

Salamanca, N. Y.; Sravakas Branch. Mondays, 8 p. m.; October to May; 62 Broad Street.

Cincinnati, O.; Cincinnati Branch. Tuesdays, 8 p. m.; November to April; Room 513, Odd Fellows Temple, Seventh and Elm Streets.

New York, N. Y.; New York Branch. Every alternate Saturday (January 3, January 17, etc.), 8.30 p. m.; 21 Macdougal Alley.



APRIL, 1920

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

"Five Years of Theosophy"—Thirty-Five Years After

THE Theosophical Society includes science among the subjects for study defined in its second object; and, ever since the publication of *Isis Unveiled,* with one of its two volumes devoted to science and the criticism of science, this important subject has received attention only second to that which students of Theosophy have devoted to the theoretical and practical study of spiritual life.

The reason why this great emphasis has been laid on science and the study of science is, perhaps, most clearly and convincingly stated by a Master of spiritual life, in the Comments on *Light on the Path:* "The most absolute and universal laws of natural and physical life, as understood by the scientist, will pass away when the life of this universe has passed away, and only its soul is left in the silence. What then will be the value of the knowledge of its laws acquired by industry and observation? I pray that no reader or critic will imagine that by what I have said I intend to depreciate or disparage acquired knowledge, or the work of scientists. On the contrary, I hold that scientific men are the pioneers of modern thought. The days of literature and of art, when poets and sculptors saw the divine light, and put it into their own great language—these days lie buried in the long past with the ante-Phidian sculptors and the pre-Homeric poets. The mysteries no longer rule the world of thought and beauty; human life is the governing power, not that which lies beyond it. But the scientific workers are progressing, not so much by their own will as by sheer force of circumstances, towards the far line which divides things interpretable from things uninterpretable. Every fresh discovery drives them a step onward. Therefore do I very highly esteem the knowledge obtained by work and experiment."

"Scientific men are the pioneers of modern thought." The Comments from which this passage was taken were first published in an

early number of *Lucifer,* in the autumn of 1887. They were written, therefore, some thirty-three years ago. If scientists are the pioneers of modern thought, what progress have they made, in the third of a century which has elapsed since this verdict upon their work was recorded, towards "the far line which divides things interpretable from things uninterpretable"?

It happens that we have a very convenient way of measuring that progress. A short time after Madame Blavatsky went to India, at the beginning of 1879, *The Theosophist* was established. Not many months later, its work and hers attracted the attention of Mr. A. P. Sinnett, then editor of a leading Anglo-Indian paper. As a result, Madame Blavatsky met Mr. Sinnett, thus opening the way for the events, and the far more vital correspondence with the Master Koot Hoomi, recorded in *The Occult World.* Further letters were written by this Master, and their substance, so far as Mr. Sinnett was able to comprehend it, was embodied in a series of articles, with the general title, *Fragments of Occult Truth,* which appeared in *The Theosophist* over the signature "Lay Chela," adopted by Mr. Sinnett. These essays were afterwards brought together, with additional material, in *Esoteric Buddhism,* to which permanent value is given by the numerous extracts from the Master Koot Hoomi's letters.

While passing through London on her way from New York to India, in the winter of 1878-1879, Madame Blavatsky spent some time with the members of the London Lodge of The Theosophical Society, which had been established some time before, as the result of correspondence with her; for during a long series of years Madame Blavatsky had the official title, and fulfilled the duties, of Corresponding Secretary of The Theosophical Society, doing an immense amount of pioneer organization in this way, in the intervals of work upon her books.

A close relation, through correspondence of this kind, was maintained with the members of the London Lodge, after Madame Blavatsky went to India, and during the period covered by *The Occult World* and *Esoteric Buddhism.* As a result, some time after the publication of *Esoteric Buddhism,* and its study by the members of the London Lodge, these members raised a series of questions, dealing with scientific and historical difficulties which they conceived to have been created by statements in the letters of the Master K. H., or by Mr. Sinnett's deductions from these.

The questions, ten in number, were sent to Madame Blavatsky in India. They in due time appeared, with long and very valuable replies to most of them, in the pages of *The Theosophist.* In the spring of 1885, they were included, with additional articles of varying value and interest, in the book, *Five Years of Theosophy,* edited by the Bengali Brahman, Mohini Mohun Chatterji, then in London, and intended to

contain, in a more available form, the best articles published during the first five years of *The Theosophist.*

These "Replies to an English F. T. S." form one of the most valuable parts, perhaps the most valuable part, of that book: valuable, because they avowedly give the views of "the Adepts" on the questions raised. The tradition was, that much of the material was supplied by a Master, a native of India, through Madame Blavatsky, who did most of the actual writing, with some assistance from Mr. T. Subba Row, who was at that time the agent in Madras for the head of the Sringeri Matham, the school of the followers of Shankaracharya. Mr. Subba Row was thus "the agent of the Shankaracharya," since the title of the first Shankaracharya has been borne by all his successors, in the line of "apostolic succession," called in India the "Guru-parampara chain," or succession of Gurus, spiritual teachers.

Now it happens that the author or authors of these replies, speaking expressly for the Adepts, not only give extremely valuable answers to the "Enquiries suggested by *Esoteric Buddhism,*" but go further, and, in what are avowedly prophecies, indicate the future progress of certain of the sciences, along definite lines; the progress "towards the far line which divides things interpretable from things uninterpretable," indicated by the Master who is the author of *Light on the Path.*

The interesting question thus arises: to what extent, in the thirty-five years which have passed since *Five Years of Theosophy* was published, have these sciences progressed in this direction? How far have these explicit prophecies, made by the Adepts more than a third of a century ago, been fulfilled? These Notes and Comments are an attempt; necessarily very incomplete and imperfect, to answer this extremely interesting question.

One of the most remarkable of these "prophecies" and also that one, perhaps, whose recent verification has created the most widespread comment, is contained in the reply to the first question: "Do the Adepts deny the Nebular Theory?" The prophetic passage follows: "When an astronomer is found in his reports 'gauging *infinitude,*' even the most intuitional of his class is but too often apt to forget that he is gauging only the superficies of a small area and its visible depths, and to speak of these as though they were merely the cubic contents of some known quantity. This is the direct result of the present conception of a three-dimensional space. The turn of a four-dimensional world is near, but the puzzle of science will ever continue until their concepts reach the natural dimensions of visible and invisible space—in its septenary completeness. 'The Infinite and the Absolute are only the names for two counter-imbecilities of the human (uninitiated) mind'; and to regard them as the transmuted 'properties of the nature of things—of two subjective negatives converted into objective affirmatives,' as Sir William Hamilton puts it, is to know nothing of the infinite operations of human

liberated spirit, or of its attributes, the first of which is its ability to pass *beyond* the region of our terrestrial experience of matter and space. As an absolute vacuum is an impossibility *below,* so is it a like impossibility *above.* But our molecules, the infinitesimals of the vacuum 'below,' are replaced by the giant-atom of the Infinitude 'above.' When demonstrated, the four-dimensional conception of space may lead to the invention of new instruments to explore the extremely dense matter that surrounds us as a ball of pitch might surround—say, a fly, but which, in our extreme ignorance of all its properties save those we find it exercising on our earth, we yet call the *clear,* the *serene,* and the *transparent* atmosphere. This is no psychology, but simply occult physics, which can never confound 'substance' with 'centres of force,' to use the terminology of a Western science which is ignorant of Maya. In less than a century, besides telescopes, microscopes, micrographs and telephones, the Royal Society will have to offer a premium for such an *etheroscope.*"

Now the noteworthy point is that, during the last few months since the total eclipse of the sun in May, 1918, the idea of a four-dimensional space has not only been publicly canvassed in scientific and even popular writings throughout the world, but has been strikingly indicated by an experiment carried out during an eclipse in May, 1919, as we shall presently see. Therefore the explicit prophecy that "the turn of a four-dimensional world is near," appears quite literally fulfilled.

As a point of historical interest, it may be noted that, while the conception of four-dimensional space has been discussed for a considerable period in the West, it was first given general currency by Zöllner, whose best known book was published, in an English translation by Mr. C. C. Massey, some time prior to 1885. Zöllner, in this book, worked out the theory that many of the best known phenomena of Spiritualism, and especially the physical phenomena, could be easily explained by the theory of a space of four dimensions; and that the forces, whatever they were, which produced these phenomena, were able to do so, through the power to act in space of four dimensions.

Of Zöllner, the writer of the reply just quoted has this to say: "The sequence of martyrs to the great universal truths has never been once broken; and the long list of known and unknown sufferers, headed with the name of Galileo, now closes with that of Zöllner. Is the world of science aware of the real cause of Zöllner's premature death? When the fourth dimension of space becomes a scientific reality like the fourth state of matter, he may have a statue raised to him by grateful posterity. But this will neither recall him to life, nor will it obliterate the days and months of mental agony that harassed the soul of this intuitional, far-seeing, modest genius, made even after his death to receive the donkey's kick of misrepresentation and to be publicly charged with lunacy."

Something was said, in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY for January, 1920 (page 258), on the theories of the Swiss mathematician, Einstein, and their relation to the conception of space of four dimensions. We may give here an outline of the crucial experiment by which it is held that Einstein's theory has been demonstrated. It is contained in the report of a lecture delivered at the end of 1919 in London, by Dr. Charles Davidson, F.R.A.S., stating some of the results of observations of the eclipse of the sun on May 29, 1919:

"The result of the British eclipse expeditions to Sobral, in Brazil, and the island of Principe, off the west coast of Africa, stated in non-technical language, is to prove that light has weight in proportion to its mass, as matter has. . . .

"There are two theories of light—the corpuscular and the undulatory. The corpuscular supposes that light is composed of a stream of particles shot across space with great velocity. This is not accepted now, but was the theory held by Sir Isaac Newton, who himself suggested that it would be in consonance with the law of gravitation that light, in passing the sun, would be deflected from the straight path.

"In the early part of the nineteenth century the corpuscular theory gave place to the undulatory theory, which supposes that light is a wave motion in the ether. Ether is a medium hypothecated for the transmission of light.

"Light is a form of electro-magnetic energy, and therefore has mass, but the question to be solved by the eclipse expeditions was whether light had weight. If light had weight as well as mass, it would be deflected on passing near the sun.

"The only way in which this could be tested was by observing stars close to the sun, and the only time at which this could be done was during a total eclipse.

"The eclipse on May 29 (1919) last was a favourable one for the purpose, as at the time of totality the sun happened to be in the midst of a group of bright stars called the Hyades.

"If light were subject to gravity, following the Newtonian law, a star grazing the limb of the sun would be displaced outward by a quantity rather less than the two-thousandth part of the diameter of the moon. Of recent years, however, a new gravitational theory has been put forward by a Swiss mathematician, Professor Einstein, and, according to this theory, the deflection would be twice as great. The eclipse expeditions went in order to determine whether light was deflected at all or not, and, if deflected, whether it was according to the Newtonian or the Einstein law.

"Having secured the eclipse photographs of the Hyades, it was necessary for the Sobral observers to remain a couple of months in order to secure the same field of stars in the night sky, the whole test consisting in whether the presence or absence of the sun made a difference

in the apparent relative positions of the stars. These photographs were secured in July, and the observers returned to England. The photographs have now been measured, and the result is in accordance with the theory of Einstein."

If time and space permitted, it would be of value to go into the further question suggested: the controversy between the corpuscular and undulatory theories of light. For the present, we cannot do more than refer readers to the highly suggestive section in *The Secret Doctrine*, Volume I, "An Lumen Sit Corpus Nec Non";—"Whether light is a body or not." It would appear that at this point also, the occult teaching, given out a third of a century ago, is being vindicated.

In the reply to the second question propounded by the English F. T. S., "Is the sun merely a cooling mass?" the spokesman of the Adepts has much to say concerning the real source of the sun's heat and light. Among other things, he says:

"When all his anthropomorphic conceptions are put aside, Sir John Herschel, whose *intuition* was still greater than his great learning, alone of all astronomers comes near the truth—far nearer than any of those modern astronomers who, while admiring his gigantic learning, smile at his 'imaginative and fanciful theories.' His only mistake, now shared by most astronomers, was that he regarded the 'opaque body' occasionally observed through the curtain of the 'luminous envelope' as the sun itself. When saying in the course of his speculations upon the Nasmyth willow-leaf theory: 'The definite shape of these objects, their exact similarity one to another . . . all these characters seem quite repugnant to the notion of their being of a vaporous, a cloudy, or a fluid nature'—his spiritual intuition served him better than his remarkable knowledge of physical science. When he adds: 'Nothing remains but to consider them *as separate and independent* sheets, flakes . . . having *some sort of solidity*. . . . Be they what they may, they are evidently *the immediate sources of the solar light and heat*'—he utters a grander physical truth than was ever uttered by any living astronomer. And when, furthermore, we find him postulating: 'Looked at in this point of view, we cannot refuse to regard them as *organisms* of some peculiar and amazing kind; and though it would be too daring to speak of such organization as partaking of the nature of life, yet *we do know that vital action is competent to develope at once heat, and light, and electricity*'—Sir John Herschel gives out a theory approximating an occult truth more than any of the profane ever did with regard to solar physics. These 'wonderful objects' are not, as a modern astronomer interprets Sir John Herschel's words, *'solar inhabitants,* whose fiery constitution enables them to illuminate, warm and electrize the whole solar system,' but simply the reservoirs of solar vital energy, the *vital* electricity that feeds the whole system in which it lives, and breathes, and has its being. The sun is,

as we say, the storehouse of our little cosmos, self-generating its vital fluid, and ever receiving as much as it gives out."

Once more, modern "discovery" is approximating to occult truth. We have before us an outline report from London, stating that Mr. W. G. Hooper, F.R.A.S., declares that "all human life springs from the sun through the generation of streams of ether (? vital electricity), which return to the sun exactly as the blood from the heart returns to it."

This will remind readers of *The Secret Doctrine* of the passage on page 290 (Edition of 1888) of the first volume:

"The real substance of the concealed (sun) is a nucleus of mother substance. It is the heart and matrix of all the living and existing forces in our solar universe. It is the kernel from which proceed to spread on their cyclic journeys all the powers that set in action the atoms in their functional duties, and the focus within which they again meet in their seventh essence every eleventh year," referring, probably, to the periods of sunspot maxima, every 11.11 years, as recognized by astronomers.

But the most remarkable fact in connection with this coincidence between the latest discoveries of science and the occult doctrines given out a third of a century ago, remains to be told. This very significant fact we find in a sentence in an editorial in the New York *Evening Sun,* which alludes to this new-old view as "the Hooper-Blavatsky theory of etheric circulation from the sun." Something has been said of the vindication of Zöllner, after a painful martyrdom of misrepresentation and calumny. This sentence just quoted may, perhaps, be the first step towards the recognition of the far greater genius and martyr, H. P. Blavatsky. It is a straw in the wind, but, like a straw in the wind, deeply significant of the way in which the wind is blowing, and we wish to underline the fact that the first recognition of identity between the earlier and later theories of the sun's circulation appeared, not in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, but in a New York evening paper.

The reply to the fifth question, concerning "the mineral monad," was, on her own testimony, written by the author of *The Secret Doctrine.* Among other things, this is said of the mineral monad: "The term merely means that the tidal wave of spiritual evolution is passing through that arc of its circuit. The 'monadic essence' begins imperceptibly to differentiate in the vegetable kingdom. As the monads are uncompounded things, as correctly defined by Leibnitz, it is the spiritual essence which vivifies them in their degrees of differentiation which constitutes properly the monad—not the atomic aggregation which is only the *vehicle* and the substance through which thrill the lower and higher degrees of intelligence. And though, as shown by those plants that are known as sensitives, there are a few among them that may be regarded as possessing that conscious perception which is called by Leibnitz *apperception,* while the rest are endowed but with that internal activity which

may be called vegetable *nerve*-sensation (to call it *perception* would be wrong), yet even the vegetable monad is still *the* monad in its second degree of awakening sensation."

In the *Illustrated London News* for January 3, 1920, on the sixth page, we find recorded, as a striking novelty, experiments exactly in line with the paragraph just quoted, which was written nearly forty years ago. An account is there given, of the discovery, by Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose of Calcutta "that all plants, including even rigid trees, are fully sensitive to the changes around them. Even the passing of a drifting cloud is perceived and recorded by the tree in its own peculiar script by an instrument invented for this purpose.

"Sir Jagadis invented a special apparatus known as the resonance recorder, by which the spontaneous pulsation in the plant or the throb evoked by an external shock is automatically recorded; the size of the pulsation giving a measure of the vitality of the plant. When highly stimulated, the pulsations become enhanced in size; under depressing conditions the pulse-beats become enfeebled; and at the moment of death there is an end of all pulsation. This is seen exemplified in the automatic record of the leaflet of the Indian plant *Desmodium Gyrans*, which under the action of ether has its pulsation arrested, but on the blowing off of the narcotic vapour has its throbbing pulse restored. In the next record is seen the effect of poisons, the pulsation coming to a permanent stoppage with the death of the plant. These investigations have completely established the fundamental unity of life reactions in plant and animal, as seen in the similar period of insensibility in both corresponding to what we call sleep; as seen in the death spasm, which takes place in the plant as in the animal.

"In the pursuit of his investigations, Sir Jagadis was led into the border region of physics of inorganic, and the physiology of living matter, and was amazed to find boundary lines vanishing and points of contact emerge between the realms of the living and non-living. Inorganic matter was found anything but inert, it also was athrill under the action of multitudinous forces that played on it. Universal reaction seemed to bring together metal, plant and animal under a common law. They all exhibited essentially the same phenomena of fatigue and depression, together with possibilities of recovery and exaltation, yet also that of permanent irresponsiveness, which is associated with death. And he thus concludes his memorable address before the Royal Institute: 'It was when I came upon the mute witness of these self-made records and perceived in them one phase of a pervading unity that bears within it all things, the mote that quivers in ripples of life, the teeming life upon our earth and the radiant sun that shines above us—it was then that I understood for the first time a little of that message proclaimed by my ancestors on the banks of the Ganges thirty centuries ago: "They who see but one in all the changing manifestations of this universe, unto them belongs Eternal Truth—unto none else, unto none else."'"

It is interesting at this point to cite the following: "Moreover Anaxagoras and Empedocles say that plants are set in motion by desire, and that they perceive, and feel pleasure and pain. . . . Anaxagoras, Democritus and Empedocles say that plants have mind and intelligence. . . . Again Empedocles says that plants come into being in an inferior world that is not perfect in its completion, and when it is completed the animal comes into being."

We come now to the sixth question propounded by the English F. T. S. "Is there not some confusion in the letter quoted on page 62 of *Esoteric Buddhism,* where the 'old Greeks and Romans' are said to have been Atlanteans?" This question elicited an exceedingly interesting and valuable reply, which falls into two parts. The first of these consists of an extremely ironical examination of the methods of western historians, while the second conveys the facts revealed by occult records.

The case for the Adepts is put with infinite humour: "For a body of, so to say, unlicensed preachers and students of unauthorized and unrecognized sciences to offer to fight an august body of universally recognized oracles would be an unprecedented piece of impertinence. Hence their respective claims had to be examined on however small a scale to begin with (in this as in all other cases) on other than psychological grounds. The 'Adepts' in Occult Arts had better keep silence when confronted with the 'A.C.S.'s'—Adepts in Conjectural Sciences —unless they could show, partially at least, how weak is the authority of the latter and on what foundations of shifting sands their scientific *dicta* are built. They may thus make it a thinkable conjecture that the former may be right, after all."

Now the interesting point, this time, is, that exactly the same charge, and in almost the same words, has been brought against these same historians of the last century by the writer who is recognized as the greatest living authority on the history of Rome. In a popularly written book, *A Short History of Rome,* in which Guglielmo Ferrero was assisted by Corrado Barbagallo, and which appears to have been written in 1917, we find in the Preface the following declaration:

"We have deliberately avoided the methods of historical criticism which have been so much in fashion during the last ten years—methods which call themselves scientific, but which are usually as sterile as they are pretentious. We have accordingly refrained from hypotheses which contradict coherent and historically attested facts, and we have not endeavored by subtle and conjectural argument to sustain, against received accounts and available evidence, inventions that can neither be proved nor disproved. . . ."

The following passage, from the beginning of the history, shows that this criticism is by no means confined to writers of the preceding ten years, as the passage just cited from the Preface might suggest: "Towards the middle of the eighth century B.C., Italy was already

peopled by many races. How many and what they were, wherein precisely they were distinguished, whence they came and where they settled, it is impossible to say with certainty. The scholars of the nineteenth century, who believed they knew everything, pretended that they knew this, but according to custom each sought to prove that all his predecessors were wrong. . . .

"During the nineteenth century there flourished in the universities of Germany a historical school which, by the Germanization of a Greek word, termed itself 'critical.' The besetting sin of this school is its determination to extract at all costs, from the abysses of the past, historical data which are hopelessly lost. Some of its over-confident followers, as might be expected, set themselves the task of proving that the traditional stories are wrong in relating that Rome was founded about the middle of the eighth century, or, more precisely, according to the date now universally accepted, in 754 B.C. And heaven knows what ingenuity these audacious critics have squandered on clever inductions and subtle arguments!"

This is exactly the tone in which the reply to the question about the "old Greeks and Romans" treats the same Adepts in Conjectural Sciences. And, while there is not yet a full agreement, there is a very decided approach to the view set forth in that reply, in the conclusion reached by Ferrero, concerning the earliest period of Rome. A single sentence must suffice to indicate this approach:

"Romulus and Remus have been the heroes of antique legend throughout the ages. Learned critics have thought they could prove that they were nothing but imaginary figures thrown off from the name Roma. So perhaps, two thousand years hence, erudite persons will be apt to teach that Amerigo was merely an imaginary eponymous hero of America, Columbus of British Columbia and Bolivar of Bolivia. . . ."

With this may be compared the following sentences of the Reply:

"Of course if the historical foundation of the fable of the twins (Romulus and Remus) of the Vestal Silvia is entirely rejected, together with that of the foundation of Alba Longa by the son of Aeneas, then it stands to reason that the whole of the statements made must be likewise a modern invention built upon the utterly worthless fables of the 'legendary mythical age.' For those who now give these statements, however, there is more of actual truth in such fables than there is in the alleged *historical* regal period of the earliest Romans. It is to be deplored that the present statement should clash with the authoritative conclusion of Mommsen and others. . . ."

An effort will be made, in a later number, to carry on this theme, and to show how, in other departments of science, there is a like approach to the occult teachings.

FRAGMENTS

WHAT of the past, O Lanoo, what of the past?

A breath blown in the night from farthest distances, full of songs and full of wailings, scents of flowers and of dying leaves, rainbows of hopes and rains of discouragement, storms of passion and lightnings of sin, dawns of resolve and twilights of failure, high noons of brave enterprise and a few sweet autumns of accomplishment,—so few alas! Only the sunlight of opportunity was stedfast, and the faithful watching of the patient stars.

What of the present, Lanoo?

Opportunity and again opportunity, flying swifter than thought over one's shoulder to join the night; caught—a few of them; lost on the wind in heedlessness, most of them, as they blow past, unrecognized until out of reach.

And the future?

A veil, woven of the tissue of all, covering the path that leads onward, the path that winds, winds endlessly because of this veiling, winds somewhere to the Heart of things where there is stillness and peace.

CAVÉ.

Wide opened is the door of the Immortal to all who have ears to hear; let them send forth faith to meet it.

—BUDDHIST SUTTAS.

WAR-TIME IMPRESSIONS

AS the anniversary of Armistice Day approached, I found myself going back over the events of those never-to-be-forgotten days of 1918, when I was still in France, working, as did those thousands of other American women, at whatever came my way. I had just returned to Paris from Lorraine, where I had been stationed not far from Nancy, doing civilian relief work. We had been but a few miles back of the firing line most of the summer, and had become rather more bored than thrilled by nightly air raids and daily rumours of threatened evacuation, as it was reported that that section of the front was to become specially eruptive almost any day; that the Allies were to make a big push just there, east of the *Grand Couronné*. Then suddenly, remotely, about the middle of October, came another sort of rumour—a whisper of armistice. This new rumour was greeted in different ways, strangely opposed. Some of the civilians, women and old men, hailed it with tears of joy, with prayers of thanksgiving; the army, almost to a man, could not seem to endure the idea of an armistice coming just then when victory was at last in sight. I happened to know the French General (and his staff) commanding the —ème Corps d'Armée which had its Headquarters at Lunéville not far from where I was stationed, and never have I seen men so—discouraged, I was going to say, as those men were. Now, at last, with every chance of brilliant success, after so many years of desperate fighting, now when the goal was fairly in sight, to have to halt! From the General down to the most inconspicuous orderly, there was a kind of desperation at the mere possibility of a halt. We all frankly and openly had the "blues," and we did not care who knew it.

This was, as I say, in Lorraine, and when I returned to Paris, a little later, I found the anti-Armistice sentiment fully as strong,—practically no one wanted to stop, now that we were at last closing in on Germany, now that we had as good as won the war. But, nevertheless, we knew that, all the time, close by at Versailles, that place of mystery, councils were in session behind closed doors, councils which were bringing the Armistice nearer and making it more of a certainty; and as time went on, the tense excitement grew, till at last came those eventful days, early in November, when we knew beyond a doubt that it was the beginning of the end.

First, on November 3rd, we heard that the Kaiser had been forced to acknowledge the transfer of his "fundamental rights" to the German people; then, on the 4th, that an Armistice had been signed in the field with Austria. Then in quick succession came the days which followed, so fraught with intensity of feeling, with suppressed excitement! We

read with bated breath the dispatches sent by the German High Command to Maréchal Foch, the dispatches asking for armistice terms, and a place of meeting where these terms could be received. To anyone who had lived in person through the horrors of the first year of the war, who had witnessed, in person, the barbaric insolence of the conquering German armies in occupied Belgium, who had felt, at that time, the almost inevitable despair of ever dominating such brute force, these dispatches, suing for a cession of hostilities, had a peculiar thrill.

At last the night came when we knew that the German plenipotentiaries had started on their way; we knew the very route they were to take when once inside our lines. The suppressed excitement was electric. I remember sitting alone in my room at the hotel that night of November 7th. All through the day I had been seeking for news, reading the notices which were posted up from time to time in the streets, or eagerly questioning any newcomer who might have the latest word to pass on. As night closed in, and the hours slipped away towards midnight, a strange hush of expectancy, which was almost hypnotic, settled down on me; I found myself listening, listening for the first sound of the approaching enemy, staring into the darkness for the first glimmering headlights of their military cars, trying to catch a glimpse of the white flag which, by order, they were obliged to carry. I felt myself strangely present at every stage of their unrepentant but humiliating journey; I saw them in mind pass the last outposts of the German line, cross the horror of No Man's Land, and be received in stern silence by the French officers stationed at the outposts of the Allied Front, for that purpose. Then the long dark blindfolded drive, over the shell-swept roads, through the war-torn land of their enemies,—one wonders if, in the darkness, no merciful sense of repentance came to those five men, no sorrow for the sins of their country.

After this came a short period of waiting, while wireless messages again flew to and fro, and couriers came and went between Allied Headquarters and Spa. The news of the abdication of the Kaiser on November 10th seemed relatively unimportant, he had sunk by this time to such inconsequence,—though I believe there was rather a demonstration that night in the streets of Paris. I did not, however, see it myself. Of course, by this time most of us had got used to the idea of Armistice. We knew it was coming and we made the most of it, and gave ourselves up to the excitement of it, so that when, on the morning of the 11th of November, "The Day" for us, all Paris went to work as usual, it was, however, with the certainty that before noon the war, as far as murder and rapine went, would be over. Rumours which grew into assertions came in, thick and fast, that the Armistice terms had already been signed at 5 a. m., and no one could keep his mind on his work. I was making a feeble attempt at the ordinary routine at my headquarters in the Avenue Gabriel, when suddenly, at eleven o'clock sharp, the air was rent

asunder by the guns of the Invalides, booming out the great news that guns were being fired for the last time. Boom, boom, they thundered from across the river, like the Gods of Olympus shouting a Hymn of Victory. The church bells added to the pæan, but above all rose the clamour of hurrying feet as the people came surging from the houses in great waves, carrying all before them. With the first sound of the guns I had rushed out, without hat or coat, into the Place de la Concorde, where for weeks there had stood hundreds of captured German cannon, aeroplanes, tanks, and so forth. A gigantic crowd was beginning to mass there, a crowd in the grip of such intense emotion, that for the most part it was dramatically silent, evidence of a people who had borne so much, had suffered so deeply, that joy at release could not spring into full life at a moment's notice. There were too many black-clad figures in it, to remind us of what the day meant. But joy there was, none the less. As if by magic, in less than five minutes after the guns first sounded, every window in sight was filled with the flags of the Allies, every man, woman and child wore his or her national colours and those of the Allied nations. Paris suddenly burst into a riot of colour, a blazing tulip bed. And the sun shone, brilliantly, as if in sympathy, and stranger shook hands with stranger, and we all cried *Vive la France! Vive les Alliés!* and—tears stood in every eye. We felt the presence of the sacred dead, those heroes who had given their all that we might celebrate this day, we felt ourselves surrounded by their loved presence, their glittering ranks filled the air. Theirs the glory of sacrifice, ours the silent gratitude and love. I believe that in those first hours, before the riotous rejoicing of the evening and night began, there were few hearts which were not completely consecrated to reverent thanksgiving, and a sense of overwhelming gratitude to the valiant dead.

Early in the afternoon the following notice, signed by the Municipal Council, was posted up all over Paris:

RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE
CONSEIL MUNICIPAL DE PARIS
HABITANTS DE PARIS

C'est la Victoire, la Victoire triomphale; sur tous les fronts l'ennemi vaincu a déposé les armes, le sang va cesser de couler.

Que Paris sorte de la fière réserve qui lui a valu l'admiration du monde.

Donnons un libre cours à notre joie, à notre enthousiasme et refoulons nos larmes.

Pour témoigner à nos grands Soldats et à leurs incomparables Chefs notre reconnaissance infinie, pavoisons toutes nos maisons aux couleurs françaises et à celles de nos chers alliés.

Nos morts peuvent dormir en paix, le sublime sacrifice qu'ils ont fait de leur vie à l'avenir de la race et au salut de la Patrie ne sera pas stérile.

Pour eux comme pour nous "le jour de gloire est arrivé."

Vive la République!

Vive la France Immortelle!

Signé * .....

. . . . . .

Of course practically all shops of any size were closed shortly after noon, so that as the day wore on, the streets became more and more filled, and toward nightfall the principal streets and squares almost impassable. We have all either seen or read so much about Armistice Day in Paris, that I am not going to fill my "recollections" with a description of my own small experience of it, except to tell you one most amusing episode which is characteristic of the extremes of feeling to which everyone was subject. We were either silent or boisterous as the occasion struck us, no one behaved as on ordinary days. I was with difficulty making my way back to my hotel, late in the afternoon, and had just fought my way out of the crowd in the Avenue de l'Opéra into one of the little side streets, hoping, in this way, to make more progress. The street was, for the moment, quite empty, except for two soldiers, a British and an American, who were marching most fraternally down it, arm in arm, with caps on the back of their heads, bedecked with flags, and singing in loud, cheery voices:

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,
And smile, boys, smile!
Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, boys, that's the style!
What's the good of worrying?
It never was worth while!
Then, pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile!

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* THE FRENCH REPUBLIC
THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL OF PARIS
PEOPLE OF PARIS

It is Victory, triumphant Victory; on all the fronts, the enemy, vanquished, has laid down his arms; blood will cease to flow.

Let Paris lay aside the proud reserve which has won for her the admiration of the world. Let us give full rein to our joy, to our enthusiasm, and let us restrain our tears.

In order to express our unbounded gratitude to our brave soldiers and their incomparable chiefs, let us decorate all our houses with the colours of France and with those of our dear allies.

Our dead may rest in peace; the sublime sacrifice which they have made of their lives for the future of the race and the salvation of the country, will not be in vain.

For them, as for ourselves, "the day of Glory has arrived."

Long live the Republic!

Long live Immortal France!

Signed .....

I was just saying to myself that when I came abreast of them I would stop and pass the time of day when, all of a sudden, out of a tiny *estaminet,* where they had been indulging in a cheering cup, rushed seven jovial poilus, also in a fraternal frame of mind. When they saw the Englishman and the American, their comrades in arms, their allies, their dear brothers, there was a quick *"En avant mes enfants!"* from one of them, then a dash, and then, with true French élan, the two unfortunate men were seized, forcibly embraced with seven pairs of strong French arms, and kissed as many times on both cheeks. The two Anglo-Saxons, with properly outraged feelings, put up a stiff fight for freedom, but to no purpose. I saw the incensed Tommy wipe his face disgustedly with his coat sleeve, as he spluttered: "Oh, I sy you blighter, cawn't you keep your blooming——!" and his words were swallowed up in another unsolicited embrace; while the Sammy, perhaps just a wee bit less inarticulate with rage than his more reserved brother, but none the less vigorous in his protests, shouted: "Gee, Froggy, if you kiss me again I'll pound your silly head into a doughball!" The poilus, not understanding one word of what was said to them, and being in far too jolly a frame of mind to be affected by mere frowns, continued to dance round their two helpless victims, and I, realizing that they were probably none too pleased to have a fellow Anglo-Saxon forming an amused audience, made a hasty retreat, in sheer pity. But it really was a funny scene.

. . . . . .

The signing of the Armistice changed the face of many things, among others it opened up vast new fields of work, for there was plenty to do in the large areas now freed forever from the hated presence of the enemy. The committee with which I was working asked me to go up to the Département du Nord on a tour of inspection, with a view to establishing a depot for civilian relief in that devastated region. So, towards the end of November, I started out on one of the saddest, but also one of the most interesting trips which I have had since the war began. The *camionette* my committee gave me for the journey (which was to last about a week) was a Ford—everything on wheels at that time seemed to be a Ford, at least to my unscientific eye, and the driver was a young French girl in the motor service section of the committee. We had a strange load, and must have looked more like travelling gypsies than anything else. First, we had to take all our food for the entire trip, for we were told we could not trust to finding any provisions at all during the better part of our journey. We also had to take our bedding, for we did not know whether we should find any sheltering roof, or be obliged to sleep in the car out under the stars at night. We took a supply of candles, lanterns, matches, electric torch refills, all our petrol for the entire trip, innumerable tires, inner tubes—in fact anything and everything that could possibly be needed for ourselves or the car. In addition to this we took all we could cram in, by way of warm clothing (especially

for children), blankets and condensed milk, for although this was officially only a tour of inspection, we wanted to distribute what we could, in certain prearranged districts of the North, where, as yet, little relief had been sent. When we had completed our packing and were at last ready to start, we looked ruefully at the springs of the poor old Ford,—they were almost flat! A nice cheering spectacle with a week's lonely trip ahead of us! Nothing daunted, however, we determined to risk it, our sporting instincts being thoroughly aroused, and we left Paris shortly after noon one bright, late November day, deciding that the first stage of our trip should be by Beauvais, Amiens. This, we were told, would be over fairly good roads, beyond that the route was to be decided when the time came; no one could tell us what route to follow after Amiens had been passed.

Our first day's trip was more or less uneventful. We sighed with relief in passing through Beauvais to see the beautiful cathedral unscathed. As we drew towards Amiens the wide rolling country was more and more scarred by the familiar, long waving lines of trenches, cut deeply and cruelly into the face of the earth for miles and miles, and, of course, the inevitable blown-up bridges became more frequent. We reached Amiens after dark, found the only hotel left intact completely given over to military purposes, as was practically the whole town, and my little French driver began to be worried as to what we were to do next, especially with the car. I, however, knowing I was in the English sector, felt thoroughly and happily at home, and nothing daunted, marched up to the first khaki-clad N. C. O. I saw and told him we needed his help. With my usual good luck I had, by chance, fallen upon a secret service man, a delightful person, who, of course, knew all the possibilities (and impossibilities!) of Amiens at that time. It was lucky for us that we found him, for he assured us that he only knew of one house in the whole town where we could get any sort of a room and that was semi-destroyed, without windows and with many shrapnel holes in the roof. With that silent courtesy which is peculiar to the British, he left not a stone unturned till he had got us safely lodged, fed, and our car put up for the night, and he was up at dawn the next morning to see us on our way. We were advised to take the Albert, Bapaume, Cambrai road as being the least impassable; and as we wanted to get, by nightfall, as far as the little village of Avesnes-le-Sec, some distance north of Cambrai, we felt that we must go by the surest way.

This day's journey was one long horror, and I turn sick at the recollection. The only things to keep the balance, the whole long, weary way, were the frequent friendly groups of Tommies, mostly R. E.s, which we met at intervals all along the road, and to all of whom we waved or called a greeting; and the huge, business-like, British motor lorries which splashed by, or the long trains of magnificent artillery, with guns, spotless and shining, as only the British know how to keep them. We had not

gone very far beyond Amiens, when the real devastation began in all its grim reality, and the day being dark and gloomy, intensified the tragedy of what we saw. The farther north we got the more the horror grew. Before we had reached Albert practically all vegetation had disappeared; no grass, no shrubs, no trees; the face of the earth, as far as the eye could reach, a vast desolation of mud, noisome black mud, everywhere, and in this mud, half floating, the ghastly relics of war. Gun wagons, shot to pieces, told the tale of a large toll of human life; abandoned tanks floundered like great invertebrate monsters in the slime of a primeval world, and out across the rotting waste, here and there as we covered mile after mile, huddled groups of charred and blackened stumps of trees, lifting shell-splintered ghostly arms in silent protest, where in happier days, shady forests had once grown. A few shapeless mounds were all that was left to mark the spot of some once prosperous village, where hearth fires had burned and happy families had gathered. Even the piled up bricks and stones were invisible, so covered were they with the earth thrown up by the terrible explosions. Often, too, where some small hillock reared its head painfully out of the surrounding quagmire of decay, we passed little solitary graves, each with a simple wooden cross, a name scratched rudely upon it, and a helmet placed reverently at its foot—another hero who had followed the "long, long trail." Oh, those little lonely graves of France, more eloquent far than the busy, hurrying ineffective lives of so many of us! Who, that has ever seen them, can forget their mute appeal, their whisper that we too one day must pass alone and undaunted through the silent gate of death. The whole region beggars description. Much that is graphic has been written by cleverer pens than mine, but I think you have to *see* a battlefield to realize it; no writing, no painting, no photograph even can any more than suggest the reality.

As we passed through Albert, we could only bow our heads and be silent. Of this once large and prosperous town, hardly a wall was left standing. I saw most of the destroyed towns and villages of eastern Belgium in the early days of the war, but nothing more complete in its desolation than this.

A little way before we reached Bapaume, we had a puncture, a bad one, and my little French driver declared it would be an hour or more before we could start on again. Knowing absolutely nothing about an automobile, and my presence being, therefore, entirely superfluous, I decided to do some exploring on my own account. We had stopped at a place in the road where, to the northwest, I noticed a mile or two of rising ground, so I set out in that direction. It was by now early afternoon, but the day was dark, and a low thick fog was beginning to gather. The ground grew drier as I climbed the gentle slope, the water had had a chance to drain off, so that going was not so bad. But the fog grew denser as I mounted and suddenly, without any warning, I found myself

in a whole settlement of small dugouts burrowing gloomily into the side of the hill, their mouths gaping greedily open, as if to swallow up any intruder. There they were, row after row, at regular intervals, while all about on the ground between, lay the things which the hastily retreating Germans had thrown down only a few short weeks before—battered helmets, broken rifles, cartridge cases, water bottles, an old coat here, a worn-out pair of shoes there, all telling of hurried departure. As I stood there looking about me, it seemed so easy to reconstruct the whole scene as it must have looked but a few weeks earlier. The quiet was intense, with that peculiar hush which always comes with dense fog, the hush which wraps you round in heavy folds and cuts you off as though by millions of miles from all familiar, homely things. I might have been standing on some distant war-scarred planet, so utterly alone did I feel. I wandered on as though in a strange dream, peering down into the dugouts as I went, finally screwing up my courage (and it needed about all I could muster) to go down into some of them. Inside, the picture of daily life, cut short by hurried flight, was even more living than outside,—a crude table with a half-burnt-out candle, a scattered pack of cards, a broken cup. On the wall a nail or two with a fragment of a cracked mirror hanging dismally by a string; in the corner a rough bed of planks; on the floor a broken bayonet, a few empty cartridges, a pair of soleless boots—a strange medley, each piece left where last put down, as though the user had been suddenly spirited away by some bad fairy. It gave me an eerie feeling, and if a mouse had so much as squeaked, I should have rushed away anywhere in a blind panic. I wonder why it is that we can be alone in a desert, or on a mountain top, or anywhere with nature, and glory in the silence and stillness, in the freedom of lone-ness; but put most of us down alone in some deserted haunt of man, with man's personal belongings scattered about, but man himself gone, no one knows where—well, anyway, my nerves won't stand it!

I continued, wandering about, in and out between the dugouts, half wondering if I should meet some stray German, left behind by mistake, and at last I came to a small open space, which at the first glance puzzled me, but looking more closely I saw that it was a field shoeing station; there, in orderly rows, stood the posts, driven deep into the ground, where the horses had been tied; there stood the anvil still in place, and by its side a few half-broken tools. I wondered where the blacksmith was now, if he had got safely away, leaving his tell-tale anvil behind him, or if he had paid the great price. I had long before this completely lost track of the time, and I suddenly awakened to the fact that I had a car and a driver waiting for me somewhere down there in the hollow, while I wandered up here in the clouds and mist. So I hurried back in what I hoped was the right direction, for the fog made all things strange and unnatural, and, finally, after many times falling into shell holes, and slipping many times down muddy banks, I got back to the car, which was by now almost ready.

Off we spun again, trying to make up our lost time, through Bapaume which was a terrible repetition of Albert, and on towards Cambrai. The country was rapidly getting a slightly less evil look, the miles and miles of mud and slime had been broken by gradually increasing stretches of grass and trees here and there. The poor dishonoured earth was still dreadfully disfigured with great shell holes, gunpits, trenches, but began to have some distant resemblance to the earth we knew and felt familiar with.

It was pitch black night by the time we reached Cambrai, and we discovered that we had another puncture, but with the help of the ubiquitous Tommy, and some good advice from the Town Major, we were soon on our way again. This last lap of our journey was the worst we had had as far as roads went, for after Cambrai we had to leave the high road, which had, on the whole, been kept in a fairly good state of repair by the R. E.s. We were obliged simply to crawl along, for every few yards great shell holes yawned ahead of us, and the ruts made by the continual stream of motor lorries, artillery detachments and what not, were so deep that we lurched ominously from side to side. It was too dark for us to see much of the country to right or left, but the road ahead of us looked dismal enough, and to add to the depression, enormous rats kept dashing across our path, lit up for the moment by our headlights, their black shadows magnifying their real size to terrifying proportions. It was getting very late by this time, and the roads, for the most part, now that we had left the main thoroughfare, very confusing. We had long since ceased to meet the friendly Tommies who had helped us all through the day's journey, and we were beginning to feel terribly lost and strange, two lone women out there in the night. Suddenly, at a sharp turn in the road, we almost bumped into an overturned lorry, half in, half out of a ditch, and a few yards away, sitting round a bonfire, two of the familiar khaki figures. My heart leaped at the welcome sight, and I called out eagerly: "I say, boys, we've lost our way, can you tell us where we are?" I did not realize how strange a sound it would be to them, a woman's voice, at that time of the night, there in that desolate region, calling to them in their own mother tongue. As if electrified they sprang to their feet, and came stumbling over the rough ground to the side of the car, eagerly pressing against it, their honest young English faces alight with pleasure. (How often, in the years to come, we shall all look back and remember those free and unselfconscious days of the war, when people we had never seen before came to us in the guise of old and tried friends, when the hard facts of life had taught us the wisdom of discarding our outworn wrappings of useless reserve.) "Oh you dear boys," I said when we had finished peering earnestly at each other in the darkness, "it is lucky for us that we found you, here in this lonely spot, for we want to go on to Avesnes-le-Sec, and we don't know which way to turn, and no Englishman has ever yet failed to help me

out of a difficulty." They smiled a good broad English smile and soon explained the false turning we had taken and how we could right ourselves, but I could see that they hated to have us go on and leave them there. They had not seen an English speaking woman for months, and their hearts were hungry for a woman's sympathy. They had ditched their lorry by mishap the day before, and were waiting till help could be sent and their great lorry pulled out on to the road again. So we talked and talked, of dear old "Blighty"; and one of them told me of his mother waiting for him in far Cornwall, and the other of his sweetheart whom he hoped to marry as soon as he was demobilized; and we all exchanged confidences there in the night, like old friends, reunited. At last, reluctantly, we shook hands and said good-night. "Good-bye, God bless you," I called, as they started slowly back to their bonfire, two lonely figures in that vast lonely waste, and then, impulsively: "Saint George and Merrie England!" I cried, as we pulled out into the dark. They stood at attention when they heard that, saluted, and then were lost to sight, swallowed up in the night. The whole episode lasted less than a quarter of an hour, I suppose, but it is a vivid memory that I love to dwell on.

We finally got to our destination, worn out, but glad that we had won through. The beautiful, but semi-destroyed chateau where we spent the night, was also our headquarters for the three or four days while I was making my investigation of the surrounding cantons, the need of relief, and so forth. I distributed the blankets, clothing and condensed milk which we had been able to bring, but of course, they were a mere drop in the bucket in the midst of so much suffering. In the three cantons which I toured (comprising in all forty-two communes or villages), most of these villages were at least semi-destroyed, some almost completely so, and all, without exception, had been systematically pillaged. Most of the inhabitants had been evacuated during the final push, but were now coming back slowly, painfully, to their mutilated, empty houses, with winter coming on and nothing to face it with save indomitable courage. I made up my mind that if my committee would back me, if they could send the necessary supplies (and I knew they would if they could), I would come back to the devastated North just as quickly as my report on my trip had been turned in, and face the winter with these poor, shivering, half-clad civilians, the victims of a war they did not seek.

We returned to Paris by way of Douai, Arras (poor scarred Arras!), Doulens, and so forth, and all the way our hearts were torn by the streams of returning refugees, old men and women, and little whimpering children, all too old or too young to bear such misery, yet mostly, with fixed determined faces, hoping against hope that when they came to their journey's end they would find some semblance of a house left, where they could painfully gather up the broken threads, and piece together a shadow of their former life. This was France, unconquered and unconquerable France.

The work that the British army did among these returning refugees was perfectly magnificent. A regular transport service was organized (a few weeks later than the date of which I write); the great motor lorries, so recently used for purposes of war, were now turned to the re-establishing of peace conditions. The high roads were filled with these huge *camions,* rumbling along, laden with their human freight; whole families, several at a time, being repatriated. It saved many a long exhausting march for the weary feet, and the Tommy was at his best helping the women and children to make themselves comfortable on their long jolting ride.

In little more than a week after I returned to Paris, I was back again in the North, this time to settle down for the winter. My committee, as usual, gave lavishly, and promised more later, in the way of clothing, shoes, bedding, and so forth. I made my headquarters in one of the small mining towns, where I hoped that later, when trains began to run, and transport became less of a problem, I could easily get my cases of supplies up from Paris. But I had another reason as well. There were many British troops stationed in and about the town, and I knew that this would mean unlimited help in my work in case of need. Later developments showed me to have guessed right. My new work lay over a fairly wide area, for I had two cantons, which meant twenty-three villages to supply. My same old Ford car (with another driver) was given me to take me and my wares about from village to village, and I lost no time in getting to work. When I had got my first lot of cases unpacked and the clothing and so forth sorted, I began the round of my villages. In each one, I visited in turn the *Curé* and the *Maire;* told them what I had come to do and asked them to make up, together, a list of the most needy families in their village, and that on a certain fixed day I would come with my *camionette* filled with warm things and make a distribution. By consulting, in this way, the representatives of both the church and the state, I felt I got a more impartial list of the neediest families, for each could consult with the other and thus no special favourites would be presented, regardless of real indigence. All this preliminary work took a great deal of time, for the French are a talkative as well as a hospitable people, and in most cases, before I succeeded in pinning down either the *Curé* or the *Maire* to real discussion as to the needs of their village folk, I had to listen to complete and detailed histories of their war experiences, washed down with cup after cup of strong, black coffee. How it chances that I still have any nerves left in me after so long a time spent in coffee drinking, I never have been able fully to explain to myself. It may be wondered, too, how coffee came to flow so freely in the devastated North, but the average French family will have coffee if it has nothing else, and large quantities had been either hidden away before the evacuation, and then unearthed again on their return, or else they took away

with them such stores as they could carry, bringing back what they had not used. Once I had made the preliminary tour of all my villages, things went quicker. Each week had its program, the mornings and afternoons being devoted to distributions in certain villages by pre-arranged schedule. These distributions were in many different sorts of buildings, according to whether the commune was badly damaged, or only partially so. Sometimes they would be in the half-destroyed village church (and, oh! it *was* cold those days, with the snow and sleet driving in); sometimes in a tiny room at the house of the *Curé*, a room with a red hot stove (all available fuel being used in honour of *la Dame Américaine*), all the windows hermetically sealed, and the entire village, men, women and children, crowded into it. I could never quite make up my mind which ordeal required the most courage, but I think, on the whole, much as I detest being frozen, I preferred the roofless churches, with their stone floors and snow drifts, to the breathless, if hospitable, interior of the good *Curé*.

That winter was terribly severe, and the suffering intense. For the most part, a kind of community life was carried on in the villages—a sort of pooling of interests; that is, if on returning to their villages three families found their houses completely demolished, while a fourth family rejoiced in a house comparatively intact, the four families would all huddle into the one habitable house, and at least have some sort of roof over their heads. One saw often what appeared to be evidence of great luxury amid the most squalid surroundings. For instance, a young peasant woman in a certain village, daily appeared dressed in a very handsome fur coat, and yet I knew she lived in a leaky house and had practically nothing left. It turned out that when she had been evacuated from her village, she had been ill in bed, and too weak to carry away anything; that some well-to-do woman had taken pity on her and given her the fur coat,—but it was all she had, no dress, no petticoat kept her decently clad underneath; the fur coat betokened luxury but in reality was only a shield for the utmost want.

It was desperately hard to get the things out quickly enough to my villages. As hard as I could work, as quickly as I could distribute, there were always fresh crowds waiting for me, and clamouring for warm clothing. Of course I went over and over again to each village, for the refugees kept streaming back, and, whereas one week I would perhaps find one hundred people newly returned, the following week I might find that two or three hundred more had come back and were waiting for relief.

As the winter wore on, it was wonderful to see signs of returning industry in this stricken area. When I first came, there was not even a cake of soap to be bought, or a candle or provisions of the simplest sort (except in the B. E. F. Canteens, not available for the French civilians). Now small shops began to open, with various useful supplies; the coal mines, almost without exception deliberately put out of commission by

the Germans before they retreated, now began to work again (a very few of them), on a greatly diminished scale it is true (only a very small part of some of the mines being workable), but at least there was a start made which heartened the people tremendously. Most wonderful of all, a few stray cows appeared at long intervals, a hen or two, and perhaps a goat. The return of the domestic animals was the most cheering sight you could imagine, though in one case at least, it had its drawbacks. At the back of the house where I slept and had my meals, there was a kind of unkempt garden, and along toward the end of February the owner of the house transported, with great difficulty, from further south, three quiet, matronly hens, and a very noisy, self-important cock, and turned them loose in the garden, just under my bedroom window. The cock was a thorough-going Bolshevist, caring little for law and order, and he would begin to sing his morning song of hate at about 3 a. m., and keep it up till daylight. As I was working at least twelve hours a day, generally more, I naturally did not appreciate this nocturnal music, and I asked my host if he could not keep the creature locked up in a coop during sleeping hours, as he made night quite hideous for me. The good man gazed at me in polite astonishment, his look clearly expressing, "These Americans are a kind people, but there is no doubt that they are all quite mad!" and answered, "But how can you have any objection—don't you hear in it the voice of the victorious cock of France, that immortal bird, singing his song of triumph?" I confess I felt somewhat rebuked, but was diplomatic enough to keep silent. My common sense, however, whispered that perhaps we cannot all be poetic at three o'clock in the morning, especially on top of a twelve or fourteen hour day.

Another most cheering sight was that work in the fields began here and there, in fact an effort was being made to return to the old life of pre-war days.

But the time was slipping by; the days had passed unnoticed into weeks, and the weeks, as unheeded, into months, and one day we woke to the fact that the terrible winter was past, and spring, with its promise of better things, had come. My hour of leaving grew near, my work had come to an end, for, quite suddenly, to my surprise, I realized that I had been working among my villages for nearly five months. Regular government supplies were by now beginning to stream in, in enormous quantities, and of course other *œuvres,* such as the C. R. B. and the Red Cross, had long been on the spot, so that there was no longer any need of work on a smaller scale such as ours. I made a final round of my twenty-three villages,—rather a sad journey, for I had many warm friends; then one last distribution in the town where I had my supply depot (with a kind of farewell ceremony), and then, early one glorious spring morning, the end of April, when hope was in the air, and a promise of returning life, I left the devastated North of France.

. . . . . .

People often ask me what, in retrospect, are the strongest impressions I have retained of that region of gloom and depression after the great tide of war had for the last time receded. It is always hard to choose any single impression when one's whole mind is so full of sad recollections; but I think the memory which will haunt me the longest will be that of the *deadening influence* of the German occupation on the people of northern France. Apart from their silent endurance, which was the great heroic note illuminating those terrible four years, there will always remain the bitter recollection of atrophied sensibilities, of arrested mental growth. One could, perhaps, forgive it to a certain extent in the older people, but it was hard to see and bear in the younger generation. One observed it in all sorts of ways. It was continually being forced on one's attention, unexpectedly, for one never got used to it. They moved slowly and with an air of caution, if not of open suspicion; they had the hunted look of the animal at bay; they disliked committing themselves to any definite statement, as though they feared being forced to retract to save themselves from some unjust penalty. Even sight and hearing were no longer what it should be in normal people. For instance, it was a very common experience that in going about the country as we did, we could with difficulty make any one, walking in the road ahead of us, hear our approach, and get out of the way. They never seemed to hear, quickly, the sound of our *camionette* as it pounded up behind them, making a tremendous racket on the rough roads. Even our horn could often only with difficulty attract their attention, but once their attention *was* attracted, they would spring nervously to one side like someone startled out of a deep sleep. Again, one often had to repeat one's question or one's remark several times, before the meaning seemed to dawn on them. Whereas, in Lorraine or in Paris, the customary Latin quickness of perception was all it had ever been, before the war,—here in the North, which had been cut off for such a weary stretch of years from the rest of the mother country, a kind of apathetic dullness had seemed to settle down upon the people. It is well known that the Germans were much harder taskmasters in the North of France than they were, even in Belgium (after the first terrible year), chiefly, it is supposed, because they expected to keep Belgium for their own, and wished to win the confidence of the people, while in France they wanted to make as much out of it as they could while they had it in their grip. One example of this was that the moment you passed the frontier into Belgium, the cattle, poultry, and so forth, so conspicuously absent in northern France, especially during those first months after the Armistice, were fairly plentiful. One hears much about the destruction of towns and villages, of the almost irretrievable damage to immense areas of beautiful, fertile, country, so that for perhaps a generation nothing can grow there; it cannot, for perhaps half a century, be the home of man. Modern science has certainly helped to make the crime against nature in this war greater than in

any war in history; this is true enough, and one's heart aches at the memory of such utter ruin. But whoever has seen the hunted look in the eyes of the people of the devastated North of France, will never again rest quite so comfortably in his bed at night. The German occupation lasted too long for the marks to fade for many years to come. I have faith, however, that this cloud will in time pass away, especially from the minds of the younger people, even if it continues to darken the horizon of the older and less quickly changing ones, for the French have a wonderful power of recuperation, and work to rebuild their lost homes, to till their own fields again, will hearten them and give them back their self-respect. And so, if ever I chance to return to my old haunts, may it be my good fortune to see, with my own eyes, the effects of the curse of war gone forever from the long suffering, patient peasant folk.

As an offset to this gloomy picture, there is another memory, quite as strong but of a different colour,—the British! What the British army was in the North of France, only those who have seen it at work can begin to realize. After it had swept the German army out of that part of the country, it went to work in its usual imperturbable, business-like way to sweep away the taint, mental, moral and physical, which the German army had left behind it. It was not only that it improved the sanitary conditions of the towns, that it gradually gathered up and carted away the inevitable refuse of war (I suppose most armies of occupation do that); but its real value was that it came as a mighty balance wheel of calm and moderation, a great beneficent leaven of common sense, good nature, evenness of temper, to the overwrought nerves of the harassed people. I do not mean to say that the average French peasant pretends to understand the Tommy and his diffident manner. Perhaps he does not even try to understand it, so different is it from his own. But the sense of bedrock justice which the British brought, of tolerance, above all, the undying instinct of "fair play" so typical of the Anglo-Saxon, had its unrecognized effect. The very unemotionalism of the British was beneficial even if little understood. The Englishman has an instinctive dislike of the *beau geste*. If he has anything to do, he never says: "Now watch me do it,"—somehow it just gets done, and that is all there is to it. It seems very simple indeed to the Englishman, but of course perfectly unaccountable to the Frenchman. None the less, it was the very best influence that the North of France could have had after its four years of bondage; and though another foreign army (even if an ally) was often a cause of irritation to the ordinary peasant, the more educated saw below the surface, and feel a debt of gratitude which I hope time will never obliterate. The Tommy was everywhere. When off duty he walked in the street or sat on the doorstep playing with the French children, holding them on his knee, carrying them on his broad comfortable shoulders, letting them pull his hair (and what child does not fall a victim to the charm of pulling the hair of a real soldier in uni-

form!). Or he dropped in of an evening to smoke a cigarette and drink a cup of the inevitable coffee in some peasant home, and an enjoyable evening was passed on both sides,—though goodness only knows how any conversation flowed, for the French of the average man in the ranks is a marvel of hiccoughs and grunts, while of course the French peasant of the North does not know two consecutive words of English. But a good natured smile from an honest face goes a long way, and a silent bond sprang up which was a language of the most lasting kind. And back of the Tommy stood the British officer who, as every one knew, superintended the improvements which were seen growing on all sides,—the officer with the indifferent and sometimes even cold manner, but who never failed to be on hand when needed, or to see that the improvements were carried through.

What the British army was to me personally, words fail to describe. I only know that without it I could never have done my work in the North. Although I was an American woman, working with an American Committee for the French, and having, therefore, absolutely no claim on the generosity of the British, it was nevertheless the British who made my work possible. If I broke a spring of my car, which happened often as a result of bad roads and unavoidable overloading, it was the British army which mended it for me, often at great inconvenience (though this I always had to find out afterwards, for myself, as I should never have known it from them). If my car broke down completely, or my driver fell ill (as happened twice), the British army gave me a *camion* and a driver, so I could go on with my work unhindered. When I could get no petrol to run the car, the British army supplied it. The British army re-soled my shoes when I had walked holes in them, mended the broken mainspring of my only watch, fed me when I could get nothing else to eat but mule meat,—in fact, if there was anything the British army could not or would not do, all I can say is, I never discovered it. But knowing the average Briton's dislike of being thanked, I never was so indiscreet as to any more than hint at what I felt. I think my many English friends among both officers and men knew what I thought about them, and if I loved England before the war, I love and admire her ten thousand times more now.

Some one here in the Middle West, where I am temporarily stopping, said to me the other day: "Oh, you should have been in America when we came into the war! The wave of idealism which swept over the country at that time would have been a perfect revelation to the British, for we all know that they only went into the war to protect themselves; there was no serious ideal back of what they did." I confess I "saw red" for a moment, and then the mists of anger cleared away, and I saw in memory, as though branded for ever on my brain, those massed ranks of the "old Contemptibles" as, splendid, battalion after battalion, they swung through the streets of London in the early days of 1914, on their way overseas, out to what was in so many cases certain

annihilation. I can never hear "Tipperary" without a sob in my throat—we heard it so often in those vivid, early days when Britain's best and bravest rose, like a fiery barrier, and gave themselves, a willing sacrifice, because a little sister nation had been trampled upon. If there was no idealism then, the world will never see it. Another thing,—it has often been said to me, both abroad (on the continent) and in America, that England has known nothing of this war because her country has not been invaded; but anyone who has suffered from the severity of the rationing alone (not to mention any of the many other hardships which the people of Great Britain have had to face), could never make such a statement as that. Mrs. Malaprop's sagacious remark that "comparisons are odorous" is not forgotten by me at this moment, and I am in no sense trying to assert that England suffered more or even in the same way that her allies did, but that she suffered *just as much, in her own way* is beyond the shadow of a doubt. Take, as example, just one of the many things which the civilians of Great Britain had to go without. If any one remembers through the autumn and winter of 1917-18, the long and pathetically patient queues of women waiting, often with young babies in their arms, out in the cold and rain, hours at a time, for their tiny weekly ration of butter (which was often margarine by the way)—too small a ration to seem worth the effort; and then remembers that you only had to cross the channel, and that in almost any of the unoccupied territory you could get all the butter you wanted—well, it makes you stop and think! There is nothing particularly heroic in going without butter, and you have not the satisfaction of a noble deed well done when you feel yourself underfed in general; but when you bear this discomfort almost without complaint, as was the case in England, with very few exceptions, there is something great in it. Let those who have not tried it try it now! Many, many examples of the silent, patient suffering of the people of Great Britain are known to those who were there to see and share, but even to touch on them, ever so lightly, would fill volumes.

And so I think it behooves us all to remember that, as each one of us sees the war from some peculiar angle of his own, so each one of the Allies, fighting for the great cause, has had its own peculiar tragedy to face, and that success or failure has all depended upon how the tragedy was surmounted. Whether Armistice came too soon, whether we shall have much of our work to do over again, who among the wisest of us can say? But this at least we can try to do: we, the Allies, can each make a special effort to learn and understand what our various partners in this great war have done, and forget for a few valuable minutes what we have done ourselves; we can forget our own important rôle, and try to realize how ineffective it might have been had it not been for the support of our associates. I think a little of this self-examination would be very salutary, and no doubt would go far to help each one of us along "The Path" of our national life. T. D.

PLAIN, COMMON, OR GARDEN GRATITUDE

A GROUP of people were discussing the question whether humanity owed gratitude to the Powers that be—or not. A great many things were being said on the negative side, for the talkers were not students of the Wisdom, and for all others the negative side is a strong one. The walls were still ringing with the defiant cries of one doughty ingrate—"If *my* consent had been asked, I would have spurned with contempt the offer of such a life as this," and Echo had answered mockingly "as *this*." Then someone spoke, whether it was an original remark or a quotation I do not know—"If there were no other cause for gratitude, the first kiss, the colour blue, and the chord of the dominant seventh would furnish it for me." It was one of those unforeseen gleams that *will* drift through arid chatter like a firefly through a cellar, a better prayer than most prayers, and recognized as such by the silence that fell. Some of us were staring appalled at the discrepancies the words disclosed between royal largesse and our own feebly intermittent efforts, not to repay—that were laughable—but even to be gracious. Love, Colour, Music, just to start the list; we thought of a life from which they should be abstracted, and the mental transition from the wonder of our blessings to the poverty of our response, made itself. A man may make up his mind that he does not love God, but at least he might have the decency to "say grace."

There is one thing about Theosophy—you *must* think. The laziest-minded student relinquishes once for all any comfort that may be extracted from cheap, rough-and-ready indictments of segments of the scheme. He has no time to sit about protesting that he does not like it, and the consciousness that he was born to make his little individual efforts to "set it right" may not be enlivened by any invocations to "cursed spite."

I, for one, began with shame to ponder my reasons for gratitude. But where to begin? Where to end? I am grateful for sunlight through leaves, for the shapes of birds, and for the Logos; I am grateful for jade water lapping stone steps, for rides on the top of the bus, and for leaping, spurning Kundalini; I am grateful for the fun in things and for the tears, for all the dear little meals where love is, and for the means of grace and hope of glory; for a curve in a certain pine wood where a brown pool rests, and for pain in the past; for friends who gather into their dear hands my leading strings and will not let me stray; for the golden radiance of an Altar that is the home of my spirit, and for—

and most of all—the Prisoner of Love Who makes the Altar and all the rest possible.

O, if this Love might cloak with rags His glory,
Laugh, eat and drink, and dwell with suffering men,
Sit with us at our hearth, and hear our story,
This world—we thought—might be transfigured then.

"But Oh," Love answered, with swift human tears,
"All these things have I done, these many years."

We are the custodians of the "Prisoner of Love"—all of us—we cannot escape that; our choice is only between neglect or recollection, cruelty or love. Stone walls do not a prison make nor iron bars a cage, but stony hearts and unbroken wills can detain and balk a god. A voluntary prisoner, who pleads—for what? That love, after many days, may beget love. It is just conceivable that some do not love Him—yet; but it is inconceivable that any of us remain ungrateful.

Do we turn over our poor possessions to find something fit to offer Him? This memory?—a little shopworn thing! This resolution? No, broken, broken! This effort that cost so much? Unclean! unclean! But then He asks so little to begin with, this imprisoned lover. A cup of cold water, a leaf, a flower,—as a child writes down a Santa Claus list, so does He leave His lists around for us to start with. See the cunning of it! In this way we may be lured to form the habit of carrying our treasures into safety. And they must have His Name upon them, too, that all may be rendered fairly. With the putting of the Name, the faded memory will glow again, the resolution will be whole once more, and the intention purified of self. Then, too, and it is hard to get this into the understanding of our hearts, He likes us to bring all sorts of little rubbishy things, things like fears and irritations and doubts, like "poverties, wincings, and sulky retreats"—He can do marvels with such small truck. "By-and-by, when I am big, I shall buy you a grand carriage and a house," the child says to its mother, but in the meantime Love loves the little muddled letters and samplers, with their crooked letters and their tear stains. So, by-and-by, oh patient Master, we shall grow up,—we will write you songs, will paint you pictures, will labour in Your vineyard, and the harvest shall be Yours. And while we grow we will be grateful, and love shall beget love.

What is gratitude anyway? It is not a virtue, it is a grace. Without it we are graceless. Before we ask for the Love of God and the Fellowship of the Holy Ghost, we ask for the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that our insensitiveness may be touched to feeling, our coldness to warmth, our gracelessness to beauty. Its presence profoundly modifies our prayers. It lifts them from the "Polly wants a cracker" stage, where they unduly linger. We cease to pray humourless prayers to a God Who must have all the humour there is, to put up with us at all. We cease to bore Him with "vain repetitions," offering instead what He

pleads for, and what love has never yet been able to dispense with—incessant repetition; instead of the monotony of weariness, the monotony of passion—Holy! Holy! Holy!

It is a wonderful game of give and take that we are asked to play—this thing so many of us go about with such intermittent zest—a continuous process not of bargaining, but of wooing and consent. Our first move in the game is recollection—a beautiful word. You re-collect yourself, your scattering, wandering, dissipated self; you literally pull your*selves* together; your soul says to your body "now," and turning to the waiting God within, self is submerged in Self.

Have you ever watched a nice dog practise recollection toward its master? There are no noisy transports, no jumping and barking, no demands for this and that; but the dog will go very softly, often while human talk is in progress, and stand for a long time with his head pressed against his master's knee in utter quiet. I, for one, shall always believe he has "entered the silence"—a faithful dog's silence of dumb love, of adoration and faith and yearning. Presently he will be in transports that he must run in circles to express, and his master will approve that, too. He spends *some* of his time begging for bones, being but a dog; but he manages to express many other sentiments, among them gratitude and a deep preference for his master's presence above all others.

The Master would have us wear smooth the pathway that leads to Him. We must grow supple in turning, and that is why the practice of recollection is valuable long before it is potent. We linger in the awkward squad because we neglect our spiritual calesthenics. Turn we must, and tread the path, do it how we may. We must do it often, do it automatically, use the mantrams of others, start ourselves with sacred books, employ phrases of a warmth to which the heart is perhaps yet a stranger, light our passion from the passion of others—only *do* it. Sometimes the path is short and warm and sunny, one step and we are there. Again it stretches a grey dreariness, and the east wind blows down it. But it is the same path, and the Prisoner of Love keeps there His eternal tryst.

Think what careful recollection we practise for social purposes—at stupid dinner parties, for instance. Your hostess whispers for your guidance, "He is crazy about golf," or, "He knows all about irrigation in the West,"—and immediately you cast yourself a living sacrifice on the tin altar of social requirements without a groan or a protest. And you do well, for after all the poor altar stands for big things—for friendliness, for human meetings and the breaking of bread together, and all sorts of loveliness that humanity has a right to, and sometimes attains. We should do this and not leave the other undone.

True gratitude yearns to give something in return, and the rule here is to begin with what you have. Have you ever watched a mother

petition a very small baby for a drink from its bottle? All mothers do it; it is love's first tiny testing. A moral struggle at once starts in the baby—you can watch it as through a pane of glass. First it pretends not to understand. The higher and lower nature lock horns. Then it regards its mother with a long grave look of question—*Can* I give her any of this delicious stuff? Shall I get more if I recklessly give this away? Does she really need it? Suddenly the higher nature triumphs—to the glory of babyhood it triumphs—and with an adorable gesture of yielding love and the smile of an angel of charity, the little thing passes its horrid tube to its mother, who plays her comedy of gusto and gratitude. It is not for Mellin's food the mother pleads, but for love that will consent to sacrifice,—her own little human baby has yielded to the appeal of love and pity, and the first battle in the long, long war has been won.

I wonder if pessimism is simply ingratitude running amuck? A life of spiritual blindness following lives of uncorrected spiritual astigmatism? Come to think of it, how few really great pessimists there have been, after all. A great pessimist can only disclose himself to his generation by means of some form of art, and though strange and dreadful is the art that floats up from that dark pool where linger those who "wilfully dwell in sadness," its sum is not great. The Black Lodge must deplore the rarity of these invaluable messengers, whose united cry is like a sinister bell tolling eternally, "God is not Love, or, being Love, is powerless." On the other hand, lacking greatness, the Black Lodge sends out thousands of little foxes to steal our grapes. A child thinks to improve its picture by thick black strokes, and great artists have their little moods. When Yeats says, for instance, that we are only—

> The dreams the drowsy gods
> Breathe on the burnished mirror of the world,
> And then smooth out with ivory hands—and sigh!

he does not mean that God is not Love; he only means that a poet is taking a day off for a psychic spree. It is not permitted to say "thou fool" to one's brother, and pessimist is too serious a word to use lightly, though the silly public may be depended upon to shriek it at anyone who ventures to voice sane observation of suicidal moments in civilization. A genuine pessimist is a mystic—a Black Lodge mystic. Maya for him is not in the show itself, but in the scheme behind the show. An optimist is aware that the players are not yet part-perfect, but the pessimist is sure that the play is rotten.

Take the wonderful art of Thomas Hardy. Our gratitude for a great artistic achievement must not veil the perception that Hardy is that rare creature—a dyed-in-the-wool pessimist. He speaks somewhere of the "patient and placable human race," but seems to have no sense whatever of a patient and placable Divine Providence. Turning an anguished eye on the Karma of humanity, he lacks any alleviation that

comes from overseeing it. His point of view, granted his premises, is logical enough. To apprehend tragedy and frustration with luminous clarity, and yet lack the vision which relates them to some healing whole, is a dark fate for any man. To see the worlds, with that curious cosmic vision of his, whirling, unguided and unguarded through the wastes of space, is to see a dreadful thing. In Hardy's world there is little to be thankful for, for everything betrays, even love itself,—love most of all,—and simplicity and faith, innocence and generosity are but so many appetizers for the malign fates. In one or two of his later books (this sort of thing grows upon a man), destiny is so consistently peevish that we laugh in a sort of reaction. It is as though one should take a single day in school for the entire life process, and then choose a day in which you forget your lessons, fall down stairs, are slapped by the teacher, lose your lunch, have your hair pulled, ink your apron, "make faces" at the little boy in the next seat, are "called out of your name," and get bitten by the dog on the way home. All these things do happen, but not all at once to the same child. It is astonishing how plentifully the unbelieving man will deal disaster to his fellows. When unhappy Tess expiates her crime upon the gallows and Hardy remarks "The Aristophanes of Heaven had finished his jest with Tess," he registers the bitter sum of his bitter creed, and how hopelessly old-fashioned it sounds. Lacking the Divine Incarnations, "the Aristophanes of Heaven" might be a fair synonym for "Our Father Who art in Heaven."

As a little of what we owe the Masters slowly dawns upon us, we can be thankful that the Manvantara will furnish quite a few working days yet. In the meantime we can accord them the respite of our compunction, the courtesy of our cheerfulness, the grace of our gaiety.

If I have been too sombre, Lord,
  For daffodils that light the Spring;
If I was all too dull to see
  The wiser worship that they bring,
Lord, God of laughter and delight,
  Remember not this thing.

If I have walked in April ways,
  Too solemn and too grave, alas,
For all Thy mirthful, careless leaves,
  Thy gay and gallant-hearted grass,
Lord, stay me till I learn to heed
  Thy laughter where I pass.

And when there comes another Spring
  Of tulips rising from the earth,
If I would go too darkly by
  To sober things of lesser worth,
Lord, halt me where those pulpits are,
  To hear Thee preaching mirth.

(Poem by DAVID MORTON.)

S.

"BY THE MASTER"

ISHA UPANISHAD

TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT WITH AN INTERPRETATION

II

That moves, That moves not; That is afar off, That is as if near. That is within all this; That is outside all this.

HERE, as always when it is a question of the Logos, a description can be given only in terms of paradox. One finds exactly the same thing in the Tao-Teh-King, on page after page, when Lao-Tse seeks to indicate the Way, which is his name for the nameless Mind of God. Thus, for example, one finds Lao-Tse saying: "Therefore those of old said: who has the light of the Way, seems wrapped in darkness; who has advanced along the Way, seems backward; who has mounted the Way, seems of low estate."

Perhaps the best solution of this problem of paradox can be given along the lines of that deeply intuitive half-Oriental, Bergson, who so constantly, and as unconsciously, approaches the thought and even the words of the great Upanishads. The Ultimate Reality, which Bergson, in this also following the Upanishads, calls the Life, approaches our consciousness in two ways, from two directions: inwardly, through the spiritual consciousness which Bergson calls the intuition; and outwardly, from the visible universe, through the material mind. The analysis of the material mind is, perhaps, Bergson's most valuable achievement. It is, he says, an instrument of consciousness, gradually built up in contact with the forms and forces of the material world, and exactly fitted, by its character and habit, to deal practically with the problems and situations of the material world, the world expressing itself in terms of time and space. But, just because the material mind is so perfectly adapted to this practical, material task, it is by the very reason of this perfect adaptation, quite unable to tackle successfully the problems of direct spiritual consciousness, of Reality. The dominant thought of Bergson is that, although the material mind is by its very nature unfitted to grapple with the problem of Reality, we are not for that reason cut off from the knowledge of Reality; on the contrary, the consciousness of the Real, the spiritual consciousness, which Bergson calls intuition, is the very heart and centre of our nature; the consciousness of Life, which is the consciousness of the Logos, is present within us perpetually.

We can easily work out in detail the contrast between these two forms of consciousness: intuition and the material mind, as Bergson himself does. Intuition perceives the universe as Life, the great forward movement of Being. The material mind sees the universe as a congeries of material forms, each material form having the air of permanence.

Bergson has found an apt simile for this contrast, in the films of moving pictures: the material mind sees the separate fixed pictures, as they are on the ribbon of the film; intuition, on the contrary, sees the picture on the screen, life, perpetually moving forward. Again, the intuition perceives Life as eternal duration; the material mind cuts life up into sections of time, past, present and future, which sections bear to each other exactly the relation of successive sections of the moving-picture film. Finally, intuition perceives Life as immediate, as present spiritual consciousness; while the material mind sees the universe projected in space; and, thus seeing it, is launched on an endless sea of contradictions. For example, when we think of the universe as extended in space, it is quite impossible for us, as Herbert Spencer pointed out, either to imagine a boundary at the outer edge of space, or to imagine space without a boundary. On considerations of this kind Herbert Spencer built his teaching of the Unknowable. Bergson replies in effect: Yes, unknowable, to the material mind, which was never intended to solve problems of that kind, but is simply a piece of practical machinery; unknowable to the mind, but easily knowable, and in fact already intimately known, by the intuition.

Applying Bergson's solution, we may now try to unravel the paradox of the Upanishad sentence thus:

"The Reality moves, because it is seen by the material mind projected in space; it moves not, because it is always present to the intuition, as spiritual consciousness, as Life. That is afar off, because the material mind projects Reality into space, in a universe which it is unable to conceive as either with or without boundaries. That is as if near, because it is within, as spiritual consciousness. That Logos is within all this, as the inner spiritual consciousness; it is outside all this, since the material mind conceives a universe extended in space, and containing everything that is in space."

Bergson clearly sees the antithesis between intuition and the material mind, as two modes of perception; the contrast between the "noĕtic" action of intuition and the "psychic" action of the material mind. This is the strength of his philosophy. Its weakness lies in the fact that he is inclined always to see this antithesis in terms of perception, while the vital thing is, to see it in terms of action, as a moral rather than a mental problem. Either he does not see, or he does not make sufficiently clear, the fundamental truth that not merely the perceptive faculty of the material mind, but the whole lower, personal nature has been built up in contact with matter and the things of matter; that the whole personal nature is, therefore, false to reality; that the passions and desires and, above all, the dominating impulse of egotism, are the expression of this false building; and that this false building must come down, before the real dwelling-place of the soul can be built.

This unbuilding of the false lower nature, in order that the true

higher nature may be built up, is the fundamental task of our moral and religious life. It is the central work of the Mysteries; and the series of Initiations exists solely to carry this work into practical effect. It is, therefore, the theme which runs through all the great Upanishads, which are the records of the Mysteries, and of Initiation.

As a contrast to the purely mental antithesis between the intuition and the material mind which is so lucidly indicated by Bergson, we may quote an equally lucid statement of the same antithesis, this time in moral rather than mental terms; in terms of the will, rather than in terms of action:

"For we know that the law is spiritual: but I am carnal, sold under sin. For that which I work I know not: for not what I would, that do I practise; but what I hate, that I do. But if what I would not, that I do, I consent unto the law that it is good. So now it is no more I that work it, but sin which dwelleth in me. For I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing: for to will is present with me, but to work that which is good is not. For the good which I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I practise. But if what I would not, that I do, it is no more I that work it, but sin which dwelleth in me. I find then the law, that, to me who would do good, evil is present. For I delight in the law of God after the inward man: but I see a different law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity under the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me out of this body of death?" (Romans, 7, 14-24, Revised version with marginal readings.)

That is really the statement of our whole practical problem. The solution is, humbly and faithfully and through sacrifice, to co-operate with the powers of the manifested Logos, with the Masters, who are perpetually striving to work for us just this deliverance.

Mental understanding will amount to nothing, until it is consecrated by sacrifice. More than that, even a true mental insight, if not so consecrated, will presently be veiled and lost, the power of Maya once more asserting itself. Therefore the word "sin" comes closer to the heart of the matter than does Bergson's analysis of the material mind. The realization of sin is far more vital than the realization of mental illusion; and indeed the realization of mental illusion is only valuable because it may help to break down the self-sufficiency of the material mind, with its perpetual tendency to self-justification. But the real task is for the will, and it can be accomplished only through painful sacrifice.

But he who beholds all beings in the supreme Self (Atma), and in all beings beholds the supreme Self, does not seek to hide himself from That.

The kernel and centre of the lower nature, the "body of death," is egotism, the self-centred consciousness which practically believes itself

to be the centre of the universe, that for whose sake all things exist. Thus believing, thus practically worshipping self-satisfaction, the egotism will, in practice, sacrifice all other beings to itself; and will, so far as it is able, sacrifice the spiritual consciousness, which is in fact the power of the Logos, to the carnal consciousness.

There would seem to be two ways in which the egotism can be conquered: an apparent and temporary way, and a real and permanent way. The unreal and unenduring way is, without regard to the Logos, without regard to the law of God and holiness, to attempt to sacrifice the egotism to other people. As Lao-Tse dryly puts it: "When the Way (the immediate spiritual consciousness of the Logos, the Master) is lost, the form of virtue takes it place. When the lower virtue is lost, humanitarianism takes it place." The practical working-out of this unspiritual humanitarianism is seen in Socialism, in the abominations of Bolshevism, which has been rightly described as "Socialism in action." The reason is, that there has been no true sacrifice of egotism; the devil, only apparently cast out, returns, and brings "seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there: and the last state of that man is worse than the first."

The only lasting conquest is to sacrifice egotism to the divine consciousness of the Logos, to sacrifice self to the Master; and, thereafter, through the power and inspiration of the Logos, revealed in the penitent heart, to follow out in all things, not the will of self, but the will of the Logos.

In this way, the disciple finds the Logos, the supreme Self, Atma, within himself; and, finding the Logos there, and step by step coming to share in the consciousness and life of the Logos, he comes into some understanding of the depth and breadth of that great spiritual Life. He comes to realize that the Logos is in all things; that it is through the virtue of that presence, that all things exist and have their being; so that "all things were made through the Logos and without the Logos was not anything made that was made." Thus he "beholds all beings in the Logos, in Atma, and in all beings beholds the Logos." The practical application, the way in which the disciple should see the Master in all beings, has already been discussed in the commentary on an earlier verse.

With reference to the last words of the verse, it would be well to consider how far we do "seek to hide ourselves from" the Logos, the divine spirit, the Master. If we realize, even mentally, that the life of the Logos is not only the real Self of us, our most real Self, but is, in essence, full of divine beauty and goodness and truth, full of everlasting love and joy; then is it not true that we are in fact, if we cling to our personal selves, seeking to hide from divine beauty, from divine goodness, from divine truth and love and joy?

We need more faith; we need the faith to surrender ourselves, and to surrender with completeness.

In whom all beings have become as the Self of the enlightened, what delusion is there, what sorrow, for him beholding Oneness?

Fear lies at the very heart of egotism: the self's fear that it will be deprived of its desires, of its illusions of vanity and superiority, even of its very being. Fear and desire go hand in hand, and each desire has an equal shadow of fear. Self-centred egotism is small, and feels itself to be small, with an ever more restricted circle of life; and, shut up in this narrow cave, egotism is constantly on guard against apprehended attacks, for nothing is so vulnerable as vanity, which is the very breath of egotism. All this means misery, dread of loss, of suffering, of punishment, a haunting misgiving and apprehension.

But when egotism is sacrificed to the Logos; when, instead of the bitter waters of selfishness, the soul is refreshed with the waters of life, springing up in a living fountain in the heart, then the age-old spectre of fear is exorcised; dread ceases to haunt the dwelling, unless it be the wise and holy fear of falling short of the high perfection, the holy Life, which offers itself so generously to the cleansed heart. But that fear is in reality worship, and has nothing in common with the old egotistic dread.

In that holy Life, all the sorrows that dwell in the heart have their surcease, except the divine sorrow which is of the very essence of that great Life: the perpetual travail, the pain of bringing holiness into being, in obdurate human hearts; the burden of the age-old task, taken up when the Logos first entered into manifestation; the task more visibly assumed, when the Logos "becomes flesh and dwells among us."

He circled around the bright, bodiless, woundless, without tendons, pure, unpierced by evil; the wise Poet, all-encircling, self-being, disposing ends through perpetual ages.

Here, it would seem, is a part of the ritual depicting the Logos as the active Builder of the worlds, "running circular errands" through the celestial ether, which is "bodiless, woundless, without tendons, pure, unpierced by evil."

Western astronomy, while measuring with wonderful insight and patience, the circling motions of the planets in their orbits about the sun, and extending these measurements not only to the distances of the stars, but to their proper motion in space, has never even attempted to find any cause or source of these vast and endless movements. Laplace, perfecting his nebular hypothesis, thought of the solar system as at first a vast sphere of star-dust, rotating about an axis; gradual flattening and shrinking, forming rings, like the rings of Saturn, which in time, breaking up, became the planets. Laplace thought that, if the original impulse of rotation could be explained, he could then account for all the phenomena of the solar system. But no explanation of that original rotation was ever forthcoming, except, perhaps, those which based it upon the collisions of earlier suns; but, even then, the prior motions of these remained unaccounted for.

The Eastern wisdom offers no final explanation, since, penetrating deeper into the universal mystery, it finds only mystery more profound. But it does carry the problem farther back, behind the visible stars and the visible universe, to the manifested Logos, which, in turn, veils the unmanifested Logos. And in the principle of circulating life within the Logos, it sees the source and cause and model of all life-circuits, from the pulsating vital current throughout the solar system, or vaster star systems, to the circulation of blood in the human body, or in the body, let us say, of a humming bird.

The Power which "circled around the bright, bodiless, woundless" ether, or rather the Akasha, is called, in the Trans-Himalyan schools, Fohat, who is described as "running circular errands," these same paths of circulation, universal from the greatest to the least, which have just been indicated. Fohat is called "the wise Poet, Seer," for, in Sanskrit, the one word covers both thoughts; he is no true poet, who is not a genuine seer; he is no true seer, who does not turn his vision into creative action. This Power of the Logos is the Poet of the star systems, of the galaxies, of the suns; and of all organized life through all these systems, where all is Life. The universe is God's poem; the voice of Life is not a cry but a song. This is the universal testimony of the Mysteries of Initiation, throughout all ages, in all lands. This wise Poet disposes all purposes and aims, and the whole substance of being, with infinite wisdom, throughout perpetual ages.

They go forth into blind darkness, who worship unwisdom; but into darkness deeper than that, as it were, they who find delight in wisdom.

The traditional interpretation found in the Indian commentaries seeks to make the point that, while they who follow unwisdom go into the darkness of death and recurring birth, those who follow merely intellectual wisdom fall into even greater darkness of confusion.

But to the present commentator, this does not seem the true meaning; but rather that which is suggested in the verse of the *Bhagavad Gita:* "He who has attained self-mastery wakes where is night for all beings, and where all beings wake is night for the silent seer."

For, while it is true that those who follow after desire, completely deluded by the glamour of Maya, dwell in darkness and, in death, enter the path, not of liberation, but of bondage to Karma and recurring birth; no less true is it that the disciple, whose feet are set upon the path of wisdom and liberation, straightway enters a world which, to the deluded, is far deeper darkness; and it is just because the small old path, stretching far away, is so deeply encompassed with darkness, that the deluded shrink away from it in dread and horror, and therefore fail to see that it is the path of Light.

There is one thing, they have said, through wisdom; there is another thing, they have said, through unwisdom. Thus have we heard from the wise, who have taught us the spiritual teaching.

He who knows both, wisdom and unwisdom, he, verily, through unwisdom fording through death, through wisdom reaches the Immortal.

These two verses, which bear out the view already taken of the preceding verse, need little or no comment. Because of unwisdom, because of the delusion of Maya, because of self-centredness and bondage to personality, the majority of mankind pass through death, as men pass through the ford of a river; for such is the meaning of the word used. If they followed after wisdom, after aspiration, sacrifice, they would, even in this present life, attain to the world of immortality. Losing their lives, their personal, self-centred lives, for the sake of the Divine, they would keep them unto life everlasting. It is the teaching, old as the world, which is the very heart and essence of the great Mysteries; the secret of initiation, since the process of Initiation is that very losing, that sacrifice of the personal life, whereby the life immortal is gained and entered upon. And the practical thing would seem to be, not so much to accept this principle in a large, general way, as to carry it into effect in a multitude of little things; the little things which, like grains of sand, build mountains; like drops of water, make up the oceans.

They go forth into blind darkness, who worship that which is not the Life; but into darkness deeper than that, as it were, they who find delight in the Life.

There is one thing, they have said, through the Life; there is another thing, they have said, through that which is not the Life.

Thus have we heard from the wise, who taught us the spiritual teaching.

He who knows both, the Life and destruction, through destruction fording through death, through the Life reaches the Immortal.

There is a slight shading in the form, but not, it seems, in the meaning, of the word here translated the Life. It is a difficult word to render, meaning origin, power, production, birth, existence. Here, it seems to cover two meanings: the second birth, the spiritual birth from above, and that divine Life, the Logos, through which, and through obedience to which, the spiritual rebirth comes about.

And there seems to be a double meaning also in the word here rendered destruction. Through their following of the personality, which is the principle of destruction, since it is by its nature doomed to death, the multitude must enter the river of death, bondage to Karma and recurring birth. But there is the other and deeper meaning—for it must not be forgotten that we are dealing with a book of the Mysteries: Through the destruction, the dissolving of the personality, we cross death as those who ford a river; then, through the power of the Life, the Logos, bringing about the second birth, we reach the Immortal, in that "occult" world which, for the many, is hidden in darkness even deeper, more impenetrable, than the darkness of death.

(To be continued) C. J.

DANTE SKETCHES

DANTE is a great reservoir for the student of the spiritual life. No purely exoteric Western writer, be he poet or philosopher, has left so rich a treasure. The lessons he teaches the soul are as fundamentally and eternally true as any that have ever been taught. He took up the current scholastic philosophy of Thomas Aquinas, and, following the pattern of his great master, he fulfilled it. He did not destroy. He set himself to illumine one of the most rigid intellectual moulds ever created, with rays direct from the clear light of eternal truth.

Dante succeeded because he was a poet. He was poet first,—then philosopher. He is too often represented by commentators as a philosopher who was also poet. This is to miss the very heart and marrow of the man. Philosophy is a thing of the mind,—man-made,—limited. Poetry is of the spirit,—God-made,—a mystery. Dante was a mystic. He was so great and sane and balanced a mystic that he could speak to men's condition. The *intelligenti* of his day were scholastics. They were the efflorescence of the first thousand years of Christianity. It is not true to say that their works were dead. They were not. But the life within them lay deep buried behind forms and laws and words, even as the aspiration of Judea had lain encased in Levitic legalism. Dante brought this light within to the surface, using their words, but correlating, synthesizing, and illumining.

Dante, quite possibly brought up at first under Franciscan influence, wrote, as a young man, an allegoric love-poem—the *Vita Nuova*, or *New Life*. The riddle of this little book lies in the title. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." The new life is the life of love. Love awakened by a woman, yes, but love also of the Eternal Feminine,—Divine Wisdom. Dante saw Beatrice, and he loved. Who will say where love, once roused, will not lead?

Love led Dante into exile in Paris, where he left the more allegoric and devotional atmosphere of the Franciscans for the clear, hard, precise intellect of the Dominicans. He became an accomplished scholastic. During the inevitable period of transition, he wrote the *Convito* or *Banquet*, philosophic in substance, with a vague background, or basis, of poetry and allegory. He abandoned it before the first third was completed, realizing probably that the scholastic method *per se* would never accomplish his result. Love could not be satisfied by intellectual pursuits alone, however fascinating. Love led Dante through scholasticism, and beyond.

Last, he wrote the *Divine Comedy*,—as he tells us, at the behest of love. In that drama his soul is led through the three worlds, and at the end beholds God. Love leads him home. His triple vision of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise is but an allegory of the nature of vice and virtue; of the duties of man towards God, his neighbour, and his own soul; of the life of free-will, and how it may be used for good or for evil in working out the purposes of soul. Like the parables of old, it is to be read for its significance. Dante himself tells us, in a letter written to his patron, that this was the approach to the poem he intended; so it would seem especially a waste of time to study it in any other light, if we wish to approximate the subtiler phases of the poet's thought.

The *Divine Comedy* is not, however, all allegory, nor even all philosophy, in the sense that there is no direct treatment of the multitude of moral and spiritual problems that Dante, through his characters, is perpetually presenting. Despite the entirely unnatural and fanciful environment in which he has placed the men and women of his drama, despite situations that symbolically intensify the particular qualities of the individuals involved—be they bad or good—Dante is invariably depicting human nature, he is discussing the vital issues that confront mankind in their every-day existence, as well as those higher metaphysical and religious problems that have baffled the thought of ages. Those who are familiar with his method of revealing the very heart of a subject by some penetrating phrase or flash of symbolic picture, have reconstructed from his works what amounts to a distinct and individual philosophy of life. "The whole work was undertaken, not for a speculative but for a practical end." And again: "The purpose of the whole [the *Comedy*] and of this portion [the *Paradiso*] is to remove those who are living in this life from the state of wretchedness, and to lead them to the state of blessedness" (*Epistle to Can Grande*, 273-275 and 267-270, see 16 and 15).

Perhaps no better illustration of Dante's practical vitality as a spiritual guide could be chosen, than by analysing the first experience in the *Inferno* proper. Dante realizes that the only thoroughly and consistently impracticable people are those who do nothing. In the moral world, or speaking on the plane of soul-consciousness, a man who does nothing is neutral. And the first people Dante meets in his descent, are the neutrals.

It is typical of Dante that he is the only great poet or writer of the classical age who has seized upon the significance of neutrality as a moral disease, and realized its fundamental importance. In his view, the very first people to deal with in the course of evolution from lowest to highest, are the neutrals. Neither Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, nor any other great poet has dealt with neutrality, or has even given evidence of recognizing it as an attitude possible to human beings. Homer and Virgil barely suggest the idea at all. They were primarily prophets of

war and of the heroic, and their thought was naturally directed towards martial vigour, manly endurance, and robust courage. To them a trimmer would be simply a coward, a craven-hearted dastard, not even fit society for right-minded women. In Homer the very gods, whose impartial attitude towards Troy might suggest that neutrality could exist on some plane above that of worldly conflict, cannot with dignity or peace of mind maintain so phlegmatic a stand. Before the final blow is struck, they obtain Jove's consent, and, entering the war on the side of their choice, they commit themselves to decisive action quite as explicitly as any of the mortal combatants. Whatever sidelight such an attitude may be thought to throw on the general question of neutrality, Homer has nowhere drawn any clear distinction;—though by way of an aside, we might be justified in inferring that, in his conception, the very gods were at least not "too proud to fight."

Virgil in like manner, since his stage is filled largely with heroes and heroines, finds no place for neutrals; and all his characters, even if sometimes by the pressure of circumstance, become involved of their own volition in the drama of action he depicts.

Shakespeare, for a different reason, is not subtile enough to see the distinction between the effects of neutrality, and the effects of other moral failures. He is dealing with the passions of mankind; nowhere does he consider that most studiously passionless of creatures, the neutral. Even Hamlet, whose over-subtilizing mind drives him from doubt to doubt, and from indecision to temporizing, has too much of the very tissue of the real hero in him to do other than hurl himself into the fray when the call comes. At such a crisis the genuine neutral, we feel, would have again controlled himself, and perhaps argued; he would have let time itself dissolve for him the balance of conflicting issues. In the main, Shakespeare also, as with the earlier poets, depicts those who hesitate or hang back as simply cowards and poltroons.

Contrast this general attitude with the precise and unenigmatic vision of neutrality, its causes and effects, which Dante gives us by his description of the neutrals in the *Inferno*. Led by Virgil, he enters the portals leading below; but before crossing the river Acheron, boundary of hell proper, he has to traverse a *buia campagna*, a dark plain or dreary waste.

> Here sighs, plaints, and deep wailings, resounded through the starless air; it made me weep at first.
>
> Strange tongues, horrible outcries, words of pain, tones of anger, voices deep and hoarse, and sounds of hands amongst them,
>
> Made a tumult, which turns itself unceasing in that air forever dyed, as sand when it eddies in a whirlwind.
>
> And I, my head begirt with horror, said: "Master, what is this that I hear? and who are these that seem so overcome with pain?"
>
> And he to me: "This miserable mode the dreary souls of those sustain, who lived without blame, and without praise.

"They are mixed with that caitiff choir of the angels, who were not rebellious, nor were faithful to God; but were for themselves.

"Heaven chased them forth to keep its beauty from impair; and deep Hell receives them not, for the wicked would have some glory over them."

And I: "Master what is so grievous to them, that makes them lament thus bitterly?" He answered: "I will tell it to thee very briefly.

"These have no hope of death, and their blind life is so mean, that they are envious of every other lot.

"Report of them the world permits not to exist; Mercy and justice disdain them; let us not speak of them; but look and pass."

And I, who looked, saw an ensign, which whirling ran so quickly that it seemed to scorn all pause;

And behind it came so long a train of people, that I should never have believed death had undone so many.

After I had recognized some amongst them, I saw and knew the shade of him who from cowardice had made the great refusal.

Forthwith I understood and felt assured that this was the crew of caitiffs, hateful to God and to his enemies,

These unfortunate, who never were alive, were naked, and sorely goaded by hornets and by wasps that were there.

These made their faces stream with blood, which mixed with tears was gathered at their feet by loathsome worms.

Inferno: Canto iii, 22-69.

This is Dante's first sight of the dead spirits and of their torments. He has not, however, as the rest of the Canto makes clear, reached Hell proper as yet. Not until Charon has ferried them across the river Acheron, which bounded this region on the far side, does the real descent into the pit commence. So this dark plain is a sort of ante-hell or vestibule, as it has been called, whereon roam people bereft of life on earth, and yet not included amongst the dead of the nether world.

In this passage it is quite clear that Dante is not limiting himself to a purely political neutrality, dictated by policy and expediency. We must believe that Dante would never have done this,—that he never could have conceived a political issue that did not involve a moral. In the *De Monarchia,* where the state and its principles of conduct are rigorously discussed, he tells us that "the world is ordered best when justice is most paramount therein,"—a moral qualification; and he defines further in the same paragraph: "Justice, considered in itself, and in its proper nature, is a certain rightness or rule of conduct, which rejects on either side all that deviates from it" (*De Mon.* xi). There is no place for neutrality here: a judge decides, rejects; he can neither temporize nor remain aloof.

To be sure, occasions would arise when the right course of action would follow the beatitude, "Blessed are the peace-makers." But there is nothing neutral, in Dante's sense, in such an attitude, if properly assumed and maintained, and provided there be no clear moral issue in-

volved. For either the combatants are both in the wrong, in which case the peace-maker takes the side of good against the two evils; or the *casus belli* is trivial, or reducible to "bad blood" and temper,—in which case the peace-maker again asserts the superiority of right conduct, and places himself upon whichever side has the better claim to justice and retribution. In all such cases, Dante would feel that a definite stand is taken, and that the will has not been withdrawn from its proper sphere as the author of action, to the furtherance of manifold legal hair-splittings, and to those finer heights of intellectual exercise that border on casuistry.

Dante is essentially an interpreter of human will. He believes that the will is the most fundamental part of a man, lying behind thought, emotion and sensation. He sees that just as in every action in life there must be some element of will, so, the will being involved, there must inevitably be also a choice between a better or a worse,—between good and evil. But the man who refuses to choose, is beyond all others unworthy, because he negatives his very manhood,—that in him which forms the essence and continuity of himself. Freedom of will permits men to align themselves with the unyielding sweep of evolutionary purpose, or to set their wills counter to the whole;—in which case, as its final result, there is nothing left but the fixed rebellion of hell and the death of the soul. Paradise and Purgatory describe the former, with all their degrees of harmonious co-operation, from highest to least possible; hell describes the latter, inflexibly rebellious, an eternal self-redamnation.

But, in the ante-hell, Dante describes this other body of people, who can be classified properly as having neither the harmonious nor the rebellious types of will. Since hell punishes the fruit and consequences of sin,—of evil willing—the poet was under the logical necessity of excluding the neutrals, who can hardly be said to have will-consequences at all; while their pusillanimity with equal certainty demands their exclusion from Purgatory—for there is nothing adequate to purge. So they occupy a place between two worlds, segregated, tormented, hopeless as only the weak are hopeless, while even "Report of them the world permits not to exist." But Dante does not stop with the mere placing of them in this anomalous position, propelled by driving, sand-laden winds, stung with the wasps of petty desires, and treading on the loathsome worms of selfish cowardice. He pours on them such tremendous scorn—"dreary souls—who lived without blame and without praise," "hateful to God and to his enemies," "for themselves," "mean," blind, cowardly, whom Mercy and Justice alike disdain,—that though the scale of evil in the *Inferno* is a descending one, these neutrals, rejected even by hell, are in some way abjectly lower and more to be condemned than the malicious traitors at the bottom of the pit. Nowhere does Dante say this, but the clear inference gathers force from its very theoretic impossibility.

Dante parallels exactly his symbolic divisions of the universe with the states of the human will. On the one hand there is Paradise, Purgatory, and Hell,—with a special place outside the three for the neutrals. So in man also, there is complete harmony and co-operation of his will with the divine will, which is the highest stage of beatitude; there is the will, part good and part rebellious, which can be purged and redirected wholly to the good; there is the fixed intent to evil, incorrigible, self-sufficient and self-satisfied; and there is apart from these a neutral, a man who so far refuses to will, to choose, that he becomes will-less,—in very essence a neuter.

Dante sees this as a state of soul reached logically by a certain course of action. To his penetrating estimate of human motives, there is an attitude of the will towards life that is more harmful in some ways than downright, out-and-out sinning. For a neutral has buried his talent; he has taken his most vital human force—his power of choice, and has done nothing with it; he has made a negation of it; he no longer has anything to show for it. And just as nature has many examples of organs which have become useless and atrophied from lack of exercise, so Dante sees neutrality as that state of impairment of the will which results from the repeated refusal to use it.

To choose *not to will*, though it may be said to be voluntary, yet, if continued in, logically leads to the destruction of the will. If we add to this the argument that a fundamental principle of human life is growth, and that the neutral chooses stagnation,—what can remain eventually but a mere shell of the soul, finally incapable of choosing at all;—a purely animal life, selfish, impelled by desires and emotions, but a conscious willing power no longer?

Perhaps any discussion of a mediæval writer raises the question to-day as to whether the whole plan and end of the thought is not a misconception based on false or illogical premises,—on a too-limited, unscientific outlook on life. Does modern psychology find any *rapprochement* between its discoveries and such a conception of the will?

This is no place for a technical analysis; but if science be not a kind of glorified common sense, it will not lead humanity very far. And Dante at least on this question has common sense, and the testimony of every-day experience, on his side. He distinguishes between the coward, who *acted* on his cowardice, and the cowardly neutral who "made the great refusal,"—who did the negative thing. In his psychology, neutrality is an evil in itself, just as cowardice or selfishness is evil. He insists that the deliberate refusal to take sides, or the persistent desire to avoid all responsibility and choice, means that the will, like a disused muscle, atrophies and ceases to exist. Such "unfortunates," he exclaims, "never were alive."

There are many familiar types whom Dante must have had in mind when he wrote. Such people are seen in every walk of life. They are

those who decline to face the issue of life, who pretend to keep the Commandments, and suppose themselves ripe for the kingdom of heaven. They do not deny truth, they avoid thinking about it; they do not rebel against God and his universe, they simply ignore him; they do not consciously assert themselves, they merely indulge every passing caprice. They are that predominating class who live only in the moment, and in the moment think only of themselves. The essence of their history is not so much this little sin or that little act; it is that they form no integral part of the great forward sweep of the universe; their movement is but an illusory current in a backwash of the great stream of universal purpose. And so, though giving the appearance of activity, in that inner consciousness where the soul lives, acts, and grows, they have refused the opportunities a larger life has offered their individual lives, and have emasculated and extinguished the very heart and centre of their existence.

Dante was never of these. He feels that human growth and evolution in its big sense can have no place for them; that there could be no real hesitation, no doubt, no trimming, without suffering for it in a special way. From the lessons learnt from the consequences of sin, we can rise to better things. Neutrality, however, at once sets us outside the very order of the universe, and its punishment is ostracism and a living death, "envious of every other lot." "Let us not speak, but look, and pass."

MARION HALE.

Our whole trouble in our lot in this world rises from the disagreement of our mind therewith. Let the mind be brought to the lot, and the whole tumult is instantly hushed; let it be kept in that disposition, and the man shall stand at ease, in his affliction, like a rock unmoved with waters beating upon it.—T. BOSTON.

The design of God is rather to rectify the will than to satisfy the understanding. If there were no obscurity in religion, the understanding might be benefited, but the will would be injured.—PASCAL.

SPINOZA'S "ETHICS"

II. On Human Bondage and the Way of Deliverance*

LOVE is the cause and being of pure vision, but, as a philosopher has said, love cannot be forced. Each soul must love in its own way, for love may be called the desire of the soul to realize its appointed end. If that end be union with the divine, and if the soul be now surrounded by false lights and allured by false destinies, then, the first stage of the "great work" must be the awakening in man of the *consciousness* of his true goal. When consciousness is awakened, love will lead the way.

All great philosophies have one purpose,—to bring man to that point where his character can be moved in its proper direction by that love, which is the portion of every soul. Philosophy is not the only talisman; and no philosopher, least of all a follower of Plato, can claim that metaphysical theory is an end in itself. Some men are drawn onward by action, some by art, and others by patient and quiet thought. The philosopher speaks to the man of thought, because he himself is akin to the man of thought. His purpose is not thought for its own sake, nor action for its own sake. He aims to make ready the soul of man for its re-birth as a divine and perfected spirit. One who listens can learn; for the rest there are other teachers. In the perfected man, thought and action are convertible terms, though the emphasis for every individual must differ. Plotinus said, speaking of souls united in spirit: "Everyone has all things in himself and sees all things in another, so that all things are everywhere and all is all and each is all and the glory is infinite. Each of them is great, since the small also is great. In Heaven the sun is all the stars, and again each and all are the sun. One thing in each is prominent above the rest; but it also shows forth all." [†]

Spinoza's *"Ethics"* is a professed effort to lead men to blessedness by the light of reason. In Parts I and II he conceives of God as the one, infinite, impersonal and free Substance, and of man as a mode or emanation of the divine nature, more or less free, according as he is more or less remote from the Source. In Parts III and IV he shows how man has been captivated by images evolved from the emanated nature (or matter), and how by the aid of reason he may discover somewhat of his true relation to nature—both divine and emanated, so that he can in no slight degree alleviate his sufferings and elevate his consciousness. In Part V he completes the cycle of his argument and upholds the

* See Theosophical Quarterly, April, 1919, for the first of these two papers on Spinoza's Ethics.

† *Enneads*, V., 8, 4.

intuition of man's essential divinity as his true good, for which the life of the philosopher offers *one* way of preparation.[8]

Among philosophers of the West, only Pythagoras seems to have placed over his language such restraint and severity of diction. To read Spinoza requires an unwavering attention and a certain pleasure in mathematical demonstration—such a pleasure as is given by Euclid, whose method of proof Spinoza, in fact, adopts. H. P. B. says that Spinoza, like Giordano Bruno, was secretly a Pythagorean. "The cautious reserve which he places upon himself in his writings makes it extremely difficult for one who does not read him between the lines, and is not thoroughly acquainted with the hidden meaning of the Pythagorean metaphysics, to ascertain what his real sentiments were." [9]

With due modesty, then, let us approach Spinoza's preliminary reflections on the emotions. "Such emotions as hate, wrath, envy, etc., considered in themselves, follow from the same necessity and ability of nature as other things: therefore they acknowledge certain causes, through which they are understood, and have certain properties equally worthy of our knowledge as the properties of any other thing, the contemplation of which alone delights us. So I shall treat of the nature and force of the emotions and the power of the mind over them—and I shall regard human actions and desires, exactly as if I were dealing with lines, planes and solids." [10]

Proceeding step by step, Spinoza concludes that "emotion" is a term denoting all those forces of mind or body, which determine a man's "place in nature" at any given moment. According as that place tends to be higher or lower in the scale of being, we may call the emotion good or evil, spiritual or psychic. Man either controls his emotions, when they increase his power or virtue, or is controlled by them, when his power or virtue is diminished. In the former case, by an emotion we understand an *action*, if otherwise a *passion*.[11]

How are we to know whether an emotion is good or evil, active or passive? Spinoza's answer is unequivocal and in the spirit of the old Greek ethics. "The mind can suffer great changes and can pass now to a state of greater or lesser perfection. I shall understand by pleasure the emotion by which the mind passes to a higher state of perfection, and by pain the emotion by which it passes to a lower state of perfection." [12] Whatsoever gives pleasure is good, whatsoever gives pain is evil. It will be seen later that this statement must be considerably qualified but the meaning is clear enough. The human soul moves up and

[8] Cf. *Ethics*, V., 41.

[9] *Isis Unveiled*. I., 94.

[10] *Ethics*, III. Introd. The Pythagoreans regarded geometric design as the form of nature or the model from which individual things derive meaning. An emotion is a thing, to be studied like a triangle.

[11] III. def. 2, 3, 4.

[12] III., 11, note.

down the ray of life, and harmony or discord reflects in its inner life the direction of the process. Let it be remembered that all such terms—good and evil, pleasure and pain—are applicable only to individuals in a state of change and relative separation from the One Being. "The mind is only liable to emotions which are referred to passions while the body lasts." [13] God, whose nature is absolutely free, "is free from passions, nor is he affected with any emotion of pleasure or pain." [14] When one has reached the world of the Eternal, where time and change are not, there can be no better or worse, for in the words of Plotinus, "the small also is great." In that world, as Heraclitus said, "the way up and the way down are one and the same."

"Human lack of power in moderating the emotions I call servitude. A man who is submissive to his emotions, is not in power over himself, but in the hands of fortune to such an extent, that he is often constrained,—although he may see what is better for him—to follow what is worse." [15] The secret of that lack of power is misdirected desire. Like all who have reflected deeply on human sufferings, Spinoza finds the explanation of all unhappiness in the vain desires of men, and finds the ultimate possible salvation of the race in the discipline of desire. "The force and increase of (undisciplined) desires are not defined by human power, but by power which is outside us, and they indicate our want of power and our mutilated knowledge." [16]

"Everything, in so far as it is in itself, endeavours to persist in its own being," [17] and that endeavour comprises what we call desire. Love is pleasure in the expression of one's being and is directed towards that which is held to be the cause of the pleasure.[18] But there is a true being of an entity and a false being, a spiritual, and a psychic man; and each of these has an existence in accordance with its nature. The true being is that which is the essence of an entity, that which expresses the perfected destiny of that entity "under the form of eternity." It is unassailable, eternal, free, being one with divine nature. The false being, the emanation of the true, has re-absorption into this true being for its proper end; but it has involved itself in other purposes proper to other beings, for its power is limited and far surpassed by that of external causes.[19] "There is no individual thing in nature than which there is none more powerful or stronger." [20] The true being—the Watcher—is not recognized as the appointed object of love for the emanated soul, which on the contrary desires that which should properly be desired by another. In the world of Maya all souls are magnetized and determined

[13] V., 34.
[14] V., 17.
[15] IV., Introd.
[16] IV., Appendix 2.
[17] III., 6, 7.
[18] III., 9, n. 13, n.
[19] IV., 3, 4.
[20] IV., axiom.

to action one by another, just as in the physical world all motion appears as mechanical and as if caused by the impact of one part of a machine on another part.[21]

Thus, the pleasures of psychic life must be surmounted, before the spirit of man can express adequately the divine nature, which is present in all creatures from the highest to the lowest.[22] For these pleasures spring from the desires of the lower self and are dependent upon stimuli beyond one's control. After they have awakened the consciousness from tamasic sleep, they can remain only as hindrances; and, if the soul persists in them, they must end by separating it forever from its spiritual essence.

Spinoza is very clear on this point. Pleasure is never in itself evil, but always good, for it is an emotion whereby the body's[23] power of action is increased, and according as the body is capable of action, the mind must participate in Eternity.[24] The more the body is rendered apt for acting, the more the mind is rendered apt for perceiving.[25] Pain in itself is evil, for it is an emotion whereby the body's power of action is diminished. "There cannot be too much merriment, but it is always good; but, on the other hand, melancholy is always bad." [26]

But he adds: "Merriment which we said to be good, can be more easily conceived than observed. For the emotions by which we are daily assailed have reference to *some part of the body which is affected beyond the others,* and so the emotions as a rule are in excess and detain the mind in the contemplation of one object, so that it cannot think of others." [27] This discordant pleasure which he calls titillation, can be excessive and bad; and grief may be good in the measure that titillation is bad, since grief, which also has reference only to one part of the body, may check over-stimulation of that same part, and cause it to function in more normal relation to the other parts.[28]

Psychic pleasure affects the total being of man discordantly, and psychic pain may restore the harmony by inhibiting the activity, which is producing the discord.

Love and desire, the great agents of spiritual movement, are the great agents of psychic movement, when they are not directed by the true being of man.[29] For then they represent merely the force in a man, which directs him to follow any given direction and which comes not from his divine nature but from the "elementals" of the emanated world.

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[21] II., 9.
[22] Cf. I., conclusion of Appendix.
[23] For Spinoza the body is "the object of the idea constituting the human mind," II., 11, 12.
[24] V., 39.
[25] II., 14; IV., 38, 41, 60.
[26] IV., 42.
[27] IV., 44, n.
[28] IV., 43. III., 11, n.
[29] IV., 44.

When love and desire are psychic, they are dependent on images for fuel. The images are vampirized by the psychic man, until the limits of his possible pleasure are reached. Then the images, still remaining present to the consciousness, take their revenge on the psychic man and vampirize him in turn. Pleasure passes into its opposite, pain. Esau has sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. "While we are enjoying the thing that we desired, the body from the enjoyment acquires a new disposition, by which it is determined in another way, and other images of things are aroused in it and the mind begins to imagine and desire other things. *E. g.*, when we imagine some food, we desire to enjoy it, that is, to eat it. But as soon as we enjoy it, the body's desire is turned in another direction. If then, the image of this same food be again stimulated, and consequently the desire of eating it be stimulated, the new condition of the body will feel disgust at this desire or endeavour, and consequently the presence of the food which before we desired will now be odious to us." [30]

It is necessary to discipline love and desire, so that they may be directed towards those objects proper to a human soul. When the desire is in accordance with the real nature of man, then, his pleasure becoming spiritual will denote a returning movement, a transition of the emanated soul toward higher levels of being. Such pleasure or happiness, as it might better be called, will avoid satiety, in so far as it is stimulated by the living contemplation of the divine nature, for it is the essence of that nature to draw individual things out of duration and to give to them its own consciousness of an eternal blessedness. "The intellectual love of God which arises from intuition is eternal." "No love save intellectual love is eternal." "The mind is only liable to emotions which are referred to passions, while the body lasts." "There is nothing in nature which is contrary to intellectual love or which can remove it." [31]

"Whose heart is untroubled in sorrows," says the *Bhagavad Gita*, "who in pleasures is unallured, from whom lust and fear and wrath are gone, that silent one is declared to be firm in soul." [32]

How can one train the desires to obey the spirit? How can one induce in character the equilibrium of the faculties? How can one learn to follow the Middle Way, the way of all the sages since the world began? To answer these questions is to solve the riddle of life itself.

Let it be emphasized that the answer of Spinoza, the philosopher, is one answer only, adapted to the souls relatively richest in intellect. Like the Sankhyas of India he may be said, "to put perception first, to make insight precede the will; to liberate thought first, and then, through liberated thought, to free himself from bondage in act." [33] Here is the

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[30] III., 59, note.
[31] V., 33, 34, corollary; 37.
[32] Transl. by Charles Johnston, Bk. II.
[33] *Ibid.*, Introd. to Bk. V.

secret of his glorification of reason. "The desire of knowing things by intuition cannot arise from mutilated and confused ideas, but only from reason." [34] "The ultimate aim of a man who is guided by reason, that is, his greatest desire, by which he endeavours to moderate all the others, is that whereby an adequate conception is brought to him of all things which can come within the scope of his intelligence." [35] This conception is most certainly not a merely objective science, but a dynamic contemplation, which is one and the same with spiritual life. Therefore, "blessedness is nothing else than satisfaction of mind which arises from the intuitive knowledge of God." [36] "Desire which arises from reason can have no excess," [37] and is always good.

Let man learn what is his true nature, argues the philosopher, and what is the cause of the obstructions barring him from expression of that true nature. Let him see that undisciplined desire alone debars him from realizing the blessedness of union in God. Let him understand how, even here upon the earth, it is possible by devotion to reason, to discern between that which brings enduring pleasure and that which brings pain, and so to turn the soul towards God,—even though, at first, one's motives be personal and positivistic.

One is reminded of William James' designation of the "tough-minded." But Spinoza insists on the need of finally transcending all self-seeking utilitarianism, if one would attain to real beatitude and wisdom. Happiness is the natural end of man, for "the mind endeavours to imagine those things only which impose upon it the power of action," [38] and the power of action signifies happiness. But happiness must not be sought for its own sake. In his most sublime intuition, Spinoza says: "He who truly loves God cannot desire that God should love him in return." [39] "Blessedness is not the reward of virtue, but virtue itself; nor should we rejoice therein, for that we restrain our lusts, but because we rejoice therein, we can restrain our lusts." [40]

"The soul must be unfettered, the desires free," it is said in *Light on the Path,* "but until they are fixed only on that state wherein there is neither reward nor punishment, good nor evil, it is in vain that he endeavours. Learn now that there is no cure for desire, no cure for the love of reward, no cure for the misery of longing, save in the fixing of the sight and hearing upon that which is invisible and soundless." [41] From all the testimony of the mystics on this absolute need of disinterestedness, of freely offered love, we can select at random the words

[34] V., 28.
[35] IV., Appendix 4.
[36] *Ibid.*
[37] IV., 61. IV., Appendix 3.
[38] III., 54.
[39] V., 19.
[40] V., 42.
[41] p. 91.

of two very different seers of the West. "O Love," said St. Catherine of Genoa, "I do not wish to follow thee for the sake of these delights, but solely from the motive of true love." [42] And Jakob Boehme: "I have not sought this knowledge, nor so much as to know anything concerning it. I sought only for the heart of God, therein to hide myself." [43] Disinterested devotion is the great theme of the *Bhagavad Gita,* which reconciled the conflicting Indian systems. "Who does the work that is to be done without seeking reward, he has renounced, he follows union." [44]

When one possesses this talisman of unqualified devotion, then only can the gods entrust him with any mission upon the earth, for his firmness cannot be shaken. "Every man exists by consummate right of nature, so that every man does by reason of this right those things which follow from the necessity of his nature; and therefore every man judges for himself, by his consummate right of nature, what is good or bad, and consults his advantage according to his disposition and revenges himself and endeavours to preserve what he loves and to destroy what he hates. *If men lived according to the dictate of reason, each one would possess his right without any danger;* but because they are liable to emotions which far surpass human power or virtue, they are therefore drawn in different directions and are contrary one to the other. It is necessary, in order that men may live in concord, that they should give up their natural right and render themselves reciprocally secure, and determine to do nothing that will be injurious to another. No emotion can be checked save by another stronger emotion, so that everyone refrains from inflicting evil through fear of incurring a greater evil." [45] Thus, states are formed by a sort of "social contract" reminding one of Hobbes, Locke and Rousseau.

But Spinoza offers no sentimental democratic panacea to enable all men to remain selfish with impunity. The only man who can live well in any state, is he who has liberated his desire from the magnetism of images. Until all men are free, by definition, no free state is possible. It is right that men should seek their interests; but he, who seeks his real interests, will seek equally the real interests of all mankind. "Nothing can be desired by men more excellent for their self-preservation than that all with all should so agree that they compose the minds of all into one mind, and all endeavour at the same time as much as possible to preserve their being, and all seek at the same time what is useful to them all as a body. From which it follows that men who, under the guidance of reason, seek what is useful to them, desire nothing for themselves, which they do not also desire for the rest of mankind, and there-

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[42] *Vita,* p. 8.
[43] *Aurora* Eng. transl. 1764, p. 237.
[44] *Bhagavad Gita,* opus cit., Bk. VI.
[45] IV., 37, note 2. Italics ours.

fore they are just, faithful and honourable."[46] "He who lives under the guidance of reason endeavours as much as possible to repay his fellow's hatred with love and nobleness." "He who wishes to revenge injuries by reciprocal hatred will live in misery. But he who endeavours to drive away hatred by means of love, fights with pleasure and confidence; he resists equally one or many men, and scarcely needs at all the help of fortune. Those whom he conquers yield joyfully, not from want of force but increase thereof."[47] "It is above all things useful to men that they unite their habits of life and bind themselves together with such bonds as can most easily make one individual of them all, and that should be done which serves the purpose of confirming friendship."[48]

The wise man finds "a firm seat for himself, neither too high nor too low."[49] His way is the Middle Way. His faculties are tempered and balanced, so that by no possibility can one faculty arrogate to itself the forces which belong to another. He will neither hope nor fear, for he lives on a plane of fruition and is superior to fortune.[50] He is neither proud nor humble, but possesses a certain "self-complacency" arising from the knowledge of his true self.[51] He is ever ready to aid others, for indeed he cannot act for himself without acting also for others, but no circumstance in nature can induce in him a state of spiritual sorrow, for "in so far as we understand the causes of pain, it ceases to be a passion, that is, thus far it ceases to be pain; and therefore in so far as we understand God to be the cause of pain we rejoice."[52]

Thus, he who lives under the guidance of reason, cannot be affected by those emotions which sentimentalists glorify as pity and remorse. "Pity is sadness and therefore bad in itself. The good which follows from it, that we endeavour to free the man whom we pity from his misery, we desire to do from the mere command of reason, nor can we do anything which we know to be good save under the guidance of reason. Therefore pity is bad and useless in itself. He who rightly knows that all things follow from the necessity of divine nature, and come to pass according to the eternal natural and regular laws, will find nothing worthy of hatred or contempt. . . . I am speaking expressly of him who lives under the guidance of reason. He who is moved neither by reason nor pity to help others is rightly called inhuman."[53] Pity leads one often to do something of which he afterwards repents, for we can do nothing according to emotion which we certainly know to be good, and we are easily deceived by false opinions. Like all grief, it is jus-

[46] IV., 18, note.
[47] IV., 46 and note.
[48] Cf. IV., Appendix 12.
[49] Cf. *Bhagavad Gita*, op. cit., Bk. VI.
[50] IV., 47.
[51] IV., 52, 53, 55.
[52] V., 18, Cf. III., 59; V., 3.
[53] IV., 50 and note.

tifiable only as the lesser of two evils, for it is better to be pitiful than cruel. Spinoza makes the distinction between that pity, which is so often self-pity, and compassion, which is the natural attitude of the spiritually strong towards the weak. For compassion is essentially not an emotion, but "an abstract, impersonal law, whose nature, being absolute Harmony, is thrown into confusion by discord, suffering and sin." [54]

He who has attained to such equilibrium of the emotions, is ready, according to Spinoza, to receive consciousness of that state above all emotions, above all reasoning, where there is neither growth nor decay, where all Truth is present to the seer in an eternal, undivided contemplation. The finite faculties will be absorbed into the infinite. The soul will have returned to the One that gave it birth and in the beginning sent it forth to gain consciousness, character and wisdom. The psychic man will die, to re-become a Son of God.

Between the man who has started on the path and the man who has reached his appointed end, there is all the difference between one who still desires happiness for himself and one who has died to all desire, keeping only the essence thereof, the love of God and compassion for men. In curing men of the sense of separateness, intellect is always helpful and, for some souls, is the great key which alone can unlock the spiritual will. It is to these souls that Spinoza, and those of his kind, speak.

His concluding words are characteristic. "The wise man is scarcely moved in spirit: he is conscious of himself, of God, and of things by a certain eternal necessity, he never ceases to be, and always enjoys satisfaction of mind. If the road I have shown to lead to this is very difficult, it can yet be discovered. And clearly it must be very hard, when it is so seldom found. For how could it be that it is neglected practically by all, if salvation were close at hand and could be found without difficulty? But all excellent things are as difficult as they are rare." [55]

STANLEY V. LADOW.

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[54] *The Voice of the Silence*, p. 74, note 1.
[55] V., 42, note.

PIE-HANKERING AND HEREDITIES

MR. GRISCOM, that wise, patient, and loving guide of so many students of Theosophy, once said that, as we are in a universe, it must be that we may study the workings of the laws of the universe in the most trivial happenings, if we will but take the trouble to look.

I had been reading several of Mr. Griscom's *Elementary Articles.* His fearless exposure of what lies within the sins we treat so complacently, lingered in the forefront of my mind as I went to dinner. We had Dutch apple pie. It tasted deliciously. I was about to ask my mother for another helping. My desire therefor suddenly collided with Mr. Griscom's teachings. I found myself asking of myself: "Now why do you want that second piece of pie?" I did not ask for it. Instead, I began analyzing my desire. I did not need more food. What was it I wanted? I liked the taste of the pie. I hankered for taste, not for sustenance. I was breaking the first unnumbered rule of *Light on the Path,* as elucidated in the Comment thereon. In short, I wanted a sensation. It happened to be a sensation of taste, but that did not excuse me.

Essentially there was no moral distinction between my desire and that of a man at a Rescue Mission, hankering for the taste of "forty-rod." Vile as that stuff is, harmful as it is, yet, to acclimated taste, it is desirable. Why? Because it can produce a sensation in even the most brazen palate. I have been trying for years to follow a limited diet. I know it is better for me. Indeed it is essential for my health. Nevertheless, I was about to imperil my physical well-being by the gratification of a desire for the taste of something. The worst of it was, I knew better. Only (once more) the influence of Mr. Griscom had checked me. It seemed a trivial happening—a mere question of a second helping of pie—yet here I was face to face, as it would seem, with a working of universal law. Why should a T.S. member and "down-and-outers" be subject to one and the same temptation? Tempted to such a futile proceeding, to such a silly act, in either case.

Had I eaten that piece of pie it might, or it might not, have given me indigestion. If it had, I would not have been more restless than I was over it uneaten. Questioning could not be silenced. Why did I want that second piece? It was not enough to say "for the taste." Why did I seek the sense-enjoyment of taste—a most elementary sensation? My Irish terrier revels in the joy of tasting. It seemed strange that I should be so near the plane of a terrier puppy.

A thought came to me; in its inception it brought a bit of comfort. I had an inherited taste for good things to eat. Were not So-and-so, and So-and-so, among my ancestors, famed gourmets? Was not my own father once described as one of the few men of his day who really knew what was fit to eat? Therefore, after all, I am not responsible for a tendency to like things that taste pleasingly when I have an inheritedly acute palate. But that ghost of a second piece of pie, that I had refused to eat, persisted in haunting me. Is a man not responsible for his inherited characteristics? If he be not, what happens to the freedom of will to choose between good and evil? a doctrine, by the way, held by all students in the field of the soul, whether the line of study be theosophical or dogmatically theological.

This started my mind off on the whole question of heredity. What do we inherit? Or rather what do we not inherit? And why do we inherit what we do? And where do we get our inheritance from? Under Mendel's law, so universally accepted by science, there is a mathematical probability that some of us exactly reproduce physically our "great-great-many-times-great-grandfathers." Yet we know that we are not the same individuality that animated two similar personalities—using "similar" with the exactness of an Euclidian. Theologian, settlement-worker, and theosophical student are, for once, in entire agreement, in believing that it is a duty to fight against an inherited tendency that is evil; such as a taste for alcohol—or for an unnecessary second piece of pie. "I wish I had never seen a piece of pie," I thought, with a distinct sense of irritation. What an injustice that a perfectly well-meaning person, like my worthy self, should have to fight against a tendency that is detrimental. Over-eating is a real danger to me, even if only considered on the plane of the body. Indeed it is a menace to all of our bodies, as the Medico-Acturial studies have proved. Has it not been shown, beyond gainsay, that unwise over-feeding kills more men than invading disease germs?

What kind of justice is there in a universe that permits a desire for food that is not needed, in bodies that cannot stand over-eating? Some students of the subject say that Americans over-eat, as a nation, because we are so nearly descended from pioneers, out-of-doors men and hard physical workers; that we have inherited our appetities from immediate ancestors whose life enabled them to assimilate, with safety, larger quantities of food than we can. Heredity again! Here were two distinct lines of heredity, not mutually exclusive by any means: the one a matter of taste; the other a matter of the physical organism. According to this I get my desire for things that taste well from my gourmet ancestors; the eagerness to consume large quantities of food from those who were athletic or hard-working. But why not, then, a body that can stand the poisoning of over-eating? Who is responsible for my body, any way? "Heredity" is one explanation. True, it may be modified by environment, but perhaps that is purely accidental. What is it in me

that objects to sinking under the pressure of those two inherited traits; to over-eat and to over-enjoy what I eat?

If we say "heredity" again (and I may "point with pride" to God-fearing, self-sacrificing religious men and women in my ancestry), we come up against a third line of heredity—and what shall we call it? We have had the desire of the body; the desire for sensation; what is this new inheritance? Because both the others lead to harmful results, which this new element recognizes as such, would it do to call this the reason-desire? Is that all that my desire for that second piece of pie suggests? How about the primary desire for food to sustain life—that manifestation of the law of self-preservation? It is one of the very first desires of the young of all species, all but coincident with the impulses to breathe and to sleep. It is so universal that it seems almost non-individual, yet you and I have it or else we die. How would it do to call this Number Four inheritance "the desire to live," as a manifestation of mere living—no more? But where does this "picturing" faculty come in; this ability to "see" myself tasting that second piece of pie that I did not take (and still hanker for, perhaps)?

At this point, in my refusal to assimilate, and thus get rid of that annoying piece of pie that I had not eaten, I had reached my room. I got up and went over to the bookcase, where four large, solemn-looking blue volumes held the right of the line. I took down one of them—the thinnest, marked, on its narrow back, in brave gilt lettering *"Secret Doctrine—Blavatsky—Index."* By its aid I turned to page 631 of the second volume (Edition of 1893) of that truly marvelous compendium of human knowledge, with its "queer" diagram of a square below a triangle, the latter pointing to "Noah in a New Dress," a page title that illustrates an apparent use of the startling to frighten away the thoughtless—a method one is inclined to believe that that great Messenger used with deliberation, and, one suspects, with a certain amused relish.

Do we not find that that piece of uneaten, but possibly still desired pie, suggested lines of heredity in rather close parallel to the classification appended to the left of the diagram? Starting at the bottom we have: "7. Body (Sthula Sharira)." We found a body inheritance in the automatic habit of over-eating. Then: "6. Life Essence (Prana)," which corresponds with the primary desire to eat, as a life preservative, dating almost to our first breath, and as universal as we have been taught that Prana is. Next comes: "5. Astral Body (Linga Sharira),"—is that not where the "picturing" faculty lies; inherited, the rationalists teach us, from the earliest days of our race? Above this: "4. Animal Soul (Kama Rupa)." Did we not note that I share with my dog the desire to taste?

This completes the notations to the Square. The four inherited reactions to pie, so far compared, are shared by man and dog alike. Our next step was what we agreed to call a reason-desire. We do not expect

to find it in the dog. My terrier may resist taking food off my table. That is not from reasoning. His desire to avoid pain explains his respect for my table. He associates an inevitable whipping with taking food from the table. He does not consider the act wrong; rather it is too dangerous—the desire to live, one might say, operating from another angle. Did I not also "inherit" a knowledge that to have eaten that second piece of pie would have been wrong? How did Madame Blavatsky continue her classification: "3. Human Soul, Mind (Manas)." So, I have inherited a soul. But did she stop there? No: "2. Spiritual Soul (Buddhi)." Above this we slide off the point of the triangle into the infinite: "1. Universal Soul (Atma)." The foolish desire for forbidden pie, all wiseacres to the contrary notwithstanding, is not "universal." So, perhaps, we may reverently turn from Atma, as it suggests the presence of the infinite and ultimate.

But what about that sixth line of inheritance, if we are to carry on our parallel? Have I not demonstrated that the influence of Mr. Griscom enabled me to resist taking that second piece of pie? Was that not a functioning in the spiritual on my part?

This immediately suggests that my mind was not single. I knew I did not need that extra dainty. I had considered taking it, but the thought of Mr. Griscom had made me do right. Apparently, then, Manas is not single but dual—one part being pulled up by the spiritual, the other dragged down by the animal. Then the battle ground is in Manas—the mind. But as we read the *Secret Doctrine* we shall find that "mind" was used, by Madame Blavatsky, with a very different meaning from that contained in our customary limitation to mere brain-functioning. We are not dealing with the brain. I doubt if my brain knows that pie exists! It is something that uses the brain that hankered for pie, after hunger was satiated.

As the pie continued to trouble me, I began to wonder with Kim "Who is Kim?" According to the pie, for to it must be given credit for this study, I am of six lines of heredity, to say nothing of the universal. Have I no individuality? Am I a mere congery of heredities? What nonsense! "I know that I am." And I know, know as I know nothing else, that I have the godlike knowledge of both good and evil, the God-given power to choose between them. If this be true, and I know it is, how can I be the mere sport of contesting heredities? Must it not be that I have so chosen? Must it not be that I picked out a combination of heredities for some purpose? But has Madame Blavatsky shown only seven "Human Aspects or Principles"? Is that the only stratification? Can there not be a cutting through on another line? Is this physical world the only world? We all know better. No being, endowed with any power of fancy, stops here. Call it "the Happy Hunting Ground" or "Heaven" or the "Spiritual World"; "the Place of the Bad Spirits" or "Hell" or "the Psychic World". We all recognize at least two other stages

or planes of existence besides this. Even the most rationalistic person will concede that there is a state after death when we shall be (1) as well off as we are; (2) better off than we are; or (3) worse off than we are—so here, again, we find the three. Indeed, does this not suggest a fourth—call it consummated union or complete annihilation, as you please. Do not let us quarrel over words; we mean the same thing. One of us looks down and sees—"Nothing"; the other, looking up—"Everything". We really agree. The only difference is in our individual reaction. But I started, a while ago, with the premise that even that all-pervading piece of pie (that may still be in the pantry, "for aught I know," as my small son says) has nothing to do with the universal. Let us keep to Dante's "Hell, Purgatory and Heaven." "But," my giddy mind suggested, "you are to keep to three stages or planes, yet you make it four—you forget the Earth."

The personified pie—for by this time it had all but become a Person, if not, indeed, a Personage—at this point reached out a hand; this is not mixed metaphor, so remarkable a piece of pie must be conceded at least hands; look at the way it had taken hold of me! It reached out a hand, and led me to the Trail Theosophical, out of my flounderings in the Swamp of Surmise. Three stages or planes, or four stages or planes (to omit that universal where we found Atma) which shall we accept? Under the single-life plan of our modern western religions, we are forced to consider that there are four stages—our earth, and Dante's three. We know that there are times when we deserve hell; times when we have earned "another chance"; we know those who merit heaven. So, if there be but a single-life on this earth, three more stages are needed. But what about that questioning of eternal justice, which the study of heredity so quickly brought to the front? If there be but a single life, what hideous injustice rules. We know that this is not true—however blind justice may seem, we know that there is justice in the world. Even the mechanistic philosopher recognizes love—if it be only a cell-reflex in the first cell; hence love must be in the universe. How can justice and love and heredity travel together?

I have told how the pie reminded me that I had the God-given choice between good and evil. Then my lot here to-day, heredities and all, is by my own choice. Then it must be that I am, by choice, trying to do something, to be something? I know that I want to be different from what I am. Saints and socialists alike want to better themselves—a desire in common, though with widely different goals; different "intentions". Is this merely a blind rising of the race; an even blinder reflex of the multiple-cell? I know I know, "that I am I". I want to be something better. Have I always been as I am? Why did I choose my heredities? There must have been a starting place. Why put it off into space? Why not recognize that law of conservation that rules nature, that law that permits no waste. The futile maple seedlings serve to enrich the humus;

thus do they contribute to growth. Follow the fate of any one of those flying seeds. Irrespective of its individual fate, it inevitably returns, though it be only as impalpable dust, ultimately to enrich growth, to feed life. Under that law of conservation it cannot be that my efforts, my failures, on this earth will be swept away—until I have learned all that this earth can teach me. Will one life suffice? I know better. I have come back, I will come back, time after time till my lessons be learned.

It would seem, I have my own heredity—from my past. Is this not the "Karma" of theosophical writings? The pie here became dogmatic and reminded me that I must distinguish between "theosophical" and the T.S. The Society has no dogma save tolerance of one another's beliefs.

"Manas," the "human soul," has been suggested as possibly dual,—pulling two ways—good and bad—just as there were two reactions from that piece of pie; I wanted it and I did not want it. If the persisting "I that I am" is the "human soul", then it must, in the past, as now, have been the battlefield. But, since the spiritual, as set forth by Madame Blavatsky, rules above the mind, the desire to be better, to better myself, must have existed before, as it exists now. I have inherited that from myself. It is that which determined my choice of heredities. Under the law of free will even my own spiritual soul, that part of me that is one with the universal, a "child of God", a disciple of the Master, cannot force me to be good; and so that will not really happen, my being good, until I have risen above, "slain", the animal and other detrimental heredities, traits and desires.

Mr. Griscom was right (as I have always found him to be): The sins we look at so complacently and live with so comfortably, are deadly sins, either in embryo or behind a not-unpleasing masquerade,—but none the less deadly; none the less to be slain without mercy. And to slay them is our task.

Have we exhausted all our studies of heredities? Have we not seen the possibility that Madame Blavatsky's teachings, elsewhere in the *Secret Doctrine,* about our several lines of descent, or varying heredities, are not as difficult of comprehension as we had, perhaps, fancied? The animal in me and others, the astral, and the other classifications, must trace back to roots. Those roots must have sprung from one main root. Stepping from the general to the particular, becoming personal (as most of us do even when we stand face to face with the universe), is it not evident that I did incarnate (as Madame Blavatsky said) in stages or races, and yet am one?

In this way, when the pie led me back to the Trail Theosophical, I found myself accepting teachings I had never grasped before. Not merely the teaching as to Karma (a form of multiple-heredity from myself, and from others on whom I reacted and who reacted on me), and Reincarnation (a doctrine that restores justice and love to the universe,

while preserving free will), but also as to the stages of incarnation, or the evolution of my soul.

That pie had been made from a receipt handed down from the past. Could I not find in the past a receipt for making a better job of my life? What have I inherited from it? It seems certain, since love rules, that that which I love or desire, that which I hate or shrink from, must be continuous and not sporadic. What joy springs from this thought: those whom I love now I must have loved before. Under the single-life plan my parents, my children, my friends, are accidents in my progress. It is true that modern, western theology teaches us that parents, children and friends are "God-given". But how does this truth fit in with free will? How is it possible that God should arbitrarily place us, willy-nilly, as parents, children and friends? Under the workings of the twin doctrines—Karma and Reincarnation—we move on together, voluntarily holding together, parents, children and friends. Those whom we love are not "accidents". We love them because we have always loved them. We always shall love them. And always shall we be together, unless our sins throw us out of step and thus out of place. Then for a life or so we may miss them. But would we not "inherit", from that missing, so strong a desire to get back, that we would be impelled to get back by our extra effort?

Here my thought ran off to that Council of Constantinople, when, by a small majority, the teaching of reincarnation was banned from the church, though held individually by a large majority of the convention. It was felt that there was danger in the laity's knowing about reincarnation. Too many men would think: "I can drop out, fall back, this life; then catch up the next, so why not sin now?" They would forget Karma, —forget what they were begetting, to be inherited later. Furthermore the real love, in the real part of them, might lead them to seek a new environment, far from their loved ones, so as to protect their loved ones from themselves—yet the latter would inherit a feeling of incompleteness and so suffer. Hence, the vote to stop teaching the great doctrine in its direct, simple form and, instead, to concentrate on "this" life. Is it not indeed true that each "this" life is the most important? Perhaps there is an element of truth, and, therefore, of power, in the single-life-plan teaching for the mass. If I am going to have a desire over a piece of pie; a desire that runs on all-fours with the desire of drunkard and terrier dog; would it not be well to visualize the suffering that I am inviting to myself and to others, in terms of the fire and brimstone of the most Calvinistic hell? Anything is helpful that will arouse me to pull Manas from Kama and pie-hankering, to Buddhi and the Master's will.

As we look on, complacently and even amusedly, at our own and others' desires for "harmless" second helpings of unneeded pie, blinded by Jack Hornerish faith in our goodness, despite our arrant selfishness and self-centredness, so would we not look at our individual pasts in

differing personalities? May this not be why there is divine blindness, probably self-elected, as to our past lives? If I could see myself as an Egyptian in the days of the great Pharaoh, the Pharaoh who snatched victory from defeat against the Hittites, would I be titillated with sensation-memories and strengthened in vanity? or would I have the courage to look then for those evil tendencies, which appear now as sins? Did I know that I followed Roland through Roncevalles would I be flattered? or could I remember how I over-ate then, and flinched before the Paynim —perhaps even turned back with the excuse that I would take tidings to the Great King, and so saved my precious hide, while the Paladins died?

I have said that the mind—Manas—must be the battlefield. I know there is that in me which wants to serve the Master. There must be; whatever I see that I am, however utterly unworthy I am, there must be, for, otherwise Mr. Griscom could not have taken such loving, patient, untiring pains to try to make me better than I am. I also know that I am not what I should be, what I could be. Hence the inevitable conclusion, that even that momentary desire for the taste of pie proves that there is within me an enemy of the Master; an enemy subtly fighting and ever fighting, which must be killed before my Manas is cleaned and made part of the Master's kingdom, instead of being a battlefield. A battle means that there is an enemy present and fighting. I may rejoice that I fight; but I should feel contrition that fighting is still necessary. Did I truly appreciate how greatly victory is needed, would I not fight as I have never fought? Have I the courage to go back through my heredities, also through my past lives, for evidence of the presence of the enemy, and of the injury to others that he has wrought, and wants to wreak to-day? If I realized how he hurts the Master's life that I have inherited, a part of the Master himself, according to the teachings of the Saints and the multiple-cell theory alike, would I not really fight as I have never fought? Not wasting energy in spectacular outer things, but getting down into my own heart, my own hidden desires, hunting the enemy back into his innermost lair? Would I not find that failure to serve my leaders, cowardice in the face of their need, are of the same root as that "amusing" desire for a second piece of pie, or a readiness to sit up late when I ought to go to bed? I want to fight with and for those whom I love, and to earn a trusted place by their side.

I know this is a "want" of mine. I hope it is bigger than the inherited desires, from ancestors and from myself, that are of the enemy. Where does this want, this clean, this cleansing want come from? Has it not also been inherited? Is all the effort made in my behalf in this life to be wasted? Is Mr. Griscom's influence temporary or eternal? The presence of the *Secret Doctrine* on my desk reminds me of Madame Blavatsky's

tale of the Kumaras, the Sons of Light, in the line of our ancestry. Did not our Western Master call us his children, his own? So, it would seem, there may be, there is goodness, yes, greatness, in our lines of heredity. There is good in me which has not died, which cannot die, which is unconquerable. From this thought there must spring an increased (however incomplete) realization of what the Lord meant in his promise that, if we keep his commandments, both he and his Father, will come to us and abide in us. Here is a base for faith, for hope, that we may yet be perfect, "even as the Father in heaven is perfect." It would be ridiculous, blasphemous even, for this outer me to imagine such a state of perfection for himself; but is he all of me? Is he really I? Is it not possible to imagine that real "me" triumphant by the aid of the Father, the Master?

After all, can we ignore the universal, letting it slip off the end of the triangle? or should we not strive toward it, into the infinite, the forever unreachable? Is this not what *Light on the Path, The Voice of the Silence, the Bhagavad Gita, Fragments, The Imitation, The Spiritual Exercises, The Book of Common Prayer* and the Bible all teach?—a unity of teaching in different words?

Suppose I cannot do this in this life? Was any saint ever satisfied with his or her life? Does heredity stop with this me? Can I not build an inheritance for the future? May I not build a new "me" for next time that will more nearly approximate the ideal I can set for myself now? How can I thus build a vehicle for that "new man"? Shall I dream of greatness or shall I fight now? Where can I fight? Why not in that battlefield of Manas? How can I fight? Against any point of the enemy's line, as, for instance that desire for the taste of pie, this tendency to sloth, any fault I see. But fighting calls for organization, for discipline. Is that not to be found in a Rule of Life? Every General seeks to "pin down" his opponent, to fight the battle on ground of his own choosing, not of his adversary's choice. How can I "pin down" my adversary? Can anything entangle him more than a Rule, faithfully adhered to? "Good Heavens," I cried to myself, "but I have been thinking that the Rule hampered me. Why it really hampers that kin of drunkard and terrier, my lower Manas, as pulled down by Kama, the animal side of me."

Behold how right, as always, was Mr. Griscom! A piece of pie, not even eaten, has led me to the very threshold of the Gates of Gold; has shown me that "trivial things" open or bar those great Gates. Furthermore, he was right, eternally right, when, in his *Elementary Articles* (and everywhere) he taught us that the big, triumphant virtues of recollection, aspiration, self-denial and sacrifice, may be exercised and developed against "little sins"—such as a hankering for unneeded pie.

G. W.

THE DANGEROUS REVIVAL OF SPIRITUALISM

FOR several weeks during the winter, a marked feature of the mental activity of New York has been supplied by the lectures of Sir Oliver Lodge, on Spiritualism, as practised by the members of the Society for Psychical Research. The lectures, delivered for the most part to crowded audiences at Carnegie Hall, have been widely announced on the bill-boards, in railroad stations and elsewhere, and have been commented on at length in the newspapers.

Before commenting on the substance and tendencies of these largely attended lectures, let us try to describe one of them, given at Carnegie Hall early in February.

The audience, which fairly filled the hall, was, in appearance, such an audience as attends the symphony concerts for which Carnegie Hall was built; not a gathering of fanatical votaries of Spiritualism, but simply a characteristic crowd of New Yorkers, who were taking in the lectures much as they would take in a new symphony by Rachmaninoff. Spiritualism has ceased to be an oddity, a sign of mental queerness, and has fallen into line with the ordinary topics and activities which occupy New York audiences in the evenings.

As far as the external part of the lecture went, Sir Oliver Lodge played his part well. Wearing his nearly seventy years lightly, he spoke easily, concisely, with notable clarity and consecutiveness; never hurried, never at a loss; quietly stopping, from time to time, to recover the exact phrase of some quotation; easily in command of his audience and his theme, in every way a strikingly good lecturer. Yet, as the hour or more of the lecture went on, one was conscious of a growing feeling of disappointment and depression, a feeling of uneasiness and dissatisfaction. An attempt will presently be made to find its cause.

For anyone who, in a general way, has followed the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research for the last thirty-five years, there was nothing very novel either in the material of the lecture, or in its conclusions. Sir Oliver Lodge followed the lines of his own experience, beginning with the early days when he was working with Huxley and Tyndall, the close of the period of materialism. In the beginning, he was unwilling even to grant the fact of thought-transference or telepathy; but this scepticism was finally broken down by the weight of fact and experiment, gathered chiefly by Professor W. F. Barrett, of the Dublin College of Science. Professor Barrett had been Tyndall's assistant, and, working under Tyndall, had developed an excellent and conclusive method of experiment, which he transferred from physics to psychical science,

finally furnishing a complete demonstration of the reality of telepathy, for anyone who had the industry to follow the records of his experiments, and the intelligence to understand their meaning.

Sir Oliver Lodge, announcing in his lecture that he had been converted to belief in telepathy, added the very interesting conclusion that thought-transference was not transmitted by any form of wave-motion, brain waves or other. He did not give his reason for this conclusion. We suppose that it is this: All wave-motions, such as light, heat, electricity, obey the law of inverse squares. But this law of diminution does not affect thought-transference, which appears to be wholly independent of distance in space; and is, therefore, presumably not carried by a wave-motion analogous to light.

Sir Oliver Lodge, convinced that thought-transference was a reality, and further convinced that thought was not transmitted by any form of brain-wave or other wave-motion, was thus led to believe in the possibility of one mind communicating directly with another, without the use of any material means of transmission. It remained to be seen whether such transmission was possible, between a mind allied with a body and another mind not so allied; in the ordinary phrase, whether communication with "spirits" was possible.

Numerous sittings with "mediums" followed, the best known being Mrs. Piper. Their results fill thousands of pages of the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, in both England and America.

The first hypothesis was, that the medium simply read the mind of the sitter, by means of telepathy, and thus obtained material for messages from dead friends of the sitter. There were, however, messages covering facts not in the mind of the sitter, so far as the sitter was aware; but many of these had been known to the sitter in past years, and had simply sunk below the margin of conscious memory. The second hypothesis was, therefore, that the medium was able, by telepathy, to read not only the conscious, but also the sub-conscious, mind of the sitter.

Then there were facts, at no time known to the sitter, but known to other people, still living, who might be at the other side of the globe. Were these facts gleaned from that distant mind by the exercise of an extraordinary faculty of selective telepathy possessed by the medium, a mental power which was able to roam through space, as it were, until the needed fact was found in someone's mind? It was evident that the telepathic hypothesis was being stretched to near the breaking point.

Mr. F. W. H. Myers was one of the central figures in these inquiries in England, as Mr. R. Hodgson was in the United States. These two men died full of their subject, and firmly determined to "send over" communications which would demonstrate their identity as the source of communications, and thus put the telepathic hypothesis out of court.

A large part of Sir Oliver Lodge's lecture was devoted to an account of the efforts which he believed had been made by Myers, after

his death, to establish his identity as the communicating subject. These evidences fell into two classes: messages which had the peculiar flavour of Myers' mind, with its classical, poetical, psychical colouring; and messages cut up into several parts, each in itself unintelligible; each part being sent through a separate medium, and the parts being brought together at the office of the Society for Psychical Research. These disjointed fragments, which were later fitted together, are the so-called "cross-correspondences" which were canvassed in the daily papers at the time. Sir Oliver detailed a number of them. He added a series of somewhat sensational messages, such as one received from a man who went down with the "Lusitania," psychically received in London before the telegraph brought news of the German infamy; various messages from men killed in the great war, and so on.

Such, in brief, was the substance of the lecture, which appeared to Sir Oliver Lodge satisfactorily to establish the fact of survival. And it seems probable that the clearness and consecutive reasoning of the lecture, taken with the commanding personality and scientific renown of the lecturer, convinced a large part of the audience of the reality of the kind of survival Sir Oliver Lodge believes in.

At this point two criticisms suggest themselves: one purely scientific, and the other moral. To begin with the scientific criticism: the whole of the material described by Sir Oliver Lodge seems to be second-hand material; not only was he himself not the observer of the various psychical states which he described, all his information coming to him through mediums; but even these mediums were not direct observers, since they were generally in different trance conditions while receiving the communications, so that they had no memory of them afterwards. The whole method, therefore, appears to us to be faulty and bad. But there is a graver scientific objection: the observers seem to jump to the conclusion that the communications which they describe are necessarily from human spirits, and they seem convinced that these spirits are, in general, the people whom they represent themselves to be.

Now, while we are ready to admit that, in rare cases, such authentic communications may and do occur, we hold, on the other hand, that the psychical world is infinitely more complex, and its inhabitants infinitely more varied, than these investigators seem to realize. The possibilities of trickery and deception, in that world of reflected images, are endless; what is really going on, we believe, can never be decided by observation within the psychic world itself, even where that observation is direct—as it is not, in the experiences we have been describing; the real facts can be discerned only from the plane above the psychic world, by an observer fully conscious on that plane; and in these experiments, there is no claim at all to that kind of consciousness; hardly any realization, even, that it exists, and must be used if trustworthy conclusions are to be reached.

But there is a far more serious objection, one which gains in weight, the more successful Sir Oliver Lodge is, in conveying to his audiences his own conviction as to "survival."

To put it briefly: He is propagating belief in a non-moral, if not actually an immoral, immortality. For anyone who heard his lectures and accepted his conclusions, it would be quite natural to say: Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we—live!

There was no point in the lecture to which we listened, or in any of these lectures, so far as we can learn, at which it was made clear that real immortality must be fought for and attained, in a conflict every step of which calls for sacrifice, high valour, faith and purity of heart. Spiritual life had, apparently, no part in the matter; survival came as automatically as growth and old-age.

But, if we are right, thus to detach immortality from the realities of spiritual life, from the genuinely religious qualities, is to do a supremely dangerous thing. Let us try to bring this out, by what may appear an extreme illustration:

Let us suppose that the Powers of Good are ceaselessly striving to raise the consciousness of mankind to the spiritual plane, the plane of what we may call Buddhi-Manas, the plane of genuine immortality. And let us at the same time suppose that the Powers of Evil, aware that consciousness is inextinguishable, are trying might and main to limit human consciousness to their own plane, the highest plane which, being Powers of Evil, they themselves can reach: what has been called the plane of Kama-Manas; their object being, to keep human consciousness and human life within their own reach, within their own power, on a plane on which they can "feed on" it, so to speak.

Which of these forces, the Powers of Good, or the Powers of Evil, is helped by the work which Sir Oliver Lodge has in hand? Is it not quite evident that he is limiting the whole idea of immortality to the psychical plane, the plane of Kama-Manas, and is thus playing directly into the hands of the Powers of Evil? Some realization of this inevitable tendency of his work caused the sense of despondency and depression which the hearing of his lecture aroused, as has been recorded.

If men can gain immortality without holiness, and Sir Oliver Lodge appears to teach this, and even to teach that it is practically impossible not to attain immortality; then holiness is a superfluity; the whole of the religious life, in the deeper sense, is mere waste of time. Such a belief cannot fail to immoralize and sensualize the whole conception of immortality; it cannot fail to lead people to stop short of the supreme effort and sacrifice which, in our belief, are essential for the attainment of true immortality. The whole tendency, therefore, of this teaching is dangerous in the last degree. It makes for evil, and not for good.

If we reach this conclusion, and it appears to be unavoidable, then the question arises: How does it come that a man of Sir Oliver Lodge's

attainments, his scientific earnestness, his unquestioned devotion to truth, is thus led into a direction of work which we believe to be spiritually disastrous?

The answer which suggests itself to our minds, is this: Sir Oliver Lodge has, we believe, been engaged in pyschical research, with other members of the Society for Psychical Research, for thirty-five years or more. That Society was, in 1884, deeply interested in the work of Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, and in those teachings, given to the world through her, which many of us believe to be the teachings of the Lodge of Masters. At that time, therefore, the members of that Society, including Sir Oliver Lodge, were given the opportunity either greatly to help, or greatly to hinder, the beneficent work for the world which the Lodge of Masters had in hand.

Whether from innate scepticism, from cowardice, from sheer stupidity, or from whatever cause, they took, as a body, the baser way. Their agent, Richard Hodgson, who was at no time witness of any of the phenomena which he undertook to judge, based his whole case on hearsay, and on the testimony of avowed enemies. To put it on the best footing, that was stupid and fundamentally unscientific. But this obtuseness of method and conclusion was, after due consideration, adopted by the Society for Psychical Research, which undertook to brand Mme. Blavatsky as "an interesting fraud," and this, because of their action, has become the official view of that splendid martyr to spiritual truth.

Had the Society for Psychical Research possessed what the old-fashioned phrase of the Prayer Book calls "grace, wisdom and understanding;" had they first understood, and then courageously supported, the genuine spiritual teachings which were then within their reach, the result might have been incalculable good for the whole human race. But, as we have said, they took the baser way. And it seems to us that, through the operation of Karmic law, because they refused to work the works of light, they are now led to work the works of darkness. Having had a superb opportunity to forward the true spirituality, the knowledge of the true immortality, and having, after full deliberation, turned their backs upon that "open door of heaven," they find themselves, these five and thirty years, floundering in the morass of psychism, teaching a false immortality and, by that teaching, undermining the spiritual life of mankind.

Sir Oliver Lodge did not take, it is true, any prominent part in the attack made by the Society for Psychical Research on Mme. Blavatsky in 1885. But neither did he take any part in defending her against attack. He is, therefore, it seems to us, fully implicated in the Karma of obscurantism and delusion incurred by the Society; and he is, day by day, in these lectures of his on non-moral immortality, not so much paying the penalty, as incurring ever deeper indebtedness. There can be no graver spiritual offence than to keep back spiritual light from mankind, by attacking and defaming the bringers of the light. C. J.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

Students' Conferences

IT was at the close of one of our more serious sessions that the Scribe was persuaded to give us extracts from his notes of former conferences, which we were all agreed would be of interest to the readers of the "Screen." It was really due to the impulsiveness of the Youth—which led him to ask before he fully realized how much it might involve. He had been talking with the Philosopher, continuing the theme of the conference.

"How clear such talks make it," he had said, "that whatever other means may be tried, we are ultimately forced back upon love as the only power which can be really effective. I sometimes think that every question can be resolved into one: How to love?"

"True," the Philosopher had agreed. "But when you attempt to answer it, you find that another has taken its place: How to know? Surely, if we had knowledge, we would love."

"But is it not equally sure that we cannot know until we love?" the Youth answered. "And so, if my question leads to yours, yours comes back again to mine. It is the closed circle that is so baffling."

"And yet," interjected the Sage, "we know the way by which it opens, and, being opened, becomes no longer a circle, but an ever ascending spiral—greater love leading to clearer knowledge, and clearer knowledge to greater love."

The Youth looked up at him quickly. "I know, of course, what you mean," he said. "Obedience."

"Yes," the Sage answered, "obedience. It is the key to most things that seem closed to us. And I think the reason is simple. It is dynamic, and adds another dimension. Neither love nor knowledge is solid and real without it; and what we take for them are but their projections on the Manasic plane. Look down upon an ascending spiral—a helix, if I must use the correct term—so that you see it as projected on a horizontal plane, and it appears as the closed circle of which you speak. Yet in itself it is not closed, but mounts higher at each turn."

The Scribe had been listening, and here turned to the Sage. "We see it more clearly than we did ten years ago. Do you remember our conferences with X— upon that very point?"

"I am not likely to forget them," the Sage replied. "They meant too much to all of us. But, I am sorry to say, they were not in my mind as I was speaking. X—'s teaching has a way of coming back to me as my own thought."

"I wish that I had been there," said the Youth, "for though I grant the truth of all the Sage says, the practical difficulty persists. We do not

love enough; we do not know enough, we do not obey enough. Why? It is not something that can be dismissed in a sentence."

"It was not dismissed in a sentence," the Scribe assured him. "I must have a hundred pages of notes upon that point alone."

"Notes of your conferences with X—!" the Youth exclaimed eagerly. "Can't we see them?"

He broke off abruptly, for he began to realize how much he had asked. But the Sage, moved by his eagerness, came to his support; and thereupon a general clamour arose, which the Scribe could not resist. He left the room, and shortly returned with a large portfolio, from which he selected a heavy fibre envelope, marked "1910," and containing an unfolded manuscript two or three inches thick.

"I can, of course, give you only extracts," he said. "The more personal parts of the records would not be of general interest—though it is always in the efforts to put the teaching into practice that its real significance is seen. And you will remember that they are but my own notes; accurate, I think, so far as they go, but reflecting only what I was myself able to understand and assimilate of X—'s comments and answers to our questions.

"The conferences dealt for some months—from April to June—with the general problem the Youth propounded, and, of course, we often returned to it later. We met and discussed it among ourselves, and then submitted the results of our study to X— for criticism and further suggestions. But all this you will see for yourselves, and, as it is getting late, I had better read what I can without further comment."

March 30th, 1910.

Two questions were proposed for consideration:

1. How to acquire and conserve energy. 2. Prayer.

After discussion it was found that these questions, and others in our minds, were but different aspects of the single question presented by our present situation, as it concerns ourselves collectively.

We desire more energy. How may we acquire it? Is our lack more a question of leakage, or of insufficient flow? If the latter, how may we renew and augment the sources of energy? If the former, how may we conserve our energies, and that which is given us, and avoid their dissipation. The crux of our problem is here. The time appears ripe for a further advance, for a stricter regulation of our lives, for meditation upon various sides of the inner life. We can see that a greater strictness might conserve energy, could it be attained and maintained as a matter of habit. But our question seeks to go behind this and to ask, Where are we to gain the energy to do what we now know to be desirable, and to reach and establish ourselves on a higher level? How can we gain the capital to live economically?

We are aware that increased energy follows unremitting will and

ardent love. We are aware that leakage is diminished by poise, calm, regularity, and recollection. But in our efforts in both these directions, we experience times of apparent exhaustion, of apparent bankruptcy of will and force, and in these periods we are led to give over our practices and to seek recuperation. Our question asks how these periods may be avoided.

April 2nd, 1910.

In reply to our first question we learned that whether our work and efforts exhausted us or not, depended in large measure upon our attitude of heart and mind in working. It was essential that we should learn to work with entire concentration and detachment, and complete inner oneness with the Master. While we keep this close sense of the Master's presence, looking always back to him, seeking to work as though from him or as though he were acting in us, then there is no break in the connection, the line of energy is clear and unobstructed back to the source, and that which we expend is supplied as it is used.

When we fail in detachment or recollection and become absorbed in our work, this connection is at least temporarily broken or attenuated, and the source of supply interrupted. We work then with our own reserve of strength and exhaust it. When we fail in concentration the same effect results: we do with difficulty and with a heavy drain upon one part of us, what should be done easily with all our powers united. When, in addition, we grow fevered and anxious in our work, we pour out a great flow of ineffective energy,—as though we tried to fill a narrow necked bottle from a bucket, in haste and with no funnel;—only a small part of what we expend is actually useful in accomplishing our ends. Recollection and detachment are the keys we need, with concentration.

With regard to periods of exhaustion, we learned that it is dangerous to let our practices lapse. In such cases or times of invalidism, the advice given is to fulfil the practices "with the eyes shut," without the driving power we put into them in times of health, but which we no longer have available. The reason for this is that it is generally far easier to force ourselves to repeat a prayer, or to perform some accustomed outer act of recollection, than it is to keep ourselves in some right attitude of heart and mind that requires an inner pressure. Forcing ourselves to the outer observance is thus the lesser effort, and the karma of these observances, the force we have put into them in the past, lifts the heart and mind, and keeps them from falling back until we are again ourselves.

There may be exceptional cases where this is reversed, and where the preservation of the inner attitude seems easier than the effort to fulfil the observances. In such, it must be no serious illness or exhaustion, only a weariness of the bodily or mental forces,—that does not go deep. But it is necessary to be very closely on our guard, for the gravest danger exists when we see none; and when we are content with our inner attitude

and insight, we may ask ourselves whether this feeling of security is not part of our blindness. The exhaustion which prompts us to abandon outer observances may be less dangerous when it leaves us or makes us conscious that our inner state is not what it should be, than when it makes us feel our inner attitude to be right and secure, but our lower selves to be overworked and needing rest.

We were further reminded that the presence of great issues and great love caused weariness to be forgotten and to disappear. So invalids rise from bed and run when the house is on fire; so a man, dog-tired, will rise and run, his fatigue forgotten, to save some one he loves, his whole being concentrated on his love, the danger, and what he seeks to do. It was suggested that did we so love, and had we a true realization of the greatness of the issues that impended, we should think less and suffer less from weariness.

We had been told that while the lay-chêla was always left a margin between his strength and the tasks set him, the accepted chêla was tried to the uttermost. We asked the reason for this, and learned that we thought too much of chêlaship as a fixed state. To understand it we must think of it as a period of transition, as the flight of an arrow to its mark, or as the incubation of an egg under the unremitting heat of vital forces which could not for a moment cease without death.

Again we were reminded that the accepted chêla was one whose love was wholly given. Therefore the whole longing of his being would be to be led forward with a speed only measured by the utmost of his capacity. It would be the demand of his own love, and the will of the Master's love.

To the difference between the lay and accepted chêla we were again led back, and it was pointed out to us that the process indicated in *Letters that Have Helped Me* must be fulfilled by all. The chêla must make himself such; the lay-chêla must, in like manner, make of himself an accepted chêla, in life and in inner attitude, before that acceptance is made by the Master. He must make his own rules and live by them. We could do this either individually, or collectively in consultation.

April 9th, 1910.

A study of the reply we had received to our first question at the last conference, showed that it had also answered our second question, and it became apparent that what we now needed to know was *"How to love?"* It was agreed to ask this question, as it was clear to us that there was a depth and passion of love which transformed sacrifice into golden opportunity, and swept weariness and self for ever out of sight when service could be rendered. We recalled the Master's one plea: "Give me your heart," and it was agreed that our deepest wish was to give it more completely. We recalled also that the fate of a Master is always at stake, dependent in large part upon those to whom he has given himself, and what can be given back to him from them.

It was agreed that we must each seek to make what we are given and told, dynamic and living in our lives.

It was agreed that we should unite in an hourly aspiration of love toward the Master.

April 16th, 1910.

We reported the result of our study of the week before, and asked "How to love?"

In reply we were told that the obstacle to our loving lay in our ignorance of the Master; that to love him more deeply and passionately required only that we know him better; that he was such that all who knew him must love him with an intensity of passionate devotion, measured only by their perception of what he, in truth, is. Therefore the question were better put "How to know the Master?" When so stated the answer was given in the first chapter of the *Imitation of Christ:*

"Whosoever then would fully and feelingly understand the words of Christ, must endeavour to conform his life wholly to the life of Christ."

To know the Master, we must endeavour to conform our lives to his.

It was stated that this was known to us, and that on such a general subject little could be said to us which was not known.

We said it seemed to us that we were caught in a circle of endeavour and of question: "How to love the Master? How to know him that we may love him? How to conform our lives to his that we may know him? How to gain the will so to conform? How to love that we may gain the will?" We said we knew that we must seek to expand our lives from within this circle by pressure upon each of its parts, thus widening the whole. But we had thought that in love, more than elsewhere, was the key to the whole, and the dynamic power that might set us free.

We learned that the pressure must truly be upon all points, but that with some the first advance was through love, with others through the will, with others, again, through perception.

We said that we perceived that this was so; but one of us said we had no right to be so easily satisfied. This was the general path, the safe path for all. But to those who were strong enough there must be here as elsewhere a shorter road. We wished to know this road, and to strive to follow it. It was of this that we wished to ask again and again, until it was revealed to us.

In response we were told that there was a shorter path for the strong of will,—as a man could become an adept in five minutes, if he had the strength of will. This path was in the will itself. But those who tried it could not grow tired, could not have periods of relapse when their efforts slackened. If we asked this question for a shorter path, the reply could be made, "Why do you not look and see the Master? Daily you go where he, or some of his disciples, are. Look at them, and as you see you will love, and as you love, follow."

The trouble is we are blind. The Master, and all for which we strive, are still, to a large measure, but partly real to us. We need to make them more real. One way to make them more real is through constant acts of recollection and conformity. The Master is in truth always near us. We should try to realize this and to look to him, doing all things as in his service and in his presence. It is here also that a rule of life and daily discipline will help us to keep this recollected spirit.

The question we asked "How to love?" and the other questions which form the circle with it, are dynamic, and can only be solved dynamically,—not with words or information, but through living, loving, seeing, willing.

April 23rd, 1910.

We reviewed the notes of the previous conference, and came to perceive more clearly that the way to love was through realization of the thing or character to be loved; that if we could know the Master we could not help loving as we wished. The circle of which we had spoken was seen to be inevitable, because the different phases and aspects were simultaneous methods of approach. To the statement of the short-cut we sought, it was recalled that X— had added that this must be discovered by the individual, and involved the uprooting of something in the nature which stood as a barrier, and which had to be eliminated.

To what extent the answer given us was unsatisfactory, we perceived was due to ourselves: as we evoke the replies made. It was agreed that we should make a mistake to accept anything as all that could be given, as, if we make a greater demand, and use more wisely what is given, we can get more. We should never let go of our question in mind or heart. It was an ultimate question, the ultimate question of mind and heart and life. We could not expect it to be answered immediately so that we could understand. The saints had prayed and struggled and meditated upon such a question throughout their lives, and we must not be discouraged. We had a great advantage which some of them had not, for we had clearer intellectual comprehension, the opportunity for a communion more clearly understood. We should not be satisfied until we had an answer which made us say: "Now I know."

We felt that we had gained in the last week, but that such an answer as we sought could not be ours until we were able to see and talk with the Master face to face. To this end we should need concerted effort, and genuine harmony, real solidarity among ourselves, so that our thought should be that some one of us should reach that point, with no thought of personality or sense of personal property in the effort or result.

We perceived that in conforming our lives to the Master we should have to be purged of the sense of separateness,—that this was the supreme matter that he laid stress upon. As we allayed this sense of separateness in ourselves, we should remove the barriers that stand

between us and him, and as we practised loving each other we should learn to love him.

One of us reported that in a private talk with X—, after our last conference, persistence had been praised as a great power, but that at the same time he had been told that the way to pull a plant up by the roots was not to continue to tug at the stem when it refused to move. Such a type of persistence lacked intelligence, and resulted only in breaking off the stem which gave us our hold. We should rather seek to loosen the ground all around the roots, approaching them from every side. So should we approach an answer to such fundamental questions as we sought.

Again it was suggested that if we could not get an answer from one person we might ask another.

Considering these suggestions it was agreed that we should strive to go to other members of the Lodge and ask them; to Master K. H.; to Master H. P. B., etc.; and to any others of whom we might know and perhaps reach, as, for instance, an Egyptian chêla of one of the Masters, who had been here once when others were away at the Lodge Convention.

It was agreed, also, that we should seek indirect methods of approach, and that if questions occurred to any of us as a promising line of attack, they should be sent to one of us designated to receive them.

May 17th, 1910.

We presented the following, which had been suggested by one of us as a mode of approach to our main question, but which had not been discussed among ourselves, owing to lack of opportunity.

We have asked how to love. We wish to give the Master our hearts, fully and completely, and we perceive that our hearts are not ours to give, but are caught and rooted in a myriad ways. *How are we to gain control of our own hearts?* We perceive that there are many directions where the ties must be deliberately cut, but to uproot all the lesser tendrils would be an endless task. Are we right in thinking that the way to proceed here is to seek to cause them to die from inanition, directing our thought and attention and as much of our life force as will follow our aspiration, to the highest that we can reach? If we could learn to love what the Master loves, it would seem to us that we should draw nearer to him, and that this would free our hearts from their present ties so that they could truly be given him. Should we, for example, try to love formlessness?

In reply we are told that the self-conscious love of formlessness was quite beyond us; it was something beyond even the self-conscious realization of a Master.

The process of seeking to love what the Master loved, was the equivalent of seeking to meditate upon the Higher Self, upon the highest which each of us could conceive, or to which he could aspire. Even so

we should fall short. But we were right in believing, as indeed we had been told, that this process of seeking impersonally the highest was a process which should accompany our effort to draw near to the Master and to think of ourselves as his disciples.

We were told, further, that we were right to set ourselves such a question as we had done, but that the way to get it answered was through a carefully thought out and worked out series of questions. The answer could only be given step by step, and each step must be assimilated and lived. We could gain little by seeking different words or phrases to express the same question in the same generality.

We were told that we could remember *that one thing the Master loved was the work.* If we sought to love what he loved we should learn to love the work, really to love it with our full hearts. The beginning of this was already ours, but we could carry it much further, and gain something of what we sought by doing so.

We asked whether there was any special thing the Masters would have us do. We said we were earnestly desirous of doing all that we could, and that if we could know more clearly we would strive to accomplish it. We felt that this was a question we should like to ask at each conference: Is there any special thing we have forgotten or overlooked, or that the Master would wish us to do?

In reply we were reminded of the work that had been entrusted to us and which was now in our hands. This was what he had entrusted to us; working here, we should be and were working for him and in his work; loving this, we should be loving what he loved.

June 14th, 1910.

Before returning to the more specific questions, and leaving the general statement of the problem of "How to love?" X— wished to be sure that we had understood what it had been attempted to make clear to us, and which could be rephrased thus:

To know the Master we need to love him; to love the Master we need to know him. These two are but different aspects of one thing. Their reconciliation and the key to their attainment lies in *obedience.* Love, communion, obedience, constitute the trinity of the disciple's path. It is for this reason that such stress is laid upon obedience in all systems of occultism and religious teaching. It is the key and the door to love and to knowledge. From where we are, and at all times, we can obey. This obedience is not alone to specific directions,—we can expect few such,—but to *every indication of the Master's will and mind.* He whose heart is set upon obedience grows into both knowledge and love; into knowledge of the Master's mind by constantly seeking it in every indication, into love of the Master through this greater knowledge and through the attunement of his will to the Master's will.

Returning to the question of how we might gain *greater energy:* we were told that this question was framed too generally. It was the

object of all we were seeking to do, if viewed from one standpoint, and we had best try to get at it through more specific questions dealing with detailed points.

Returning to the question of *prayer,* it was suggested that each one of us would probably approach this question from a different standpoint, and with different detailed questions, and that therefore it might be well for each of us in turn to frame the questions in our minds, presenting them at separate conferences.

A—beginning the questioning, we gathered from answers that:

The word prayer is used to designate widely varying acts and movements of mind and will and heart. The results of these acts, the answers to the prayer, vary as the acts themselves. The machinery of the act, and the result flowing from it, depend upon the degree of advancement of the man who prays,—his development as a disciple, and his connection with the Lodge.

The question was put: *"What happens when the ordinary man prays?"* as it was sought to begin with the unintelligent, undeveloped man, and work thence to a knowledge of what happens in the prayer of those more closely and consciously connected with the Masters. Prayer, here, was used to denote a wish of the heart, consciously expressed and directed, in the mind of the man praying, to some spiritual Being or power.

The following possibilities were suggested:

Many prayers, particularly those which might be regarded as selfish, yet which appeared to have an answer, were answered by the *power of the man's own will.* The intensity of his will, expressing itself in prayer, expressed itself also in a demand which accomplished its desire.

Prayer brings man into *relation with his own Higher Self,* and the answer to his prayer may come from his Higher Self. It is possible, also, that the prayer is but the reflection or response of the personality to the will of the Higher Self, which the man feels as an appeal or pressure upon him, and acknowledges, consciously or unconsciously, in prayer for what the Higher Self wills. The answer to the prayer in this case results from the personality acknowledging as its own, the will of the Higher Self, which is then done.

The *mass of people are not individualized,* and in consequence their prayer and will are not individualized. Therefore their prayers are, in the inner world, impersonal and indefinite appeals for light or force, and are answered from the general store of light or force upon which they draw, and are only made specific on the plane of personality, the sole plane upon which the demand and prayer was specific and individualized. It would be very rare for the prayer of such an one to reach to the personal consciousness of a Master.

Nevertheless, the fact that a member of any real religious body aspires and prays, brings that member into some *relation with the Master at its head.* Here we must remember again that the whole mechanism and reach of prayer and its answer depend upon *the interior development*

of the one praying. The prayer may only reach as an impersonal appeal to the universal spiritual powers, or it may reach the Master impersonally,—as did the touch of the woman upon the robe of Jesus, so that he perceived only "that virtue had gone out of him;" or it may reach him clearly and directly, even as it is prayed, and as though it were made to him face to face.

Again, in order to understand prayer we must remember the *two sides of the Lodge;* the active and the meditative. The work of the latter division is wholly inner, wholly concerned with meditation and prayer, and with the generation through these of the force the active side uses. Every aspiration and unselfish prayer (true prayer) augments this total store of spiritual force. It is a gift or a loan to the meditative side of the Lodge, and as such constitutes a debt which must be paid, and which always is paid. Thus *true prayer can never fail of an answer.*

In closing we were told that there was one matter X— wished to tell us, and which should be a matter of encouragement to us. We were always nearer to the Master than we realized. It was one of the paradoxes of occultism that *the nearer we drew to the Master, the farther away he seemed to us,*—for, as we grew towards him, we became more clearly conscious of our shortcomings and our faults. If we understand this, we shall not be discouraged, and it is right that we should understand it, and take courage and hope from it.

June 21st, 1910.

We considered the last statement made to us, that the nearer we drew to the Master the further away we seemed.

In addition to the clearer light his nearness threw upon our shortcomings,—so that we became more clearly conscious of our unlikeness to him,—it seemed that there might be some such principle operative as is illustrated in looking in a mirror. So long as we see the Master in the mirror of the mind, the further we rise above its plane toward where he is, the greater is the distance our sight must travel, so that as we draw near him he seems to recede further from us. If this analogy be correct, it shows us that the process would continue until we reach to him, and he stretches out his hand and touches us, and we look no more in the mirror but to where he stands beside us. The time must come when we see him in a new way; no longer "as in a glass darkly," but as "face to face."

June 28th, 1910.

B— being asked to begin the questioning, obtained confirmation of the fact that one of the first effects of prayer was to purify the aura, to clear the passage to the spiritual planes, and to make it easier to receive guidance, perhaps always given, but in general not clearly received because of the murkiness of the personal aura.

The questions were then directed to the difficulty in many minds of reconciling the view of the universe as a universe of law, with any effectiveness of personal prayer. In answer it was suggested that the recon-

ciliation lay in remembering that physical and outer things were but the shadows of spiritual things, and physical law but the shadow of spiritual law. When we considered spiritual law, the apparent difficulty disappeared, for there prayer was a spiritual force. If prayer seemed, in being granted, to violate physical law, we should view it as a substitution of the reality for the shadow,—a moving outward of spiritual law, supplanting physical law. Thus if, as the result of prayer, fire should not burn a hand thrust in it, the explanation could be sought in the externalization of the psychic body, itself impervious to fire, and acting as a screen between the flame and the physical hand.

July 5th, 1910.

The notes of the previous conference were supplemented by recalling that the personality had been likened to "the shadow of a great bird." The shadow sweeps over the earth, moving forward and back, to right or left, but is always and only a shadow, always confined to the plane on which it falls. The bird itself is the reality, and the reality is not so confined, but soars freely in space, and the laws of its motion are the laws of a higher dimensionality than those which appear to confine the shadow if we look only to the shadow. So we should regard all physical and personal things as the shadow of spiritual law, and looking back to the spirit, be not confused by the transformations of the shadow. The "other world" is the real world, "this world" is the shadow world.

Again it was recalled that X— had reminded us of the description in one of the *Fragments* (p. 18), where from a mountain top the Master looks down upon the world and sees the lights of aspiration, and that this simile had been carried further as illustrative of the reach of prayer. As we ascend the mountain, and from different heights look back upon a village at its foot, at first we see each separate light, however feeble, shining in each window. But as we continue to ascend, the lesser lights are lost, and only appear as part of the general glow, the stronger lights alone standing out individually. At still greater heights these, too, may be merged, and all we see is the faint glow far beneath us.

So with the Master on the mountain top, and his messengers and disciples on all the intermediate levels to the world beneath. These messengers can see the individual lights and cherish them, can hear the individual prayers and carry to the heights those which would not reach there of their own unaided power.

Still again it was recalled that in personal prayers, the prayers where the personality prays for some personal and perhaps material possession, it is "a shadow praying for a shadow." Yet it is the shadow of something real; the shadow of the soul, the real man, praying for the real possessions of the soul. And so the prayer may be answered there in the real world, by attainment of the real man's real possessions. Could we once grasp this fact, that all this world is but a shadow, and the other world the real, then we should see that all prayers are answered.

Q.

LETTERS TO STUDENTS

August 16th, 1913.

DEAR ———

I do not know why we were unable to get away this year—so far, for we may still get off. It happens every two or three years. I suppose we do not really need a rest every year, although it certainly seems to us that we do, or rather, each one thinks all the others need a rest badly! I mean of course that I do not know the inner reason. There are always plenty of outer reasons, but they must necessarily be only the expression of some inner condition. We do not realize this truth, as a matter of fact, but fret and fume over outer things, obstacles and hindrances to our desires, while all the while, they are nothing but the mechanical results of inner conditions which we know nothing about, or which we ignore.

Our not getting away may be because we are not good enough, or it may be because the work needs capital, spiritual capital. This any movement gets from the sacrifice, prayers, and efforts of its members; done with intention, or more or less ignorantly, as the case may be. For instance the pain and suffering of poor ———, or your recent physical pain, both due you by Karma, can both be used by the Master, for his work, if you offer it up to him. This need not be done specifically. It is sufficient, though not so effective, if the general direction of our life and thought is in the proper direction. The law is that the intention of the effort is used for the purpose for which it was intended, but the *fruit* of the spiritual act, is used for the individual. If you pray for ———, of Portugal, they benefit from your prayers, but you also benefit from the spiritual fruit of your prayers, until you no longer need that kind of help, and then this additional power, and an enormously potent power it is, can be used by the Master for others. This is what happens to the Saints, and is the reason why their prayers are so effective. When we pray for any one, they get the benefit of our prayer, and we get the benefit of the spiritual fruit of our act, so long as, under Karma, we need it. After that point is reached the person or thing prayed for gets it all, and as the spiritual fruit of an act of prayer is a hundred times stronger than the direct power of the prayer, you will see what an increase of force there is, as we grow holy.

I do not know if this interests you. I go into it as a general answer to many of your written or unwritten queries.

You must watch your reactions. I notice that your poor days of spiritual dryness follow specially good days. Do not strain, for that always leads to reaction. Try, but try gently, serenely, persistently. Never strain.

The barrier between you and the Master is a purely mental one. You *think* you cannot hear him, and so long as you think that, you cannot. In a sense it is self-hypnotism. I have known people who could and actually did hear from the Master several years before they knew they did, or realized they could. Then, one day, they woke up to the fact that a certain kind of thought which arose in their minds or consciousness, while meditating, really came from him. After that it was plain sailing. The trouble is that we expect him to say something wonderful, some deep spiritual truth: we have in mind "Fragments," or some saying in the New Testament; while, as a matter of fact, *all* he *can* say to any one of us is what our minds and brains are already prepared for. As likely as not the first thing we ever hear from him will be "Dear child, I love you, but you are tired. Do not try any more now, but come to me later." Or "Dear child, your efforts are acceptable to me. Continue and all will be well." Remember that he is tactful and considerate to a degree, and always speaks to our condition, to our preconceptions, disposition, mental bias and our need. But he cannot put into our heads, without using a dangerous degree of force, words or thoughts or ideas which are not already there, in part, at least. An idea must be *acceptable* to our mind. If we think we are bad, he cannot tell us we are good. We would not hear it, or take it in. That is not a good illustration, for, as a matter of fact, he *can* tell us the opposite of something in our minds, because that thing is there. He can talk to us about ourselves long before he can talk to us about others, and still longer before he can give us specific directions about anything. There are many more complications about these things than we realize, but there is no use going into more of them now.

I do believe, however, that if you were to make a practice, at your best time each day, of having a talk with the Master, telling him whatever is in your heart, and then waiting, and writing down at once, whatever thoughts seem to rise up in your mind, you would find it a very illuminating process. Send these to me, and be very careful of anything of the nature of psychism or of negativeness when you do this.

You should not try to remember your past lives, but inevitably, in time, you will come to some knowledge of such past lives and experiences as will help you now. It is almost always painful knowledge, for it is knowledge of wasted opportunity, of failure, of sin. For we grow through a succession of failures. We snatch victory out of defeat. If you have definite ideas, and do not object, let me know of them. It might be a check.

The best way to check an intuition, especially an intuition to *do* something, is by common sense.

I hope we still may have the pleasure of seeing you this year, but if not, it will be because that is best for all of us.

With kind regards, I am, Sincerely yours,

C. A. Griscom.

September 26th, 1913.

DEAR ———

* * * * * * *

I do not know just what you think meditation is. Suppose you define your idea of it for me. I suspect you make it something too remote from your habitual consciousness. It is and it isn't. And nearly everyone passes through a period of confusion here.

Meditation is being conscious in and with Higher Manas, instead of Lower Manas. Most people are unable to do this because their Higher Manas exists only in embryo. But once you have a Higher Manas, and you have, then we function in it much more than we realize at first, for there is no glaring difference in the kind of consciousness we have. It is more a question of quality, and what we are conscious of.

The Master, and spiritual experience in general, are much closer to us than we imagine at first. Indeed they *are* us. It is the only way we have them. Thereafter we ought not to look for something outside that comes to us, even if it comes interiorly; but for something that *is* us and arises in us. These distinctions are subtle and very difficult to express in words, but they are very real and are barriers which we must surmount one by one. Remember that the Higher Manas of the disciple is a part of the Higher Manas of the Master, and when he communicates with his disciples he thinks with that part of his brain which is also the disciple's brain. And the disciple "gets" his thought, by thinking it with his Higher Manas. Now the Higher Manas can think thoughts that do not come from the Master. Therefore the problem is to learn to distinguish between the thoughts of Higher Manas which are thought by the Master and, hence, are "communications," and the thoughts which are not directly from the Master. This distinction is a difficult one, and can only be learned by long practice. As a matter of fact, the disciple actually does "hear" from the Master long before he thinks or knows he does.

I want to save you, if I can, some of this almost inevitable postponement of your desires.

Of course being able to do this is what constitutes a disciple. People call themselves disciples before then; but technically they are only would-be disciples. They are trying to become disciples. The degree to which our consciousness is a part of the Master's, measures our degree of discipleship. This varies to an infinite extent, and is a question of past development as well as what we have done in our present life. Few of us have reached the point, in this Kali Yuga, which we have reached in the past. So we are going over old ground. But, while it is easier to go over old ground than to break new, the times are very much against any kind of spiritual attainment. So I suspect that the balance is against us if anything. (Of course the *odds* are enormously against us. I used the wrong words.) Anyone who can make any progress at

all in times like these, a disciple who volunteers for work and comes into incarnation and does not go *down hill* steadily, is doing splendidly. That risk, and a great risk it is, is the great sacrifice he makes.

With kind regards, I am

Sincerely yours,
C. A. GRISCOM.

DEAR ———— October 27th, 1913.

* * * * * * *

Please be particularly careful about practical and outer things. It is very difficult for the Master to give us advice about such things, for we do not go to him with free minds. We are always biased, one way or another. Doubt nearly always means a struggle between our consciousness and our desires: and we ask for advice, hoping to have our preferences backed up. As they usually are not backed up, it has become almost a proverb that people do not follow advice. So be careful when you go to him about outer things, and always check any ideas you get with common sense.

I was interested in your definition of meditation, which is excellent so far as it goes. The mind cannot know the Master and cannot function on the plane where he and the soul live. Meditation is the effort we make to develop the part of us which can know the Master and which can function on the inner plane. It is the real mind as distinguished from the mind of the personality.

With kind regards, I am

Sincerely,
C. A. GRISCOM.

DEAR ———— February 12th, 1914.

* * * * * * *

I think the most definite idea that I have at the moment is that we must not let these matters become routine and perfunctory, as everything has a tendency to become which we do daily for a long time;—even our prayers. I do not mean by this that I think you have allowed yourself to fall into this fault, but I do think that you would be wise to think of it and to guard against it. It is a little bit difficult for me to say all that is in my mind on this subject without seeming to make claims which it would be quite inadmissible for me to make, but I shall try to write out certain general statements from which you can draw your own conclusions. I enclose a little paper which refers to some of these general laws. But I want to go a step further than this with you. Please return the paper when you have read and digested it.

The Master can of course reach the *heart* and the *mind* of any human being, and he often does. But it nearly always takes an expenditure of

force and leads to an inevitable reaction which makes his doing so desirable only in cases of emergency and for specific purposes. He often speaks to our *souls,* and this advice and encouragement and love which he gives us in this way, come down through the different planes of our nature into our waking consciousness, in different degrees of definiteness in every human being, depending upon our state of progress and purification. When he first desires to, or sees the possibility of rousing a soul, he will make such an effort directly himself, perhaps repeated several times. Such a person may have very marvellous experiences. But always, after this awakening has been accomplished, the ordinary laws of the spiritual world apply, and it may be years before the Master finds it wise to communicate directly with the *waking consciousness* of that person. Nearly all the Saints speak of this period of dryness, during which they feel that they have been deserted, during which they miss those spiritual consolations to which they had grown accustomed and upon which they leaned for support, consolation and inspiration. At such times they had to learn to rely upon their comrades, their director, their superior.

One such general spiritual law is that no one can reach the spiritual world, can reach the Master (which is a different thing from the Master reaching him), without the help, not only of his superiors, but also his equals and his inferiors. Therefore each neophyte must have a director, and must also pass on to others all of the knowledge and inspiration which he has received himself, so that when the critical moment comes he has available the kind of help which he must have to attain his goal.

It takes years to learn how to get the full benefit from one's spiritual adviser; it takes years to enter into the common life and consciousness of others; and it takes years to train and pass on to others the help which we have ourselves received. In carrying out this general law of discipleship, which you will see in practical operation in every convent and monastery which is worthy of the name, the Master of course has to use the material which is available. One of the things which he does is to supplement the deficiencies of the spiritual director, either by guiding him in various ways, or by adjusting and correcting his work with his postulants; the point being that, especially in the East, the office of little guru is looked up to with hardly less reverence than the Master himself, not because the little guru is worthy of such a feeling, but because he represents the Master, and the feeling is really directed to and received by the Master. Therefore it is in the hands of the disciple to make of his relationship with his little guru whatever he chooses; the point being that there is no limit to its possibilities save those which the disciple imposes; the actual limitations of the little guru not being allowed to interfere.

One of the things from which you suffer is the lack of companionship with those to whom all these things are living and vital realities and

who are also spending their lives trying to put them into practice. That is the atmosphere you would get here, and it is an enormous aid in spiritual living.

With best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,
C. A. GRISCOM.

April 21st, 1914.

DEAR ———

* * * * * * * *

You ask whether you should undertake a daily Examen, or at longer intervals. This is as you like. *All* these practices, including prayer itself, are steps on the way to full and constant communion with the Master. Our hourly periods of recollection are but a training towards continuous meditation. When you feel you can do so, you should make your hourly periods half-hourly periods. So with the self-Examens. Do it as often as you feel it profitable, but keep to whatever rule you adopt. The training to our will, the practice in self-control and obedience, comes from the faithful doing of whatever we make our rule, when we do not want to do it.

The physical habits to be overcome are definite things—tricks of manner, twiddling one's fingers, crossing one's knees, slouchy sitting, movements of hands, nervous tricks of any kind, bad manners of every kind: these all have a moral significance which we must look for in our character.

Giving up smoking is a different kind of thing. That is more of a practice against self-indulgence, like food, etc.

Periods of dryness come. They arise from many things. The comforting thing to remember about them is that what counts is our *effort:* and often we actually make more effort to pray and to perform our other spiritual exercises when we are dry than when we are full of inspiration and light.

With kind regards, I am

Sincerely,
C. A. GRISCOM.

P. S.—I had to close this abruptly as we none of us have any time for anything these days just before Convention.

(*To be continued*)



Rousseau and Romanticism, by Professor Irving Babbitt of Harvard University, published by Houghton Mifflin Company, 1919.

No recent book has promised so much and then proved so disappointing. It seemed an unexpected rock of sanity in our mad flood of anarchy. Within narrow limits, it does unmask sham idealism and quack spirituality. But it is based upon pride—woven of pride. Those who can discriminate will find much in it that is suggestive and helpful. Others who have no centre from which to see the author's eccentricity, may drift with his current of Bolshevism. His materialism is delusive because of a veneer of culture.

Professor Babbitt's aim is to expose the dangerous results in art and morals that follow the throwing overboard of traditional disciplines—and he wishes to propose a remedy for anarchic conditions to-day. Sane thinking on this point is rare, and is sorely needed. To the degree that he has himself submitted to restraint and discipline, Professor Babbitt can appreciate their value and can point out the folly of those who are slaves to impulse. But his degree is so very low. Humanism as a path out of the swamp is possible,—provided one understands what humanism is. To make Aristotle a model, after the Humanity of Christ had raised a new standard for the world, is like preferring to a Michaelangelo some bourgeois painter, such as Lerolle or Gérôme. Within the limitations of a Lerolle or Gérôme, Professor Babbitt is often a clear guide. Outside of those narrow limitations, he is blind.

He has to mention and discuss religion from time to time. It is here that the one-sidedness of his culture is so evident. He lacks the symmetry of development prized by the Greeks. Dr. Samuel Johnson is his type of the "truly religious" man. Why has he not studied men and women of whose religion there would be no question—St. François de Sales, St. Benedict, St. Bernard of Clairvaux, St. Paul, St. Ignatius Loyola, or, among Protestants, such names as Fox, Wesley, Emerson, and Keble? Johnson is a good "secular," perhaps, but, in any real sense of the word, not "truly religious." Unfamiliarity with religious writers accounts for Professor Babbitt's complete misunderstanding of Lao-tze, whose Tao-Teh-King often seems an anticipation of St. John's Gospel.

He speaks of religion as one of several possible paths which a man may choose. Does he know that the traditional word used of the religious life is the word "vocation"? Religion chooses us; we do not choose it. And it seems often to choose "broken swords"—victory achieved through "broken swords" will be more honourable for the Leader. Professor Babbitt writes: "It is hardly worth while, as Goethe said, to live seventy years in this world, if all that one learn here below is only folly in the sight of God." A Christian (and a Buddhist or Taoist, also, perhaps) would be willing to live seventy times seventy years for the happiness of feeling how utterly he depends upon God's wisdom and compassion. "The foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men." Professor Babbitt would like to hold the reins of his own life. He feels competent to do so. He is not girt with the rush of humility. In a less crude way than with

Rousseau and some others, his motives are the independence and self-assertiveness of mind which extend far beyond the little movement he has studied, and which, through a very long period, have worked against civilization, art, and ethics.

C.

Rousseau and Romanticism is an excellent book, a sign of the new cycle. The "clear and critical spirit" of France has reasserted itself against the cynicism and neurasthenia of the *fin de siècle*. Professor Irving Babbitt has caught and interpreted something of this "spirit" in his inquiry into the nature of the *"fin de siècle"* point of view. He perceives a connection between the decadent end of the last century and its romantic beginning. If the best romanticists, even Shelley and Wordsworth, based their raptures on a one-sided vision of nature and of life, we should expect those raptures to end, like every mere pleasure, in disillusionment. That is just what one finds, according to Prof. Babbitt—the day-dream of Rousseau became Zola's nightmare. The romanticists were so fascinated by the energizing, life-awakening power in things, that they neglected that other creative power, whereby life is made to assume a form and a purpose higher than itself. The "romantic fallacy" is to glorify self-expression at the expense of self-control.

In developing this theme, Prof. Babbitt has shown originality and real genius. His theory of human nature, if carried further, may achieve for ethics what the theory of the ether has achieved for physics. The doctrine of the ether, as the cause and medium of all elements, has uncovered new potencies of nature; but, even more, it has forced scientists to use a more intuitive imagination. The ether is too elusive to be studied altogether in the laboratory.

Prof. Babbitt has revealed what one is tempted to call a moral ether, the cause and medium of all human elements, and thus the source and being of ethical law.

He calls it "something anterior to both thought and feeling, that is known practically as a power of control over both" (p. 179). So, to gain some intuition of this "something" is to glimpse the proper destiny of man and to become truly human. Man comes to know it, not merely by thinking about it, but by living and growing into it. Though universal and common to all, everyone may recognize it in himself as his own individual higher nature. Thus Prof. Babbitt states in his own terms, that great and basic truth, "the fundamental identity of all souls with the Oversoul."

But he gives, too, the corollary of that truth—the reverse of the medal. Man, as now constituted, is only partly human, only partly himself. He is in daily contact with the lower world of animal nature, which, indeed, gives to him his conscious personality, with its desires, aversions and sensibilities. It is necessary, then, for man to develop self-control. Self-control does not mean essentially the subjection of the spirit of life to some set of dead standards, such as dominated the Eighteenth Century, and engendered, as inevitable reactions, Rousseau and the French Revolution. Self-control is the check placed upon the lower self, upon the personality, in the interest of the higher nature; for human life is impossible, if a man be the prey of each transient thought or sensation.

These are remarkable ideas and constitute, I think, the very real contribution of Prof. Babbitt's work—a dual nature of man, connecting him below with the animal and above with the god; and a method of elevating consciousness to the higher planes, by the exercise of control over desire. Nor can these ideas appear less remarkable, when it seems that Prof. Babbitt has attained to them without the direct aid of Theosophy.

Where there is so much to praise, one is reluctant to find anything to blame. But one does feel, in spite of Prof. Babbitt's great intuitiveness, a limitation in his too constant emphasis on control as a negative function. The energies of life must

be subject to the spirit, but only in order that they may be purified and devoted to proper purposes. Love and desire, the essence of romance, must be controlled, but the control should consist in a lifting of love and desire from the things of Earth to the things of Heaven. Self-denial and aspiration must be two aspects of one and the same act; for, when these are separated, there will be psychic excess, on the one hand, and stony restraint, on the other. Buddha, whom Prof. Babbitt so reveres, taught always the need of balancing positive and negative, on every plane. In my opinion, Prof. Babbitt sees the negative aspect of the Buddhist doctrine far more distinctly than he sees the positive. He has not yet placed his vision in the "ether," in the Kingdom of Heaven;—nor seen that there alone lies the source of balanced sanity, the veritable essence of all romance.

But, let me insist, Prof. Babbitt has very much to say that is positive and stimulating. *Rousseau and Romanticism* is a brilliant and well-balanced book, full of learning, humour and common sense. Its ideas on the dual nature of man are of the greatest interest to theosophical students. Under the form of very good literary criticism, it teaches a lesson which the present generation cannot afford to pass unheeded—the lesson of self-control, even if negative self-control.

S. L.

The Religious Experience of St. Paul, by Percy Gardner, Litt.D.; Putnam, 1911. Many members of the Society may be interested to know of a book written by a mature and scholarly Oxford Don, of devout mind, balanced judgment, and real erudition in things both Greek and early Christian, which contains in the fourth chapter an unprejudiced account of Paul's relations with the Greek Mysteries. Its attitude towards the Mysteries exceeds in sympathetic understanding that of the great majority of Christian or purely historical writers of to-day. His divergence from the usual treatment can be seen in the following passage, from page 66:

"Some English writers who have spoken of this side of Greek religion have approached it with a curiously inverted interest. The points in it which attract them are the rites which it has in common with savage cultus, survivals from a very early stage of society: they love to observe the relics of totemism, of tabu, of ghost-worship which may be traced in them. The higher and nobler elements which the Greek spirit added to a barbarian subtratum do not interest them. But surely every religion is to be judged, not by what is lower in it, but by what is higher. It is a perversion of the Darwinian method to judge of cultus by what it contains of the stock of human superstitions, rather than by the way in which, out of mere superstition and primitive fear of the supernatural, it builds up a faith worthy of the best spirits of the community. It would not be fair in such a way to judge Chinese Buddhism, nor Indian spiritualism, nor any of the many forms of Christianity. And it is not fair thus to judge of the religion of later Greece, out of which emerged much which, when baptized into Christ, is among our most cherished possessions."

A. G.



QUESTION 243.—*Since the Inner Light exists in every individual soul, since man is in reality the Higher Self, why should he not seek his path independently of any Teacher? Why should he yield obedience to and submit to discipline from any outside source whatever? There seems to me a contradiction in some of the teaching on this point.*

ANSWER.—The question could be answered from several different points of view. This would be one of them:

It is based on two premises; one true, the other false. The presence of the Inner Light in each soul and the duty of following it, and that man in the last analysis is the Higher Self, is unquestionably true; but it is unquestionably false, also, that the presence in each individual of this Light presupposes the ability to recognize it. All religions accept in some form the substance of the first premise; there has been endless disagreement regarding the second. It was the crux of the Catholic-Protestant controversy, to give one instance,—between Papal Infallibility and the right of individual interpretation.

We must not lose sight of man's complex nature, the various planes of his emotions and mind, as well as the psychic world of which he partakes, which is always impinging on him in some manner from without, and through which, in the vast majority of cases, he passes on his way to the spiritual world. (Those who do not, have almost always been through it in the past: few and far between indeed are the rare souls, truly the "elect," who cleave a straight, unbroken pathway to the heavens, as the Israelites passed dry-shod through the waters of the Red Sea.)

In the midst of these complexities, how are we to decide? How determine with accuracy the "still small voice," the Voice of the Silence, in the hubbub of sounds, loud and faint, with which the listening ear is assailed—clamours of the past (how many "pasts"!), clamours of the present, from each department of his nature on all their varying planes? In the blazing light of his "forty-nine fires," how be sure that he keeps his eye steadily upon the one, true Light, even if he has once been sure that he has determined it?

There are many soul-powers of which we have heard, in which perhaps we firmly believe as potentialities of every human soul; but we must confess that as yet we do not understand, nor can we use them;—the ability to go to sleep without any break in consciousness, for example, as one might step over the threshold from one room to another; the ability to "go out" in the Mayavi Rupa, and to act in that vehicle as easily and as consciously as in the physical body. These we acknowledge we have yet to acquire: why not, then, the higher and far finer power of direct cognition of truth?

Again we know that good, unselfish men, willing to lay down their lives for their beliefs (the sure test of sincerity), have taken diametrically opposite sides in every kind of controversy, on every kind of principle. Each claimed to follow his Inner Light. Who was right? It would appear evident, therefore, that goodness alone, devotion alone, unselfishness alone, are not sufficient. "Hell is paved with

good intentions;" most of us, if we are living seriously, know this to some degree from personal experience. *Discrimination* is requisite. How attain discrimination? Two ways are offered. Some say: throw a child into the water and fear of drowning will teach him to swim. They carry this theory into life: send the boy out into the world, they say, boarding-school, college, travel, etc.; let him rub with his fellows, be exposed to temptation, learn his lessons of experience, test the metal composing him, get to stand on his own feet. Well, he does learn a good deal this way, or he can. But he is also toughened against learning many other things sometimes, and what about the scars? Certain faculties are developed, but others are atrophied; and if you lose a leg or an arm, or a certain kind of vision, you have lost them, that's all! There is the other way of careful training and testing, now completely out of fashion (and never much in fashion, to be honest, in the Anglo-Saxon world),—the giving of lessons, in swimming or in life. This latter is the path of obedience, of accepted authority, with all it involves in religion, government, and individual subjection—that is, if we are able to think logically, and have the courage to push our logic home. The first way has its own painful evolution—a long, slow process, where men are broken on the Wheel of the Law. The great Ones gather the fragments into their hospitals and mend them up, we may be sure of that: but though the way looks easier and pleasanter in the beginning, it proves harder and slower in the end, and one must indeed possess the recklessness of youth not to blanch at the contemplation of its dangers.

The dictum of the Lodge has always been that men could learn this way; that they made, as it were, a great leap instead of going on a straight line of development (we see here, incidentally, why evolution is spiral,—the attraction of God's will reacting on the repulsion of man's will). But in time, unless they lost the Path altogether, and turned so completely to the left that they became adepts of the Black Lodge, with great power at the price of immortality, they would return to the place whence they started, maimed and bruised truly, but sadder and wiser, and could then go on in the straight line. This knowledge, they say, the recognition of God's ultimate beneficence, is what keeps the Lodge serene in the midst of the so great heart-break of their love of mankind. Every man is walking in one or the other of these ways, though most are walking in their sleep, and we know that sleep walkers seem to be marvellously protected,—one reason perhaps why the Lodge never appears to be in haste to waken us.

To apply some of this directly to our theme,—the recognition of the Inner Light. It can be accomplished in either one of these two ways. A man can experiment with all his opinions, beliefs, feelings, until after aeons of failures, mistakes, disillusionments, he discovers the truth for himself, if he has anything of himself left when he is finally done. Or, he can follow the path of obedience, "the small old path" trodden by generations and generations of those who have "passed over" before him. Obedience to whom or to what, you ask? If he be convinced that this is the true path, that instruction and discipline are necessary and therefore to be found; and if he really desire them with all his heart and soul, not just now and again when the mood is on him, he can find them: for the *Lodge exists*. Further, the Lodge knows all about him. You might say that the Lodge would have been watching him closely for a long while past. "When the disciple is ready, the Master is ready also."

Among the "Inner Light" people there is great diversity. Among the "obedient" people there is great sameness. Look beneath the outer covering, East or West, white skin or brown, different languages or different centuries, all the great teachers and saints found Theosophy, the wisdom of God and the power of God. For Theosophy is primarily a path, a life, a discipline, leading to enlightenment. When a man finds that, he does not find a philosophy, or a new fad, or an old religion,

or any of the various attributes currently given to Theosophy. But he finds a *way*,—sure, strong, unmistakable, cutting clean and direct to the Heart of the Lodge . . . "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed!" M.

QUESTION No. 244.—*How can one find the Lodge to-day?*

ANSWER.—It sometimes seems to me that what we need is a little personal testimony, and as one of the oldest members of the T. S. (I have been a student of Theosophy since 1884, and a member of the Society since 1889), I should like to give mine. I have no intention of boring you with details, but these are the main facts.

As a child I longed and longed to know; was often miserable with longing, and, just as I was leaving childhood, the idea came to me that knowledge, sure and unmistakable, was to be found. So I determined to find it; and after floundering around miserably enough, and searching until I was often heartsick, I found Mr. Judge. Now some might perhaps say that was not much to find; almost all my family and friends said so, and there was practically everything to bear them out. He was an ordinary man; an Irish emigrant boy; none too well-educated—he never could write English, as his books show; a clever lawyer, I am told; and a good, simple man. He was neither handsome nor brilliant; luminous grey eyes and a charming smile were his only claim to attractiveness. He had a mellow Irish wit, but that was the only mental gift I ever discovered in him. That matched his smile. But you had to know him very, very well to discover the reason for his luminous eyes. He did not care to talk, he much preferred to listen; he would sit quietly in a corner a whole evening and never open his mouth; he always gave the impression that he had rather not be noticed,—you saw this in his dress. Most of our acquaintances must have wondered why we had this very uninteresting person so often at our house, and were certainly bored by him, until later events made them disapprove. I know that many stayed away because of him. All the same, when you came to know him, as you only could if you really wanted certain things—he saw to that!—you discovered that he could tell you and give you all you wanted to know. For after all he was an agent of the Great Lodge, and was here on the Lodge's business, and for that purpose alone. So the only limitation to what one could get from him was one's ability to take.

Think of all those years he lived in New York, and the hundreds of people who met him, even worked with him, and completely missed their chance, because they could not discriminate, because they could not see something when it was right before their eyes, when it challenged them from his eyes—for he never failed to challenge. Then there were all the people who abused and defamed him! Think of them sometimes, and pity and pray for them: for the Master whom Judge served so faithfully must look stern, I think, when *he* thinks of them. But the point of my testimony is this: that the longing of a little child was answered with an idea,—a clue was given, and by clinging to that, the agent of the Great Lodge was found. He was the other end of that idea. And remember, please, that all this happened in America in the nineteenth century, and not in mediaeval Europe or in India; and that we are told all the time that it can happen to any one, without exception, who wants it enough to go and get it. F. T. S.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

NOTICE OF CONVENTION

TO THE BRANCHES OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY:

1. The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society will be held at 21 Macdougal Alley, New York, on Saturday, April 24, 1920, beginning at 10.30 a. m.

2. Branches unable to send delegates are *earnestly requested* to send proxies. These may be made out to the Assistant Secretary, Miss Isabel E. Perkins, 349 West 14th Street, New York, or to any officer or member of the Society who is resident in New York or is to attend the Convention. These proxies should state the number of members in good standing in the Branch.

3. Branch Secretaries are asked to send their annual reports to the Secretary T. S., Mrs. Ada Gregg, 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, New York. These reports should cover the significant features of the year's work and should be accompanied by a complete list of officers and members with the full name and address of each; also a statement of the number of members gained or lost during the year; also a record of the place and time of Branch meeting. These reports should reach the Secretary T. S. before April 1st.

4. Members-at-large are invited to attend the Convention sessions; and all Branch members, whether delegates or not, will be welcome.

5. Following the custom of former years, the sessions of the Convention will begin at 10.30 a. m. and 2.30 p. m. At 8.30 p. m. there will be a regular meeting of the New York Branch of the T. S., to which delegates and visitors are cordially invited. On Sunday, April 25th, at 3.30 p. m., there will be a public address, open to all who are interested in Theosophy.

ADA GREGG,
Secretary, The Theosophical Society.

159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
February 15, 1920.

NEW YORK BRANCH

The meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society are held at 21 Macdougal Alley, New York, on alternate Saturday evenings, beginning at 8.30. The meetings in April are on the 10th and 24th. All who are interested in Theosophy are invited to attend these meetings.

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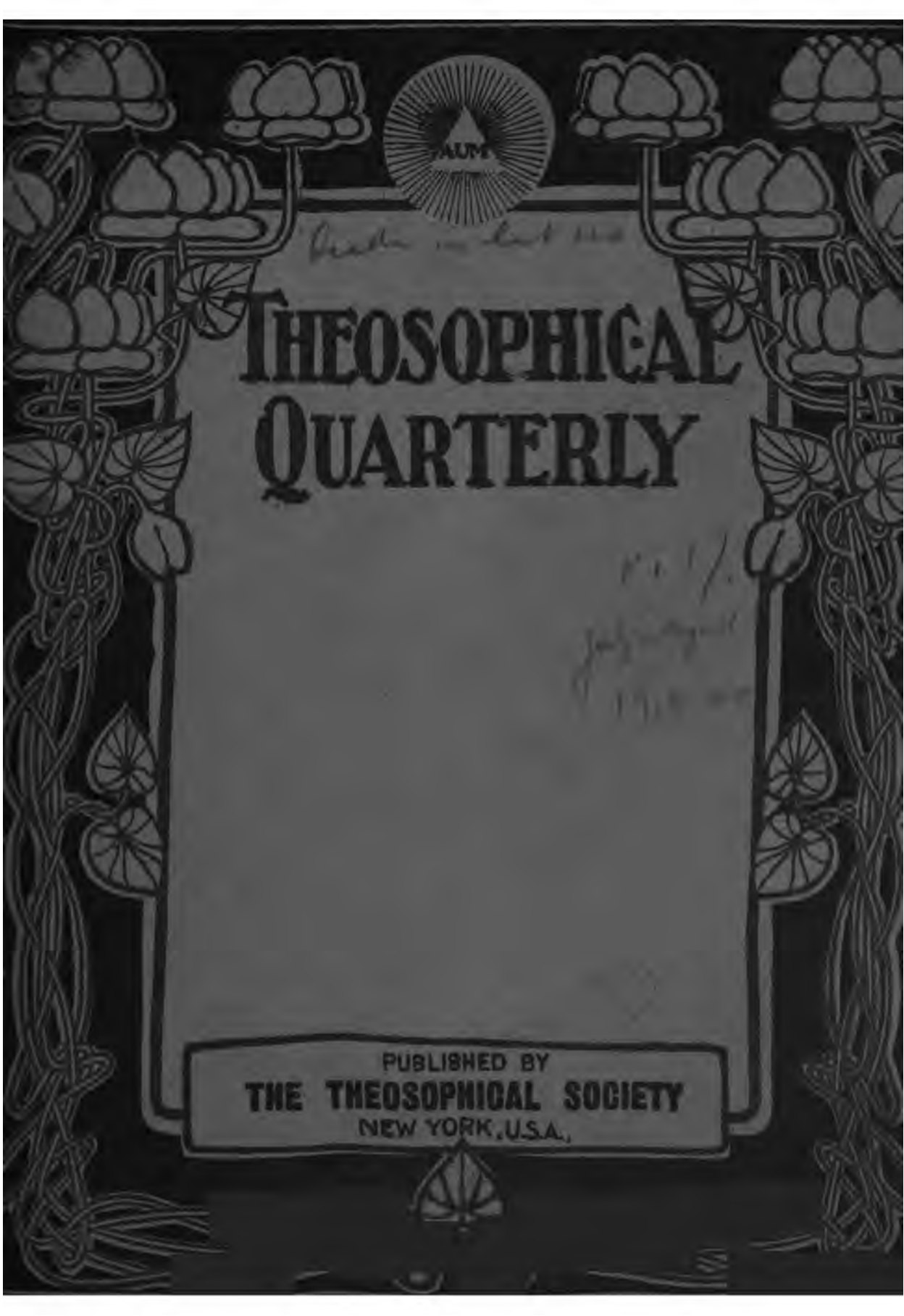
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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

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Published by The Theosophical Society at
152 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Price for non-members, $1.00 per annum; single copies, 25 cents

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VOL. XVII. No. 2 OCTOBER, 1919 No. 6



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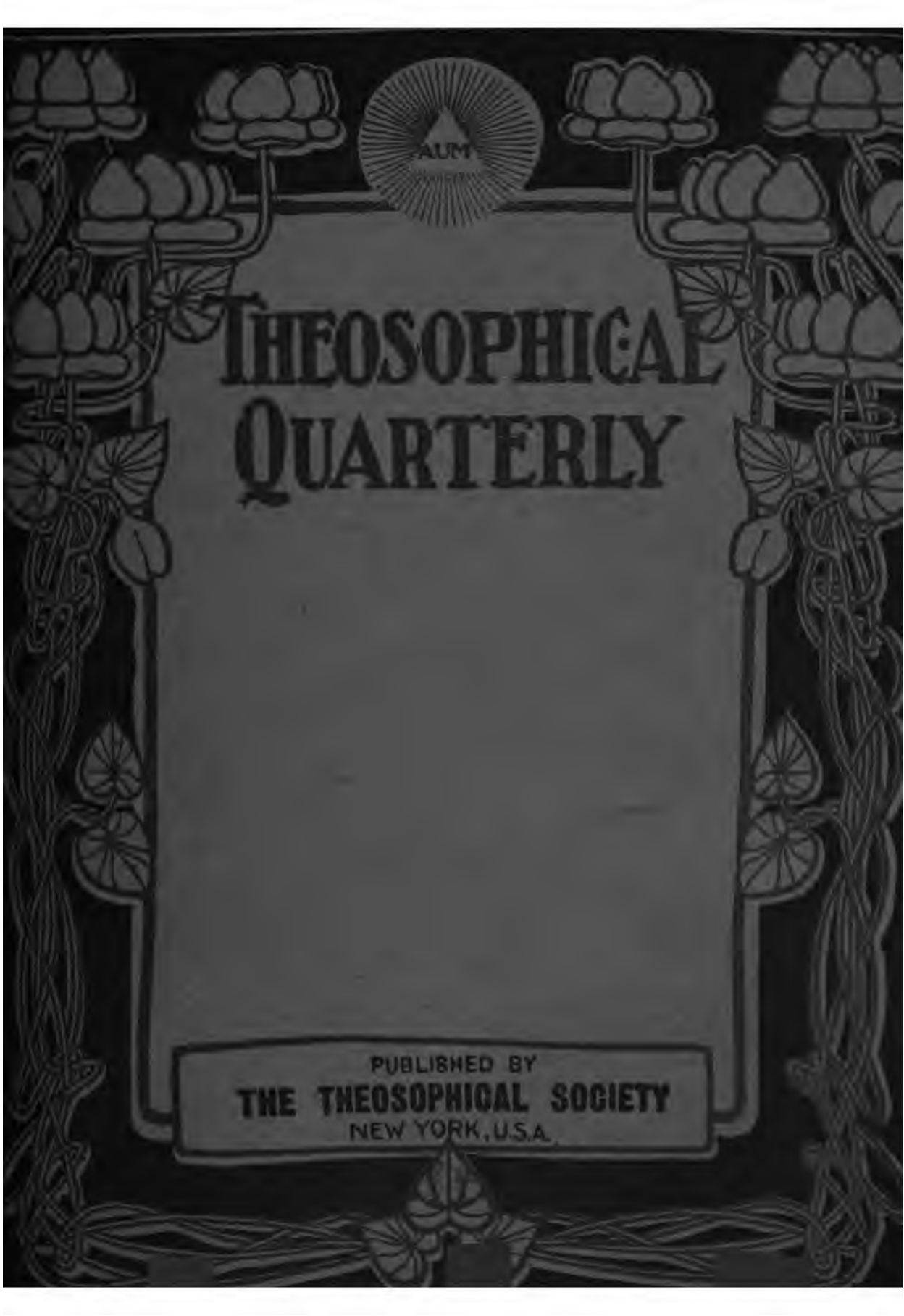
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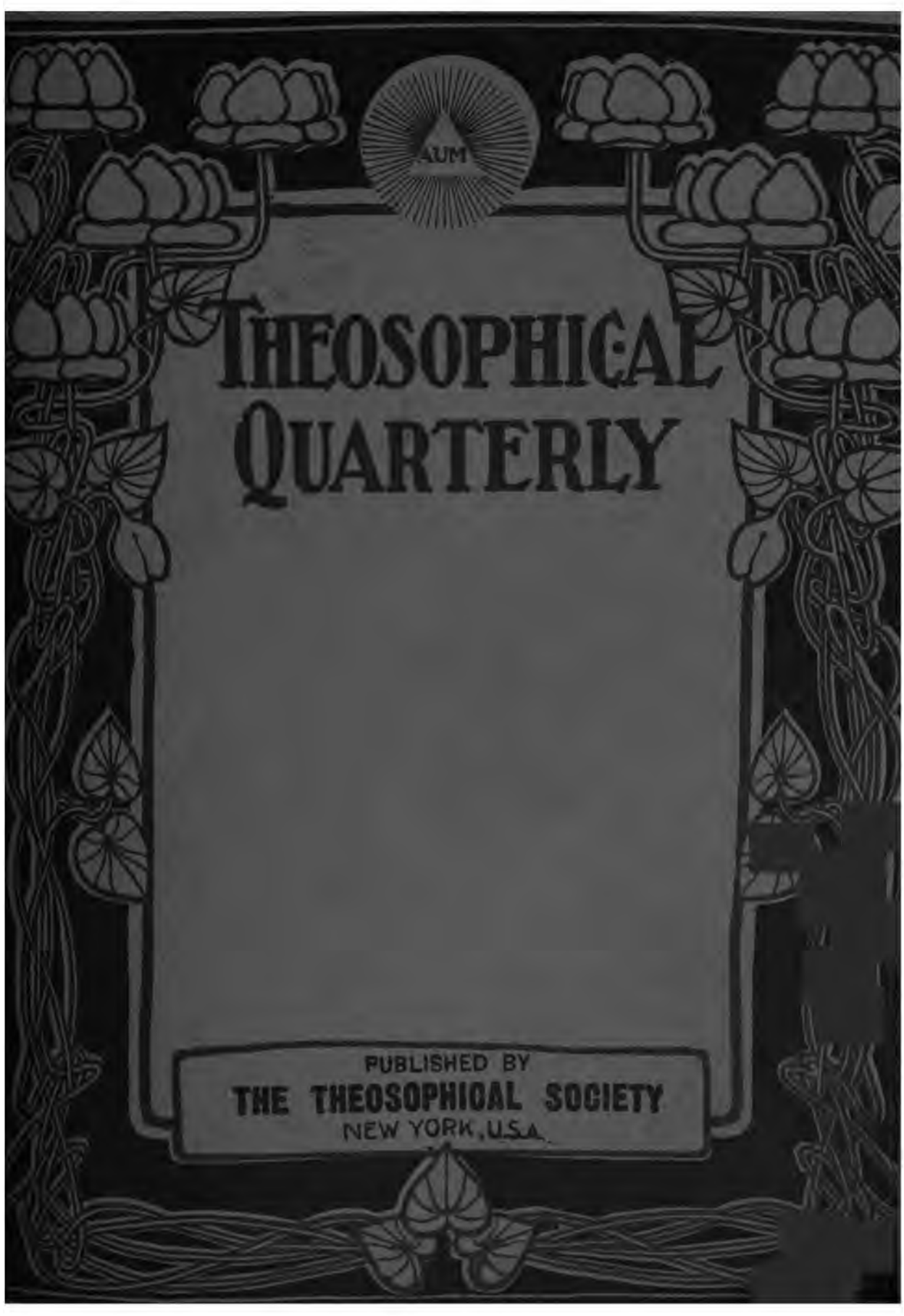
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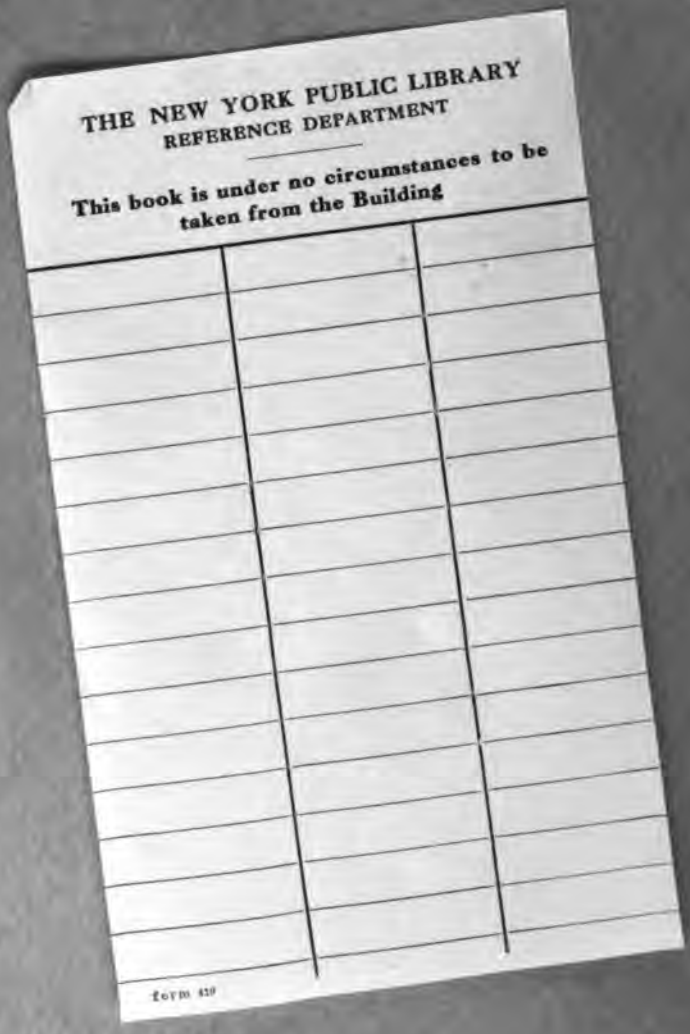
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